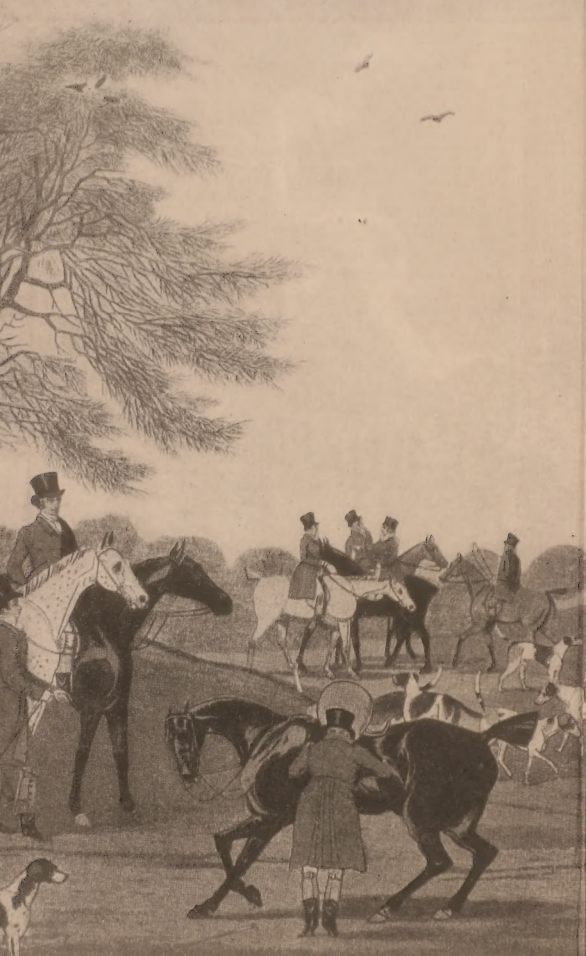


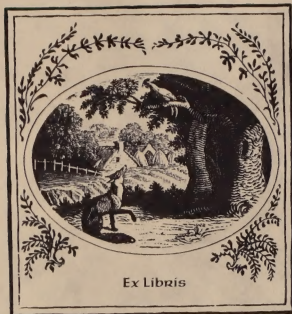
FOXHUNTING RECOLLECTIONS

J. STANLEY REEVE

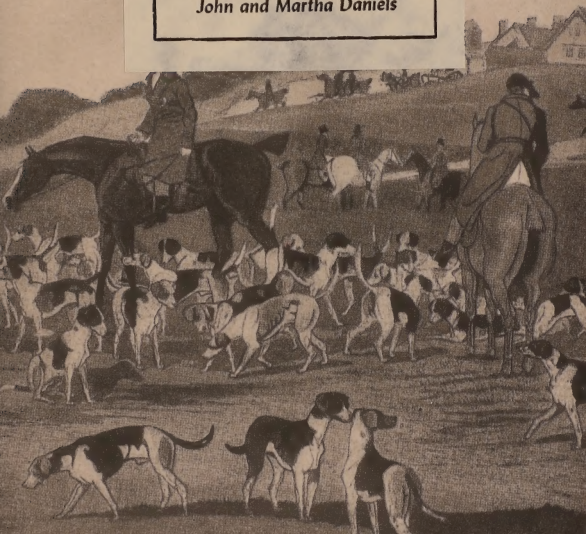




From BOB & JOAN SCOTT- CHRISTMAS 1976



John and Martha Daniels



FOXHUNTING
RECOLLECTIONS





A MEET AT WHITE HORSE
From the Painting by Charles Morris Young
By Kind Permission of the Radnor Hunt

FOXHUNTING RECOLLECTIONS

*A JOURNAL OF THE RADNOR
HOUNDS AND OTHER PACKS*

BY

J. STANLEY REEVE

AUTHOR OF

"RHUBARB, THE DIARY OF A GENTLEMAN'S HUNTER"
"RADNOR REMINISCENCES"

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

HENRY G. VAUGHAN

M.F.H. NORFOLK HUNT CLUB

FRONTISPIECE IN COLOR AND
16 ILLUSTRATIONS IN DOUBLETONE



PHILADELPHIA & LONDON
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1928

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FIRST EDITION

Apart from the Limited Autograph Edition

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TO
MY WIFE

WHOSE PATIENT AND LONG SUFFERING DISPOSITION HAS
HAD TO CONTEND FOR NEARLY A SCORE OF YEARS WITH
THE IDIOSYNCRASIES OF AN AMATEUR FOXHUNTER, I
MOST AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATE THIS BOOK

AN APPRECIATION

BLESSED, indeed, is the hunting country in whose confines dwells one who can portray on canvas its many delightful trysting places, and doubly so, in our present civilization which is so rapidly destroying the rural picturesqueness of our countryside.

Pennsylvania, and especially the lovely counties of Delaware and Chester, is thus fortunate in having so distinguished an artist as Mr. Charles Morris Young to perpetuate in oils their fast vanishing simplicity and leave to future generations so true and delightful a memory of their beauty and charm in the early years of the Twentieth Century, and I wish especially to thank Mr. Young and the Radnor Hunt for permission to reproduce these paintings.

PREFACE

IF ONE could only write one's journal without becoming so infernally involved. It's like the old toast—"Here's to woman; ah, that we could fall into her arms, without falling into her hands."

Competition is supposed to be the life of trade, but repetition is surely the bane of hunting journalism; especially so when one's efforts are more or less confined to a country whose boundaries are steadily becoming more restricted, owing, principally, to its accessibility to a large and ever growing city.

Hunting journalism, to be interesting, should be personal; mind, I said "should be"; but that would never do; but if the personal pronoun has been used more than seems becoming to an obscure provincial foxhunter, my earnest prayer is—that it will be overlooked and forgiven.

J. S. R.

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INTRODUCTION

BY

HENRY G. VAUGHAN

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS M. F. H. NORFOLK HUNT CLUB; A FOUNDER OF, AND FOR TWENTY-ONE YEARS SECRETARY-TREASURER TO, THE MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

IN THE present day when organized hunting with horses and hounds is becoming increasingly popular and widespread, the things which Mr. Reeve tells us in "FOXHUNTING RECOLLECTIONS" are not only of interest but, also, of importance, both to sportsmen and to those who would become sportsmen. So much is talked and written in a vague, general way about the sport of foxhunting or riding to hounds that the actual practices and the everyday doings of a long-established American pack of the highest type, like the Radnor Hunt, are very refreshing and illuminating. Often such a story is as dry as the history one had to try to learn at school, but Mr. Reeve narrates his many and intimate details in so charming and natural a manner that the reader is carried along and finds himself absorbed by all that goes to make up the hunting days of a season at Radnor and an occasional bye-day elsewhere. It is a record of real value, to the members of the Radnor Hunt particularly, and, also, will carry to future generations a vivid and faithful picture of the practices and manners of the fox hunting of this day—something often lost in the lapse of time.

Radnor is conducting its hunting according to the highest and best traditions of the sport under the exceptionally able and sportsmanlike guidance of its Master, Horace B. Hare. Mr. Hare has developed a

pack of hounds which is the peer of any in America for showing sport, and, furthermore, the Radnor has lately become a public Hunt and any one has the privilege of hunting there upon the payment of a subscription to the hounds. This is common practice in England but rare as yet in this country and reflects the greatest credit on the Radnor Hunt for its public spirit and on their Master, on whom, in consequence, a greater burden and responsibility is cast than if they had continued as a private club. Thus has Radnor set an example of democracy in sport and shown the typical "American spirit."

There will always be many people who will hunt or attempt to hunt with little, if any, knowledge of the sport. That is one reason why Mr. Reeve's book is so valuable in showing in an informal way the principles on which fox hunting rests. For instance, it portrays clearly the paramount part which the hounds play, and that without them there could be no sport. There is always the conflict with the neophyte and even with some impatient and good sportsmen who have hunted long and well, as to what hounds mean, or their uses. Without the hounds, hunting would be like the kite without a tail and would degenerate into a semi-steeplechase or a "larking" party, and the real sport would cease. For example, a noted first flight man of the Shires is quoted as saying, when he and some brother spirits were "larking" back to Melton after a poor day's sport, "What fun we might have, if it wasn't for these d——d hounds." This viewpoint is appalling, because it would eliminate the keystone of hunting, and lose one of its greatest joys, that of watching the hounds. He who does this seldom has a dull hunting day. However, without the good will of the land-

owners the hounds could not run, nor the hunting Field follow them. In order to have the finest sport, we must have due regard for the hounds, for other riders in the field, and for one's horse. The thruster or the jealous rider is not the true hunting man, but the exception, and he is becoming rarer as we in the United States learn and understand the rules and the etiquette of the hunting field, and what the sport of riding to hounds really is. Therefore, there must be co-operation and harmony, and this entails unselfishness and consideration for others, thus bringing out the best in the man or woman who hunts—all of which makes for good fellowship, and there are no truer friendships than those formed in the hunting field. History both ancient and modern will prove that among sportsmen the world over the hunting man stands pre-eminent; a gallant gentleman, forsooth. Perhaps the close association with hounds and horses in the chase inculcates man with some of their single-mindedness, sincerity and honesty of purpose.

The "Noble Art of Venerie" is very ancient and used to be a most selfish and cruel kind of pursuit or amusement, confined to royalty and the nobles, but gradually it has become a recreation open to all who can qualify, and is "to be regarded as an organized pastime with laws and arts of its own." It is self-evident that anything in which many participate must be organized and regulated for the good of all and that the individual must be willing to subordinate himself accordingly. This applies particularly in the hunting field, where the Master of the Hunt has been from time immemorial the supreme and absolute authority, without appeal. Likewise, each Hunt—whether individual, private or public—has to consider the existence

and the sport of its neighbor Hunts and to work in harmony with them. Consequently, a governing body or arbiter for organized Hunting is needed. Such a body is found first in England in the Masters of Foxhounds Association, and later in America a similar association with the same name was, by necessity, called into being; just as racing is controlled or governed by the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association and by the Jockey Club, and polo by the United States Polo Association.

If each Hunt went ahead regardless of its neighbors, chaos would ensue, because the landowners on whose goodwill the sport depends would not endure promiscuous and continual hunting over their property, with resulting damages constantly being referred to the "other fellow." In like case is the individual or small group within the country of an organized Hunt, who keep hounds and hunt where they please or can get permission. It is often more fun and more convenient for them, but it is a selfish act and jeopardizes the sport for everybody, including themselves.

These interlopers assert that this is a Democracy and that they have the *legal* right to act in this way. Yes, but a Democracy has its government and its regulation and every legal right is limited by the legal rights of others in a community. So in foxhunting, when a regular pack is giving good sport and individuals or small groups choose to hunt in its country when and how they please, the final result would be ruin to the organized sport. The people who bring about such a situation are not of the brotherhood of fox hunters, with its privileges, rights, and responsibilities, and the governing body perforce condemns their action and outlaws them. The form of selfishness

practised by such people may be within their *legal* rights—but it is the antithesis of the conduct of a sportsman, is a perversion of the sport of foxhunting and against all its “unwritten law.”

What is needed today in this country is the realization by every one that foxhunting has its history and its traditions and that “the first principles of the craft have changed but little—we may teach differently, but we teach pretty much the same doctrine.” These traditions and accompanying rules all have their *raison d’être* founded on experience and established by usage and custom.

My aim and my desire, inadequately expressed as they are, have been not alone to speak of Mr. Reeve’s book, but, in addition, to bring to the attention of those who ride to hounds or who would aspire thereto, that the sport has been handed down to us a noble and an ennobling one, and that we have a trust to pass it on with all its greatness, mayhap enhanced, in any event untarnished, to those who come after us. To carry out and to accomplish this faithfully and well, we must, in this age of “change, alarm, surprise,” observe with reverence and preserve with vigilance, yet with all fairness and forbearance, its glorious traditions and rules. I can view the future with confidence, as it has been proven, in these last few years particularly, that we in this country have and can breed and train as fine a type of chivalrous sportsmen as ever England had—gentlemen who ride straight and hard to hounds, yet with consideration for others.

A careful and intelligent perusal of Mr. Reeve’s *Journal of the hunting activities of Radnor* should both instruct the reader and enlarge his ideas and understanding of foxhunting and show him the un-

selfish and co-operating spirit in which it must be "played." It is not a competitive game but a great and emulative pastime. If this little book shall have accomplished this, it will have its place in the sporting literature of this country. May "FOXHUNTING RECOLLECTIONS" contribute to the fulfilment of Egerton Warburton's wish when he wrote:

Still distant the day, yet in ages to come,
When the gorse is uprooted, the foxhound is dumb.

SEASON OF
1922-1923



CUBBING

AFTER one's hunters have been turned out to grass for a couple of months, and during which time one's thoughts probably, as is natural in the early Summer, have been more of beautiful ladies, love, or fishing than of hunting, it is sometimes hard to get back again into the habit of hacking every day; but as July comes around once more, you begin to feel that it's time to get hardened up, so orders are given to have the old favorites brought in. Legs are felt over very carefully; manes are trimmed; tails pulled and banged just above the locks; shoes put on; and then perhaps every morning for a fortnight or two one watches the gees being walked around the ride in the orchard while dressing, and every morning thinking, "Now, I must take a ride myself some day soon, just to see if old Chestnuthoss is all right in his wind, or if the bay mare is quite sound again, for she was a bit ouchy, you remember, that last day in March, after that long point from the Barrens to Rocky Hill."

Then maybe you put off riding until Monday, and on Monday you are rather glad that the gardener wants you to look at some farming implements that a neighbor is selling, so you put off taking that first ride until Tuesday. Tuesday is terribly hot and sticky, so you motor over to Blankville and on your way see all the new, hard, slippery roads and get to thinking about how changed the roads are and how dangerous for riding, then that night, after dining alone, you open the new number of Punch that has just arrived by the evening post, and read the following bit of verse by W. H. O.:

A man may have taken his morning jolt
On the range from the roped corral,

26 FOXHUNTING RECOLLECTIONS

On a pitching, sun-fishing, sage-brush colt,
 With a conquering cowboy yell;
 May have sought for a grip of the big knee pads
 On a buck of Bush renown,
 With a heartening cheer from the station lads
 As the lean little head went down;
 May have got to the end of the Aintree course
 On a wild uncertain brute;
 May have led them a gallop from Ranksboro' Gorse
 With a lead beyond dispute;
 May have never let Caution's name appear
 As a blot on his thrusting code—
 And yet set forth with a childish fear
 For a ride on an English road.

After that you smoke a bit longer, but make up your mind that you really will be brave and take a ride tomorrow anyway, and you do, and from the moment you threw your leg over old Chestnuthoss and heard the nice creak of the saddle under you, and felt those old strong shoulders between your knees, your thoughts took a different turn, and unconsciously you found yourself counting the days to cubbing, and from then on the beautiful ladies, the fishing, etc., are only secondary considerations.

Maybe this don't happen to you, but it does to me, and I guess probably there are others as foolish over hunting as I am. Yes, I know there are others, for they wouldn't get up at four thirty and leave their blushing brides snugly alone in bed, if there weren't, would they? Some don't, I know, but others I know of do, and say what one may, it does take a bit of doing to get up at four or four thirty, whether one leaves a blushing bride or just the cold bachelor four-poster that your great grandmother left to you.

However, the days go by and the time rolls around; the cubs grow bigger and the weeds grow taller and the rides get thicker, but the end of August turns up at

last with the country just about as blind as it was last year.

It has often occurred to me that foxhunters, or, perhaps I should say would-be foxhunters, and especially those post-war sportsmen of middle life who aspire to be foxcatchers, should be compelled to take at least a two months' course in cub hunting before being allowed to come out during the regular season. It would do them a world of good if they had to get up three or four mornings a week during September and October at four or four thirty o'clock, and hack several miles to kennels in the dark, and then on maybe five or six more to covert. After a couple of months of it some of them might possibly absorb a few rudiments of the game and be able to distinguish some of the little niceties of houndwork, and above all, where to place themselves so as to be a help and not a hindrance to the Master or huntsman. It's mighty easy to sit on top of a hill with a two thousand dollar horse between your knees (if you have the price) and criticise the action of the poor devil below you who is talking to a pack of riotous hounds in a language that you can't understand. Yes, it's very easy, indeed; but put yourself in the other fellow's position and see what a beautiful mess you would make of it. How long would your temper stay unruffled when apparently everyone of the field was doing his or her best to spoil the sport in one way or another. I've broken all the golden rules of fox-hunting many times myself; sometimes out of purely selfish motives, and very often by pure stupidity and gross carelessness, and have often been mortified to distraction and hidden behind a friendly bush or barn, hoping the keen eyes of the huntsman or Master have not seen me; and once I remember an irate Master

catching me and a friend (not a lady) hiding in a wagon shed, and the irate M. F. H. rode into the shed and told us if we were not playing the game, we had better go home. We didn't go home, but we stayed in our places and minded our P's and Q's the rest of the day.

7th November, 1921

ADMIRAL LORD BEATTY'S DAY WITH THE RADNOR HOUNDS

WHEN Bob Strawbridge asked for a bye-day on Monday, November 7, for Admiral Earl Beatty, who was his guest over the week-end, there was great excitement in hunting circles; but strange as it may seem, there was not a large field out in honor of His Lordship. Only about twenty-five turned up at Fairy Hill Farm at ten o'clock; but as someone said, "What we lack in numbers today, we make up in Quality."

Everyone turned out in their newest and brightest scarlet, and on their best horses, and we jumped more fences than we've done for many a day.

Bob put the Admiral up on his champion and most previous "Cottesmore," and the Admiral left the rest to Cottesmore, and Cottesmore did him to the Queen's taste. I'm sure the big upstanding post and rail fences looked formidable to him. A strange country always looks big to one. But that the Admiral is an artist in crossing a country was very evident during the thirty minutes' gallop the Radnor dog pack and Horace Hare's cleverness gave us today.

After Mrs. Strawbridge had presented most everyone to the Admiral, and the Press photographer had satisfied himself he had enough pictures, hounds moved off; the first draw being the big meadow below the Meeting House. Hounds feathered a bit here, but



ADMIRAL LORD BEATTY WITH THE RADNOR HOUNDS
7th November, 1921

could not really own it, so moved on through Fairy Hill, Bryn Clovis, etc., for about an hour, and it was beginning to look as if we might not find, for the wind was getting up and the country a bit on the dry side. However, luck was with us, for hounds went away with a good burst of music from the little wood on the Boyer Davis Farm, and swinging down country, took us at a nice galloping pace through Bill Evans' meadow, towards Cathcart Rocks. Hounds were put to their noses in the corn field a moment, when our fox was viewed going over the hill towards Sugartown, so a quick cast put them straight, and on we went over a nice bit of grass through the Evans' farm yard, to the road and up to the corner. Hounds crossed the road into a wheat field and checked again in the Strawbridge pasture, where a herd of steers evidently fouled the line, but picking it up again just beyond, ran with a wonderful cry over the brook, through the swamp, over Fairy Hill and out the upper side to another moment's check in the wheat, then on again and over the Sugartown Road to the big woodland above Miss Hook's, when they were at fault again; but a farmer viewed our fox in his orchard; hounds owned the line at once, and turning right-handed, ran parallel to the Goshen Road for a couple of fields and gave it up. Another farmer, carrying a small child on his shoulder, said he saw the fox cross the road, but scent apparently failed completely, and the Admiral's run came to an end. But if the Earl enjoyed the day as much as the Radnor field, he must have felt quite satisfied.

Among those out were:

Mrs. Strawbridge; Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt on her "Seven-to-one"; Mrs. Converse on "Merry Christmas"; *Frank* Lloyd on "Sherry;" Ben Chew on his

pet "Oviat"; Nelson Buckley on his grey; Henry Collins on his black horse; your humble servant on his faithful "Poacher"; Dave Sharp jumping the big ones on a chestnut thoroughbred; Clifton Lisle; Miss Gertrude Conaway; Walter Stokes; Miss Alexandre Dolan; Dick McNeely and Mr. Bodine.

Some of the questions asked during the day were: Why was Mr. Edgemont not presented to the Admiral? What did the reporter say when informed Her Ladyship was not present?

A SHORT SPORTING TOUR

HAVING sent my horses, Poacher and Locust Grove, to the Unionville Inn stables on Saturday, November 12, I motored to Brooklawn on Sunday afternoon to have a few days' hunting as the guest of that good sportsman, W. Plunket Stewart.

My host was just returning from a walk when I arrived, having gone to take a peep at a wheat field that sixty people had galloped over the day before. "Didn't hurt it a bit," was his sporting reply to an inquiry regarding the damage.

"Dick" Williams, of the Essex Hounds, William Carter, and Mr. Kerr arrived in time for supper, and after a most pleasant chat we turned in about nine thirty to be in good condition for the morrow.

Hounds met at Chesterland gate at ten the next morning, Frank Dare bringing out as beautiful a mixed pack of eighteen and a half couples of hounds as it was ever my privilege to ride behind. The Chesterland coverts were blank that morning, but a home-loving fox was found in an adjoining wood, just as it started to rain. Scent was quite catchy from the first, keeping hounds on their noses practically all the time, but they

ran just fast enough for us to keep on terms with them for an hour and twenty minutes; and although our fox never made a long point, he gave us a nice lot of galloping through those lovely hills until we were soaked to the skin and called it a day at half past two, the entire field coming back to Brooklawn to luncheon and a good long talk before the fire.

The next day, Tuesday the fifteenth, we hunted with the Brandywine from Seeds' (pronounced Seedses') Rocks. Hounds met at ten, with Mr. Charles E. Mather in command, and were no sooner in covert than a fox was viewed away, and pointing his mask up country, gave us a most delightful gallop for fifteen minutes over that beautiful valley nearly to Marshallton, where he either went to earth or gave hounds the slip, I don't know which, but, at any rate, they could do nothing more with it.

While we were sitting around on a hillside on the McFadden farm, overlooking the Brandywine, and watching hounds draw the meadows, we heard another pack in the distance, and presently a fox came running down the long meadow on the opposite side of the creek, with four couples of American hounds about a hundred yards behind him. As soon as they ran from scent to view, a big black hound raced away from the others, turned the fox back into the rest of the pack, and poor Reynard's career came to a close. No one was with them or came up, but we heard later from Dick Murtagh, M. F. H. West Chester, that the main body of the pack and the field were at some rocks a bit further up country, marking, as they supposed, their fox to ground, but the fox had gone on and the four couples that we saw had killed him in the open.

Friday morning, the eighteenth of November, the

Cheshire met in the village of Unionville at ten o'clock, and it was so hot that the first thing most everyone did upon arriving at the meet, was to take off some of their clothes, waistcoats principally. It was really a mid-summer day. Hounds' tongues were lolling out and horses sweating before we moved off southward from the village to Coxe's wood, which was the first draw. Unfortunately, it was blank; but in working towards Chesterland we met Penn Smith in a cart, driving a very nice heavy-weight bay pony, and he told us there had been hounds running in the wood several hours before, which accounted for the Cheshire finding this good covert blank.

However, the Chesterland Wood kept up its reputation of always holding a fox, and one was viewed away as soon as hounds entered. Plunket took his field through the wood in order to let hounds get settled on the line, and when we galloped out the lower side, the pack was streaming away down country just a field ahead of us. This beautiful Cheshire pack took us over a lovely bit of country for about eight minutes, when they dwelt a moment in the corner of a pasture, then swinging a little right-handed raced away over a road where we saw Penn Smith standing up in his cart and waving us on towards Hay's wood. Penn said the fox had crossed the road, and running through a herd of cattle, had gone straight to the wood, but hounds kept on bearing right-handed, and after crossing the road into the Penn's Manor meadow, threw up their noses and trotted down to the brook and went swimming. Dare cast them back towards Hay's wood, and all about, but they never owned the line again.

Owing to the intense heat, this little burst had given everyone about all the fast galloping they wanted.

Mrs. Mather's horse was about done, and the others were dripping like polo ponies. Later on we found two more foxes, but neither of them would stay above ground and give hounds a run, so about two thirty we came in, had a bath, a bite to eat and spent the remainder of the day sitting on the porch talking, which is never a hard thing for a lot of foxhunters to do.

Among the Cheshire and Brandywine fields during the week were: John and Mrs. Converse; William T. Carter, The Misses Cassatt, The Misses Dolan, Bob and Mrs. Strawbridge, Mrs. Victor Mather, Mrs. Gilbert Mather, "Dick" Williams, Mr. Kerr, Govey and Mrs. Cadwalader, Devy and Mrs. Devereux, Kenneth and Mrs. Schley, "Cliff" Cheston, Arthur Meigs, and Mr. Chambers.

Tuesday, 22nd November, 1921

"THE ADMIRAL'S FOX"

FROM eleven o'clock, when hounds met at the Leopard, until nearly three in the afternoon, we drew the country blank without a sign of a fox anywhere and hardly a whimper from a hound, so after finishing up the Malvern Barrens, Horace Hare said to me, "Let's see if the Admiral's Fox is at home." But it looked at first as if even this sure find was to be blank, but, undismayed, Horace pushed on towards Cathcart's Rocks, when much to our delight hounds raced away with a wonderful burst of music from the edge of the wood on top of Mr. Cuyler's hill towards Mr. Cox's, and keeping Disston's swamp on their right, crossed the road into the Boyer Davis' farm, then going down the long meadows, gave us a bit of jumping through Evans', and turning up country, hounds overshot the line in Wm. Evans' big pasture and swung left-handed to

his back lane, where they checked a moment, then casting themselves backward, went again at a good pace, and crossing the road into Garrett's, sank the valley into the Fairy Hill wood, where Mrs. Bill Rolin came to grief at the barway, but, fortunately, with no bad results. Hounds pushed their fox on through the wood and over the hill to the Sugartown Road, where he evidently was turned by something or someone, for after checking a minute, they ran back through Fairy Hill again, across Bill Evans', and over into the White Horse Farm, where Reynard swam Crum Creek and came on down country through the Seventy-six Farm to Lockwood's Hollow. Here we had the pleasure of hearing the most marvelous bit of hound music; every hound in the pack seemed to be throwing all his available tongue; and although the pace at which they ran was quite slow through the Hollow, once they reached the Delmas' side of the wood, they fairly flew away again to the Leopard Road, and crossing it into Thornton Baker's, turned left-handed and ran up country again to a slight check at the Hawthorne barns. The sun was just going down over the hill when we reached here, and as darkness was only a question of another ten minutes or so, Horace Hare asked his field if they had had enough. Everyone said "Yes," so hounds were whipped off just as they picked up the line again. It had been an hour and thirty-eight minutes since hounds first spoke to the line of this fox, and a point of four and one-half miles from the Sugartown Road to Baker's.

Maybe we changed foxes in Lockwoods and maybe we didn't. Perhaps that was the cause of the wonderful cry they gave there. There might have been two foxes in front of hounds at that time. At any

rate, Mr. Delmas' farmer said he viewed a fox over the hill towards the Leopard Road, then saw him turn and come back to the swamp; then Mrs. Henry Collins, who was motoring along the Leopard Road, saw an apparently fresh fox cross the road at Leiber's corner and go toward Baker's, and this, undoubtedly, was the fox hounds were running at that time.

The hunted fox could not have been fresh looking after having gone all that distance and having crossed the brook in the Evans' meadows twice and also after swimming Crum Creek at Mr. Cuyler's. Whether we changed in Lockwood's, or not, it was by far the best of the season, so far, and over the cream of this lovely Radnor country.

There were not a great many in it, but those I can remember, besides the Master, were: Henry L. Collins, Mrs. Rolin, Clifton Lisle, Miss McNeal, Mr. Bodine, Ben Holland, and R. Nelson Buckley.

Saturday, 3rd December, 1921

A SIX MILE POINT FROM DELCHESTER

WHEN Horace Hare came into my office in town on Wednesday, the thirtieth of November, he was rather down on his luck about the way hounds were working. We sat and talked it over for two hours; dictated a few letters, and then came to the conclusion that, "Be damned if we knew what was the matter." But that was Wednesday. The next day, Thursday, they had a clinker, and ran the Baker's Wood fox two hours and twenty minutes, with as beautiful a lot of hound work as anyone could wish to see, I'm told; and on Saturday, the third of December, despite a gale of wind, they ran

from Delchester to the lower side of Vauclain's, making a six mile point in sixty-eight minutes.

On coming into Delchester we saw the Rose Tree pack below us, with a field of about fifteen moving up the south side of the Ridley Creek, apparently doing nothing. Radnor hounds, feathered to a line in the big pasture, carried it slowly along to Quaker Wood, and then turning sharply towards the Turnpike, went away with a glorious burst of music that must have sounded good to the Rose Tree people across the river.

The gallop to the top of the Delchester hill took the surplus steam out of our horses, and then swinging down parallel to the Pike, hounds raced on into the Ashton piggery, dwelling a moment in the corn, when a fox ran right through our horses back towards Delchester. Thinking this must be the hunted fox, most of the field waited and watched Reynard for a couple of minutes, expecting hounds to turn and come back; but they did nothing of the kind. Two foxes evidently went out of covert in front of hounds, and, fortunately, they settled on the line of the one with the straightest neck.

Taking us back through the country we had just drawn, at a fair hunting pace, they crossed into the Converse farm, checking a moment in the road, then on through the Stokes' swamp to Shirmers' clearing, up the hill on the lower side, and turning right-handed, it looked as if our fox was heading back up country, but evidently nothing was further from his thoughts, for after crossing the creek at the foot of the hill, where George Brooke III's horse jumped it short and came to Mother Earth with a crash, hounds bore sharply left-handed over the Turnpike and fairly flew up the oppo-

site hillside to a moment's check at the Providence Road.

Mrs. Alexander Sellers who was hacking down the road said she viewed our fox going towards Castle Rocks, while a farmer in a Ford said he viewed a fox going in the opposite direction, but be that as it may (and it only goes to prove how little confidence a huntsman can put in a view halloa) hounds went on in a still different direction, and taking us through a very rough part of the Rose Tree country where we were tied up in wire, and rode up and down, as someone said, "All the mountains in Pennsylvania," crossed the creek into Trimble's Hollow and on into Mr. Vauclain's, where it looked as if our fox was making for Snakehouse Wood, and personally that's where I think he went, but hounds gave it up on the lower hillside and were never able to carry it on from there to any extent, although they did hit it off in spots near the Trimble Hollow road.

A field of fifty-five turned out at the meet, but it was thinned down to about twenty by the time we finished the run, among them being: Mr. Beale, Walter Stokes, our Secretary, "Cliff" Cheston, the Treasurer, Bob and Mrs. Strawbridge (she having quite recovered from her recent spill with the Brandywine), The Duke, The Master of Hawthorne and Mrs. Sharp, John Converse on "By Jingo" and Mrs. Converse on "Whitie," Benjamin William Holland, R. Nelson Buckley, Miss Dimmick, Frank Lloyd, Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt on "Seven-to-One" and Miss Eugenia on "Lord Culpepper," Miss "Baby" Geyelin, very proud of a new pair of breeches, Thornton and Mrs. Baker, Henry Collins, Julian Huff on "Locust Grove," and "Dick," John and Lowber Stokes, and Erskine Smith, having a fine time following in a Ford bus.

Monday, 19th December, 1921

A KILL IN THE OPEN

IT ISN'T often that a pack of hounds in America legitimately kills a native fox in the open; and I have very seldom seen a pack kill in such brilliant fashion as the Radnor hounds did this afternoon. One quite often hears of such and such a pack having killed, but nine times out of ten there is some fluke about it. Ask any foxhunter in America and he will tell you the same thing. Most of the foxes that hounds kill have either been dropped and perhaps been on a chain for a week or so, or been in a cage in someone's barn, etc., but to find a stout, native fox, and actually race him down in thirty-five minutes in the open, is an achievement any pack in this country may well be proud of.

After meeting at the kennels at one thirty, with a field of about twenty out, and finding the Barrens' fox not at home, hounds drew on across the Hospital Farm into Yarnall's Hollow, and picking up a cold line on the upper side, flashed across the road to the Bullock hillside, where scent was very spotty until hounds reached Mr. John Brown's wood. But once in the woodland, they opened up with a tremendous crash of music and raced away over the hill to Happy Creek; but keeping the big meadows on their right, ran on at a terrific pace, and bearing left-handed towards Calvert's it looked as if our fox was heading for the earth there. Something may have turned him, for hounds bore sharply left-handed at the upper end of the wood and fairly flew down country to the Bullock pastures where we could see our fox about fifty yards ahead of hounds, but still not beaten by any means. He ran to the edge of the wood in the Tryon Lewis'

meadow, with hounds right at his brush, and here it looked as if he was making for his home earth in Yarnall's hollow; but the pace was beginning to tell by now, so taking to the water he swam the Darby Creek and Reynard and the pack disappeared in the woodland.

Horace Hare galloped up to the edge of the creek at the old stone dam above the covered bridge, plunged in and nearly disappeared beneath the waters, but managed to reach the opposite bank and flounder out right side up. John Converse took the next plunge and reached shore safely, but with a great scramble. It was my turn next, and I sent my four-year-old Millwood at it. He never hesitated, but the water was up to my knees. Then Julian Huff had a try on his grey, but with less success, for his horse went down in the deepest part and both had a nice cold bath. The rest of the field had seen enough of this place, so galloped further up the creek to the old ford, thereby losing a few most precious moments; for hounds raced on across into Sinnott's and on to Mr. Brown's lovely grass, where they rolled their fox over within a hundred yards of his celebrated drain.

"Pick" Harrison was the first in at the death; but as hounds had torn the brush to pieces, the mask was offered to Mrs. Valentine, who refused it on the modest plea that she didn't deserve it.

Some of the others were—Miss Alexandre Dolan on "Sloe Gin"; Francis M. Brooke, Eddie Dale, Jack Lucas, and Francis Hall.

Monday, 26th December, 1921

WITH a fortnight of excellent sport to their credit, the Radnor pack, just to be seasonable, maybe, wished

everyone a Merry Christmas today in the true sporting way every foxhunter desires.

There was quite a brilliant field of about eighty-five out, but hounds found so quickly that apparently no one had an opportunity to actually count them; but barring the Admiral's meet, there were more scarlet coats than I've seen for many a day. Even Dave Sharp appeared in scarlet and spotless leathers and a hunting cap, much to everyone's delight; and even Horace Hare, whose seriousness of countenance at a meet is proverbial, actually beamed when he saw the Master of Hawthorne so brilliantly arrayed. Maybe the hard-worked pack took fresh courage by being so honored, for they worked splendidly all day and certainly gave us enough galloping to work up an appetite that would do credit to the largest Christmas turkey.

As hounds drew through Bill Evans' lower wood to Mr. Cuyler's upper meadows, they began to feather quite plainly, and on reaching the hill top back of the Boyer Davis house, evidently awakened Reynard from his Christmas slumbers on the grassy slope, for they went away with a beautiful burst of music and disappeared over the hill, but unseen by the field, checked in the little dell on the other side of that very steep hill. The overzealous field galloped right on top of hounds before they realized what they were about, so Horace wished us all a right Merry Christmas in pretty strong terms, that had the desired effect and considerably lessened the Field Master's (Bob Strawbridge) strenuous duties for the rest of the day.

However, our thrusting did not spoil our sport, for hounds were off again at once, as was Francis Brooke, whose horse slipped in trying to make the turn through

the crowded barway, and pushing through the wood, raced across the hills to Evans' wood to another moment's check on the road at the lane to the burned Klemm house. Mrs. Sharp here viewed our fox crossing the road left-handed, and a quick cast put hounds right, when they sailed on through the Garrett property to Fairy Hill, on over Bryn Clovis, across the Sugartown Road into Miss Hook's wood, through it, and keeping the Malvern Hills' Farm well to their right, ran to Rocky Hill, and swinging left-handed, were at fault on the Goshen Road opposite the peach orchard. Here a very noisy farm dog made it almost impossible to hear anything; and as the M. F. H. was endeavoring to give instructions to a hunt servant and could not make himself understood, he nodded to some of us to quiet the dog, but no one could stop his yapping, so Horace rode up to the cur, spoke a few "kind" words to it about one of its ancestors, and the dog, evidently understanding, very promptly and sheepishly stuck its tail between its legs and ran away, much to the amusement of the impatient field.

Hounds were away again in an instant, and running through the orchard, crossed the Thomas' farm into Dutton's Mill, then swinging sharply left-handed, ran back through the swamp, over the road and marked their fox to earth by the old stone wall near the Thomas' house. But there being certain persons hunting who have a propensity for digging out foxes, the Master very wisely thought it best not to let the field at large know the fox had gone under, so hounds were taken on and the word passed back that Reynard had given hounds the slip.

This hour and twenty minutes of galloping had thinned out the field considerably, but everyone had

a delightful Christmas day; and as hounds were jogging down the Goshen Road home, that good friend of Radnor, dear old Miss Hook, came to the door of her charming house to wish Horace and his pack a Merry Christmas. Everyone stopped to return her greeting, and inquire after her health, for it is such a rare thing in this country to see one of her age so interested in hunting and always so glad to see hounds in her neighborhood. Several years ago, when Horace Hare was Master of Radnor before, Miss Hook would always come out to the wall for a short chat with him; but this time it appeared as if the infirmities of age were beginning to show, for she had quite evidently been assisted even to her door.

Among the Christmas throng, besides the Master, were: Bob and Mrs. Strawbridge; Mr. Beale; Miss Barclay; Dave and Mrs. Sharp; Mrs. Converse, riding a new one that fizzed out at about half the journey; John Converse, and Randy Snowden on "Whitie"; the Misses Cassatt; Miss McNeal; Eddie Dale; "Willie" Fleming; Lowber and Mrs. Stokes; Miss Strawbridge; Harry Barclay; Walter Stokes; Gardner Cassatt; Henry Collins; Clifton Lisle; Arthur Meigs; Miss Alexandre Dolan; George Saportas; Ben Holland; Dr. Powell; George Brooke III; Standley and Mrs. Stokes; Mr. Bodine; Mr. Kelso; Charlie Harrison, home from school, and "Bunny" Sharp, on ponies; Miss Rose Dolan; and Messrs. Saunders, McNeely, McLeod, Hall, Bishop, and Evans.

Saturday, 7th January, 1922

FOUR TIMES OVER THE TURNPIKE

THOSE who were brave enough and had on plenty waistcoats (George Saportas had on five), sweaters,

etc., and stayed on with hounds until it looked as if they would never find, were rewarded today with one of the best old-fashioned hunting runs of the season.

A field of sixty-five faced the cold and came to the meet at White Horse; but it seemed that just as hounds moved off, a cold, raw wind started to blow that made the hard, rough going seem even more treacherous than usual, and after drawing all the neighboring coverts blank, Horace Hare was beginning to get discouraged; a good many of the field were leaving; and it began to look like a poor day, when all of a sudden a fox with a straight, black brush jumped up right in the middle of the pack in the meadow of the lower Converse farm. How he saved his brush was a mystery. Hounds were snapping at him from all sides, but he dodged through them and ran up the hillside just west of the barn with the pack not fifty yards behind him, and the field of about twenty-five on the heels of the hounds. Scent was a trifle catchy on the high ground, so Reynard took advantage of it and gave hounds the slip for a moment, then bearing sharply left-handed and crossing the road they ran with a great cry on up country, through Pratt's Wood to Delchester, on over those lovely hills and across the Ridley creek to the Paper Mill, but keeping the Mill on their right, pushed on up country at a nice galloping pace nearly to Milltown, then crossing the West Chester Pike, hounds dwelt a moment in the wood along the Street road above Greenbrier, but casting themselves, picked up the line south of the road and carried us over that beautiful bit of country towards Gradyville, and around that charming valley that dear old Alec Brown and "Pebbles" performed so gallantly over a few years ago.

It always adds so much charm to a run when your

fox goes out of your own country. One cannot take the line one knows so well, but has to do a bit of exploring, as it were; but on hounds went, and on bearing down country, just east of Gradyville, we saw the Rose Tree pack on the opposite hill. Their hounds harked to Radnor, and the two packs ran together to the Gradyville Road back of Pickering Thicket, where scent apparently failed.

The two packs were separated, we said good-by to Rose Tree, and started for home, supposing the run was over and with everyone quite content, after having had a very pleasant sixty-five minutes' gallop; but cigarettes and cigars were barely lighted, when Horace Hare called out, "There's our fox now"; and, sure enough, Charles James came trotting peacefully along across the big meadow by the covered bridge, swam the creek and continued leisurely on his way towards the West Chester Pike. Only one hound had seen the fox crossing the meadow, and he broke away from the pack with a tremendous roar, then the rest were off like the wind and nearly rolled this stout pilot over on the Turnpike; but he made the other side and raced away from them to Quaker Wood, where, personally, I think he pushed a fresh fox out and went to earth. If he didn't, he had a wonderful burst of speed, for Frank Smith, the second whipper-in, almost immediately, it seemed, viewed across the big fields towards the pig pens. But hounds pushed on through the wood, and circling the other hill right-handed, carried a beautiful scent on over the road and down country to the Converse farm again, where George Brooke III and his "John Douglas" stood on their heads in a frozen ploughed field, but, fortunately, with no more dire results than a broken hat. Hounds crossed the pike

again, and running parallel to the Providence Road for a couple of fields, swung left-handed back towards Castle Rock to a check at the Turnpike, where a man spreading manure from a wagon viewed the fox crossing into Shrimer's Clearing. Scent was getting spotty again, but hounds carried on into the wood back of the Stokes' farm, where it was decided to whip off and go home. Whether this last part from Delchester to Shrimer's was after our original hunted fox, is hard to tell, but we had had two hours and five minutes of the very best, anyhow, barring the bad going, so no one really cared.

It was a long, cold hack home in the moonlight, but the company was pleasant (Guess who she was? You can't.) and my horse still on his toes; so despite Mr. Volstead, all's well that ends well.

Mrs. Devereux and Mrs. "Govey" Cadwalader made their first appearance at Radnor for many a long day and were given quite an ovation. I wonder if Mrs. Cadwalader's "Patricia" recognized the country and was glad to get back home again.

There was also another combination out that was food for thought, for those whose memories can go back as far as 1914! (Don't guess now, you may be all wrong, so let by-gones be by-gones.)

Amongst the others were: Mrs. Sharp, who reported Dave laid up with a cold; John and Mrs. Converse and Randy, but Mrs. Converse and Randy had to leave before we found, as Randy was starting to school at Aiken; Henry Collins; The Duke and Mrs. Saportas, she cast a shoe and pulled out before the run, but the Duke had the time of his life and was jumping all the big ones; Ben Chew on "Oviat"; Miss Gertrude Conway; Frank Lloyd; Ben Holland; Young Bill Evans;

Walter and Dick Stokes; Lowber and Mrs. Stokes; Miss Eugenia Cassatt; Harry Barclay on "Jerry Rohan"; Miss Barclay on "Sandy"; Bunny Sharp and Charlie Harrison; Mrs. Crosby Brown, a very welcome new addition to the field; and Miss Strawbridge.

Some of the Rose Tree field I saw were: Walter M. Jeffords, M. F. H.; Gerry and Mrs. Leiper; Foster and Mrs. Reeve; and Mr. Kerr's nephew, who grows more like his Uncle Bill every day.

Someone asked this question: Will a certain gallant gentleman and his wife return to Radnor when the board at the stable is reduced?

Friday, 13th January, 1922

CHRISTIAN A. HAGEN, ESQ.

IT CAME as a great shock to most of us the other day to hear that Chris. Hagen was very seriously ill, and even more of a blow to learn on Friday that he had passed away. His death was the principal topic of conversation in the hunting field yesterday, and many were the regrets expressed by everyone, from Master to servants.

Christian A. Hagen was a keen sportsman and an unusually fearless and persevering horseman, not only in following a pack of hounds across a country, but in riding a race over a stiff post and rail course. One of his earliest horses that I remember well was "Rapid Transit," a very capable, big, raw-boned type of horse, that he raced with more or less success. Another horse of his that I'll never forget was "War Whoop," that he bought, I think, from Jacobs, of Virginia; but "War Whoop" was a better hack than hunter; and the first big run Chris. had him in was with the Radnor Hounds

one Saturday back in 1912 or '13, when an unusually stout fox took us away over towards Glen Mills, and this horse gave Chris. five falls during the day; whether he finished the run with him or not, I don't remember; but it seems to me that Chris. and "War Whoop" were down in nearly every field, but always up and going again immediately.

His pleasant smile and charming "Hale fellow well met" personality will be greatly missed by us all.

Thursday, 9th February, 1922

'A LONG HACK HOME'

ALTHOUGH the going was about as bad as it is possible to have it, after three weeks of snow and ice, it was a delight to be out again today and see hounds keen at their work and run and run and run, until a sudden and severe snow storm put an abrupt ending to all vestige of scent.

Hounds met at the kennels at eleven, when we jogged up the Goshen Road to Brooke's Wood and found our first fox at eleven fifty-five, hounds speaking to the line with great volumes of tongue and carrying it on through the wood to the lower side, and on over the hill to Innes' Wood at a nice hand gallop, which was fortunate for us, as one had to pick one's way between snow drifts and ice.

Scent was quite holding in the woodlands, but once hounds came to the open they had great difficulty in carrying on, but slowly worked it out over the wheat to the meadow back of the Echo Valley Farm, then bearing right-handed, ran hard by the DuPont house to the White Horse Road, where it looked as if Reynard was making Lockwood's his point; but turning west-

ward through the Crum Creek Farm, went to earth on the hill top overlooking Mr. Yarnall's swamp.

The going was so bad that most of our field went home from here, but the Master said he was going to make a day of it, so we worked on up country, finally pushing a fox out of the lower end of the Malvern Barrens, and hounds, in running through the Disston swamp, met Sam Kirk and his pack of eight couples running through the same swamp in the opposite direction. Naturally there was a mixup for a few minutes; but after the two packs finished the formalities of canine introduction, and we had extricated our horses and ourselves from an unusually snowy section of country, by making a detour around Mr. Coxe's property, the combined packs went away again in good style towards Paoli; but swinging left-handed just at the edge of the village, ran on to a check at Arthur Dickson's gateway; then on parallel to the road, bearing left-handed again, ran at a good pace back to the lower side of the Barrens, where the hound work in the woodland was a treat, indeed, to watch. Rarely have I seen hounds more keen for their work, and scent being very spotty over the deep snow in the wood, they had to work with a will to make real headway, which they did, and carried us on at a fair pace clear through this long stretch of timber to the upper end of the Barrens, where two foxes were viewed; and, personally, I think the main body of both packs came out of the wood on the line of a fresh fox, for a couple and a half of Radnor hounds went back down country at a good clip and could not be stopped, at the same time the two packs came out the upper end and crossed over the Sugartown Road into the Rush Hospital property. They checked a moment after crossing the road, then

scent seeming to improve wonderfully, fairly raced away towards the State Road, crossed it just above the corner, and ran on to the Hog Lane covert, where they were at fault an instant, but working on through the piggeries, raced on again down the piggery lane to a Page wire fence at the bottom, where one hound hung himself and made such a halloaboo that both packs stopped to help in the row, and were greatly assisted by a squealing herd of pigs. By the time Mr. Hound was liberated, and quiet once more reigned over the countryside, a sudden squall of snow descended from the heavens that covered the ground in an instant and killed every particle of scent. Coat collars were turned up and the few of us left thanked our lucky stars that we had the snow on our backs and not in our faces on our long hack to kennels and home.

Bob Brooke, Miss Geyelin, and Frank Lloyd trotted on, but I jogged the ten miles back to kennels with the Master and the pack, and I reached Brookthorpe at six thirty, pretty wet, but quite content.

Wednesday, 8th March, 1922

"TWO HOURS AND A QUARTER"

HOPE is supposed to spring eternally in the human breast; but whether a foxhunter's chest is able to hold more than the average mortal's share, I'm not qualified to say; but it took a good big piece of hope and a lot of optimism to go hunting this afternoon, with the wind blowing a twenty-five mile gale from the north-west, and the country hock deep in mud.

The Master and I were the only ones that appeared at the kennels at one thirty, so the field was very select and there was no crowding at the barway into

the Earle meadow for the first draw. Hounds drifted over the meadow, then Horace trotted them into the Radnor Barrens, where they opened up at once on the Rose Tree side, and making a circle around the top end by the Culberson House, crossed the Barren Road into Bryn Mawr Avenue and sailed away up country in the teeth of the wind at a racing pace. Crossing the Goshen Road just above Mr. Earle's gateway, they ran over the hill and through the wood into Yarnall's Hollow and on to a moment's check at Mr. Brown's, then on into Happy Creek, and keeping the pig pens on their right, kept straight on up country to Waterloo Mills, where we viewed our fox turning towards Calvert's, with the pack about a hundred yards behind him.

"Pick" Harrison had joined in the chase by this time, and as he, Horace, and I were galloping as fast as the soggy turf would let us, down the Harrison long meadow we met Mr. Fox head on, he evidently having made a very sharp turn in the swamp and put hounds off for the moment, but a quick cast put them straight, and on we flew over the hill to the Happy Creek gate; then keeping "Memo's" house on their right, we knew our fox was making for Mr. Brown's famous drain, and Horace, as he was galloping along, kept saying to himself, as if he was offering a fervent prayer to the Almighty, "I hope to God I can kill this fox! I hope to God I can kill this fox!" So while hounds ran through the plantation back of the Brown stables, we took a short cut over that splendid piece of turf to the drain and reached it just in time to keep the fox from going in and turn him back up country again. Horace's prayer was nearly answered, for the fox ran right across in front of the oncoming pack, and one hound,

"Barrister," that Lord Lonsdale gave to Bob Strawbridge, apparently caught him, but the fox escaped from the very jaws of death, and racing on back to Happy Creek made a big circle of the farm and put hounds at fault for several minutes; then picking up the line on the road opposite Old St. David's Church, we came on down to the Brown Greenhouses to another short check, but a cast in the woodland on top of the hill put them straight once more, and with a tremendous burst of music hounds ran through the Tryon Lewis' wood, crossed the Darby Creek by the old dam and on to the hill-top in Yarnall's Hollow, where our fox once more made a sharp, right-handed turn and hounds took us again at their best pace over the road and up the hill into Brown's, where they finally marked their fox under after just two hours and fifteen minutes of the very nicest kind of work.

Thursday, 9th March, 1922

"THE LEOPARD MEET"

YESTERDAY being such an extraordinarily good day, one somehow felt sure hounds would repeat it today, and they nearly did, too, but not quite.

After meeting at the Leopard at eleven o'clock, with a field of twenty-eight, and drawing the Baker Wood blank, much to our disappointment, we finally worked around into Mr. Cuyler's meadow below the red bridge. The going was so deep that I stopped at the gateway and didn't follow the field down along the creek, but went my solitary way around the Whitehorse Road, intending to pick hounds up again as they came through Crum Creek Farm. Hounds drew right-handed and my way led left-handed, so it didn't take

many minutes until we were at least a mile apart; but the wind was in my favor and I could also see more or less what was going on. I was sitting there in the road near the lane to Mr. Yarnall's cottage, and my wise old Poacher was watching hounds on the opposite hillside, when I very faintly heard, "Gone away, gone—away," and saw hounds and the field disappear up the hill behind the wood at the top. My heart sank, for I was a good mile from them and separated not only by a very steep hill with hock deep going, but Crum Creek as well; but I said to Poacher "Come on, boy, let's get to 'em," and we galloped in the lane, by a barking dog, and pulled up on the little knoll in the Crum Creek Farm meadow to listen which way they were pointing. While I was pulling up, which sometimes isn't the easiest thing to do on Poacher, I saw Mr. Charles James Fox come boiling down the opposite hillside right towards us with the pack not fifty yards behind him, and not a soul in sight. I sat there sort of gloating over my luck and watched a marvelously bold fox gallop straight for the river and, without even looking back at hounds, take off in his stride about ten feet from the high bank and land with a great splash in midstream and disappear beneath the surface, only to reappear swimming for dear life to the other bank. He didn't even have time to shake himself, for hounds were in the water before he reached the shore, and I was sure I would see them roll him over in a second; but he was fresh and as stout a running fox as ever crossed the Radnor country. I sailed in alongside the pack and had a lovely gallop up the meadow with hounds snapping at their fox's heels; but he made the covert back of Mr. Yarnall's stables, put hounds to their noses again and on we went at one's



A MEET AT THE LEOPARD
From the Painting by Charles Morris Young
By Kind Permission of the Radnor Hunt

best pace towards Senator Pepper's, and into the upper end of Lockwood's Hollow, when the rest of the field began to appear from all directions. Hounds raced on through the Seventy-six Farm to Cathcart's Rocks, then, dwelling a moment in the road, picked it up in the wood, and with a glorious burst of music carried it over the hill, and swinging right-handed ran just fast enough for us to keep on some sort of terms with them, although many horses were beginning to show the effects of the very heavy going; and keeping Mrs. Davis' house on their right, ran on to a slight check at the lower end of the Malvern Barrens. Then pushing on through the Barrens where it was quite hock deep in places, hounds slowed down considerably and finally ran entirely out of scent on the upper side by the orchard.

We were beaten to a standstill by a very sporting fox in just forty-three minutes, but it was a hunt of many thrills and one to be remembered and thought about on cold and stormy nights.

Among those in the best of it were, besides the Master on "Springfield"; John Converse on a new bay horse; Mrs. Valentine on "Lone Ben"; Isaac H. Clothier, Jr.; Jack Lucas; "Pick" Harrison; Julian Huff on "Locust Grove"; Roscoe Bowen riding Rowland Comly's "Squire"; our farmer friend Watson; Dave and Mrs. Sharp; Henry Collins; Ben Chew on "Oviat"; Eugenia Cassatt on "Lord Culpepper" and Gardner Cassatt on "Greymaster."

While hacking home with hounds we came across two quite charming females stuck in the mud with a Ford car, and being very gallant foxhunters in a good humor after a fine run, we proceeded to rescue the fair ladies in distress. Personally, I think we gave

them a few very nervous moments; but they were thankful nevertheless, for with the aid of some friendly fence rails and several stout pairs of arms, Lizzie Ford finally heaved herself free from the mud and settled down on the cinder roadbed, none the worse for wear.

Tuesday, 14th March, 1922

A FAST THIRTY-ONE MINUTES

THE average pace of hounds on a good scenting day is generally supposed to be about seven miles an hour, and at a pace of that speed one has an opportunity, should one desire it; but alas, how few have the inclination of seeing something of the hound work of the day; but when the Radnor Hounds race across a beautiful stretch of rolling country as they did this afternoon, and make a six and three-quarter mile point from Yarnall's Hollow to the Malvern Barrens in thirty-one minutes, without an instant's hesitation, there is not a deal of opportunity to see either a great amount of hound lore or the humorous side of the actions of the always amusing field of followers.

Hounds met at the Kennels at one thirty, and in drawing the Radnor Barrens, feathered a bit once or twice, but nothing developed until reaching Yarnall's Hollow, where they went away at once from the hillside above the dam, and fairly flying to the upper end, raced on up country with a cry that was marvelous to hear, to the Calvert wood, on through it, and crossing the Newtown Road into Dr. Bartholomew's, ran on through Lockwood's Hollow to Cathcart's Rocks in seventeen minutes, and without dwelling in the rocks or stream, pushed up the steep, wooded hillside and sailed away across the valley towards the Boyer Davis

farm; but after keeping the gardens on their right, bore right-handed, so one knew the point our fox was making for and decided that my horse "Millwood" could go the pace despite the heavy ground until we reached the Barrens, where I felt sure we would have a moment's breathing spell at least. Turning into what I call Holland's lane, after coming out of Disston's swamp, our fox was viewed just ahead of hounds, and apparently not in the least fatigued and his brush not even muddy.

As invariably happens, the pack dwelt a bit in the woodland, and on pulling up at the gateway saw by my watch that it was just thirty-one minutes since we found, and as the sobbing survivors all agreed, about the fastest gallop they had ever had behind a pack of hounds.

As so often happens in the Malvern Barrens when a fox goes into that large covert, two foxes are pretty apt to come out the upper end, and so it was today. Unfortunately, hounds came out of covert on the line of a fresh fox, as Dick McNeely viewed a muddy and tired fox crossing the long meadow and pointing down country, which would be the natural direction for the hunted fox to take, after having had a short rest in the Barrens. Hounds, however, came out the upper end, crossed over the big hill and ran with quite a spotty scent to the Klemm swamp, then after a slight check crossed the Klemm farm into Bryn Clovis, through Fairy Hill and out to the Sugartown Road, where they swung left-handed back through Bob Strawbridge's, and on slowly to Bill Evans', giving it up altogether in his meadows.

The first thirty-one minutes had been by far the best, so most of the remaining field turned towards

home after the check in the Klemm swamp; but among those who had the cream of it were: Mrs. Valentine on "Quah"; John Converse; Miss Eugenia K. Cassatt on her sister's "Seven-to-One"; Watson on his pony; Ben Chew on his faithful "Oviat"; The Master of Hawthorne; Erskine M. Smith; Gardner Cassatt on "Greymaster"; Horace Hare on "Springfield," who was pulling the Master's arms out; Jim Carstairs; Gerry Leiper, riding his new, good-looking Chestnut that someone unkindly said he bought from the Orpheus Club; "Pick" Harrison and Hunter Lucas.

Tuesday, 21st March, 1922

FOURTEEN MINUTES OF BRILLIANT WORK

WITH as typical a March wind as ever blew across the Radnor country, one would hardly expect, even in one's most optimistic, foxhunting humor, to find scenting conditions so extraordinarily good that hounds could actually race after their fox at such a pace that every horse that survived was cooked to a finish in fourteen minutes. Not only the horses were done, but some of the riders, too, and one fair creature from New York was sobbing so loudly that I thought it was a broken-winded horse making all the noise behind me, until we pulled up at the earth in Cathcart's Rocks and found it was the lady who was blown and making all the racket, and not the horse at all.

Hounds were so keen and scent so good that they ran riot twice after stray dogs before we found the Brook's Wood fox at home. But once found, hounds seemed actually glued to their fox's brush, and after over-running the line a moment in Mr. Battle's lane, never dwelt again until they marked their fox to ground.

Finding in the Goshen Road end of the wood, hounds pushed out to the Lane, overshot the line into the wheat, but righted themselves immediately and then fairly flying down the driveway, crossed the brook and disappeared over the hill towards Innes' Wood, followed by as mad a lot of Thrusters on runaway horses as I have ever had the honor to be scared by. One in particular, a heavy-weight novice, on a chestnut horse—I'd better not say what I think—but I thanked my lucky stars that I wasn't knocked clean into the next county; and if Mr. Thruster's horse hadn't carried him out of hearing, I'm quite sure the curses a certain hard-riding lady sent after him would have burned his ears for the rest of the season; but Thrusters or no Thrusters, there was certainly not time to make complimentary remarks, for we all knew we were in for something real, and it was a case of ram down your hat, sit tight and let your horse go wide open.

Going into Innes', the field divided, most of them keeping the wood on their left; but a few of us had, I think, a shade the better of it by crossing the brook and keeping the covert to our right; at any rate, hounds swung left-handed at the top, and keeping the Delmas farm on their right, crossed into Senator Pepper's at a pace that was beginning to tell on horse flesh and human flesh as well; and sinking the hill into Lockwood's, raced on through to the Whitehorse Road, checked an instant, but the M. F. H. had them straight at once, then sailing on up country in the teeth of the wind, made a circle of "Pick" Harrison's wood (where Harry Barclay and "Jerry Rohan" came to grief on a pile of chips, but were up and going again, as Harry said, in less than ten seconds) came down the hill into Cathcart's, crossed over Crum Creek and the road, flashed

up the far hillside, and recrossing the creek again, marked their fox under on top of the Rocks, and so finishing a most brilliant burst.

There were about twenty at the meet, including Miss Beatrice de Coppet on the Hawthorne "Man-o'-War"; Mrs. Sharp; Miss "Baby" Geyelin; John and Mrs. Converse; James Carstairs and his daughter, she going great guns on a grey; Nelson Buckley back in the fold again; Francis M. Brooke, greatly in need of a bumper or a cowcatcher; Mrs. Valentine; Watson and his pony; Gerry Leiper; Frank Lloyd and Pickles; Ben Chew, thoroughly enjoying himself; Mrs. Rolin; Miss McNeal; Gardner Cassatt on "Greymaster"; Henry Collins; "Pick" Harrison; Clifton Lisle and Ned Dougherty and his daughter following in a motor.

Saturday, 25th March, 1922

A DAY NEARLY SPOILED

ONE oftentimes goes to a meet on a cold or blustery day, quite sure in mind that hounds will not be able to run a yard, even with a fox just in front of them; but how often it happens that they immediately pick up a cold line, work it out in a really marvelous manner, and finally give one quite the run of the week, despite the adverse conditions.

This morning as I was going to the Kennels, where hounds met at ten o'clock, the day was so perfect, the air with just the right snap to it and the going better than it had been for weeks, that I really felt that conditions were a bit too perfect, maybe, for one to expect much of a day; but, fortunately, I was all wrong.

There was a good-sized field out; and as the Master was drawing the top side of the Radnor Barrens every-

one had a splendid view of what turned out to be a very stout fox, stealing away across the Hospital Farm.

There was a burst of music as the pack came crashing through the wood and down the hillside into Bryn Mawr Avenue, and on up the opposite slope at a pace so fast that no horses could stay with them. Scent was actually burning, and on they raced to the railroad crossing, where the bars at the in and out were all up, and where, to put it mildly, there was some congestion in getting a chance at the lowest panel, but the congestion was finally relieved by a boy on a bay horse, that in the excitement of the moment forgot to jump, thereby opening up a gap that let the surging mass through.

Hounds by now were out of sight and hearing over the brow of the hill, but by a bit of nice galloping we came even with them again in Broadacres, and pushing straight over the valley to the upper side of Yarnall's Hollow, went on down to the Wyola Road, where they dwelt a moment, then casting themselves sailed on up the hill, and here is where we nearly spoiled our own sport, and not only spoiled, but absolutely ruined the Master's temper. Ruined here might be spelled with capital letters, without exaggerating things a bit.

It was very thoughtless of hounds to check just after disappearing over the brow of the Bullock hill, when they must have known we would be galloping at our best top hole pace through Mr. Bullock's farm yard and out his lane in order to fall in behind them as they went into the Brown Wood!

Whether it was thoughtlessness on the part of the hounds, or thoughtlessness on the part of the field, I'm not sure, but I am more inclined to believe the latter, seeing I was out in front for once in my life; but be

that as it may, when the M. F. H. came up to his hounds and found about fifty steaming horses spread out right in front of his pet pack, the pill, or whatever it was, exploded for fair, and I haven't heard such choice language used in the hunting field since that day a couple of years ago, when two ex-M. F. H's. called each other such pleasant names. But we deserved everything the Master said to us, and I don't blame him for being mad. However, his skill as a huntsman saved the day, and after swinging left-handed beyond the wood, hounds crossed the Calvert farm with a spotty scent which lasted as far as Brook's Wood; but once in the woodland, scent improved wonderfully, and streaming out the lower side, crossed the Echo Valley Farm, and keeping Mr. Battle's house on their right, ran into Mr. Yarnall's lower meadow, then bearing right-handed up the hill to the DuPont house, went on very fast through Mr. Pepper's to Lockwood's Hollow, and on into Cathcart's Rocks. Having cast a front shoe in Crum Creek Farm, I pulled out at Cathcart's and galloped for all I was worth over the grass to the Leopard to get another tacked on; but on reaching there found the Smith Shop closed up. A boy told me where the Smith lived, and he turned out to be quite an obliging soul, for he left his dinner table, opened the shop, built a fire in the forge with a handful of shavings and a can of oil, shaped up an old shoe that I imagine came off one of Dave Sharp's horses, and had me fixed up before I had comfortably smoked a cigarette.

Guessing our fox might be heading for the Malvern Barrens, I set sail in that direction, but couldn't see a soul, until nearly there, when I met an old codger with a long, tobacco stained beard, who said he had "heard

dogs hollerin in the woods." So on I went with a sigh of relief and finally caught hounds just as they came out the upper side of the Barrens. I'm sure my faithful horse heaved a sigh, too, for I heard him.

Hounds came out of the Barrens with a breast high scent and volumes of tongue; but after crossing the Sugartown Road scent seemed to grow weaker, and bearing left-handed, they carried it on to the big pasture back of Mr. Charles Coxe's, where they gave it up entirely, after having been running three hours and twelve minutes and making a seven mile point.

It would have been most interesting to have been able to follow this fox to the end of his journey in order to find out his natural range of country, for I don't believe a fox leads hounds much beyond the radius of his usual range, unless he is very hard pressed. This Radnor Barren fox is a good, straight-necked fellow, and after leaving Brook's Wood today, was not hard pressed by hounds, for scent was catchy from there on, therefore, he must have been in country that he was familiar with, or he would naturally have turned towards his home kennel as soon as he found out hounds were having difficulty in following his line. Therefore, if it is fair to assume that the range of this fox is seven miles at least, think what an expanse of country he probably is familiar with, and also think why he generally runs due west and not south or east, for he no doubt knows his way about the Rose Tree country or the lower Radnor country just as well as he does the upper Radnor country. Most foxes, I believe, have a perfect horror of having to cross a turnpike when pursued by a pack of hounds, so naturally take to a line of country where there is the minimum chance of meeting a motor at the exact moment when they have to

cross a highway. Should this fox run south, he would run the chance of being held up on the West Chester Pike by not only motors but trolleys, and should he go down country, he would of necessity have to cross the new State road below Broomall, where motors are either going down the hill about forty miles an hour, or else making the peaceful countryside hideous by their puffing efforts to make the grade.

29th March, 1922

“THE SEASON'S END”

IT SEEMS particularly hard to bear this year, that now just when the ground is getting firm again, after all the slop and mire we have had to contend with in the last few weeks, that the season is actually over, and nothing quite as good to look forward to until about the end of August.

Some horses one could mention are glad it's over, for I have two poor thin fellows in my own modest stable that I've been sort of ashamed to appear at meets on; but, my gracious, how nice they gallop and feel when they are a bit off in flesh, if it's caused by a long, hard season to hounds.

Monday the twenty-seventh, and Wednesday the twenty-ninth, hounds met at the Kennels at seven and had a nice fast burst both mornings, nothing brilliant, but most delightful just the same, and Wednesday's run was the last of a very enjoyable season.

SEASON OF
1922-23



CUBBING

TO SAY whether a cubbing season may be considered successful or otherwise depends on so many things, that it is really sometimes most difficult to decide; and then, too, it all depends so much on the personal point of view and on what one feature or part of fox-catching one is especially interested in. But, laying the personal element aside, everyone must admit that there are three essential qualifications to be considered, viz.:—A good young entry of hounds, plenty of cubs, and last, but by no means least, enough moisture in the earth and atmosphere to make scent hold.

Fortunately here in the Radnor country there is usually sufficient dampness in the early mornings in late August and September, especially in the fields of standing corn, and I always have felt that nothing was better for young hounds than a circling cub in a big field of corn. Here the young entry are compelled to keep their noses down; they cannot flash around and just follow the old hounds, for being in the corn they cannot see what the other fellow is doing, so naturally depend on their noses to find out what is going on and very soon discover that their own noses will tell them more truthfully what all the hub-bub is about than anything else, so the first thing one knows, the playful puppy of a fortnight ago is now keen after a fox's scent, and is actually hunting for himself, and, best of all, relying on his own resources. Of course, he makes mistakes; throws his tongue on a possum's or a rabbit's line sometimes, and gets into all kinds of mischief; but, sooner or later, he settles down to business in earnest, and then whenever a hound speaks, he harks to the

spot at once, and if his early corn-field training is not forgotten, takes a sniff at the line himself to make sure it's really fox, before he speaks at all.

On looking back over my diary I find that October is quite apt to be much too dry for good scenting conditions, and this season, 1922, it has been so dry that at times hounds could do practically nothing except when right back of their fox; but we fortunately had two of the successful cubbing requisites to fall back on, namely: a good young entry and a plentiful supply of cubs, and although we had few what might be termed brilliant mornings, we had a great many very satisfactory ones.

I remember a morning about the middle of October when hounds were hard after one of the Brookthorpe cubs, and as they raced away over a freshly plowed field, they were completely obscured from view by the cloud of dust in their wake, and it was like this for practically the whole of the month.

One of the most amusing incidents of the cubbing was a morning that hounds went to scatter Bob Montgomery's cubs around a bit. Several were on foot and hounds were pushing one pale sort of fellow around the big Ardrossan meadow across the Newtown Road, and after making a couple of circles hounds worked towards Ithan when we heard a very loud and cross voice coming from a second story window of the Griswold house.

Closer investigation disclosed Mr. Griswold, clad in ravishing pink pajamas, wildly gesticulating out the window and trying to tell us that our cub had fallen into his swimming pool and was apparently enjoying its early morning tub.

Bert East, the kennelman, who happened to be out

on foot, bravely volunteered to rescue young Reynard, so clothes and all, plunged in, and after breaking all records of the pool, finally saved the cub from a watery grave. But, sad to relate, owing to the novelty of the occasion and the attending excitement of several mounted spectators, quite a lot of the newly seeded Griswold lawn was badly cut up; but all in a most worthy cause.

Another interesting cubbing morning was late in October, Wednesday, the twenty-fifth, to be exact and although it was bone dry and with a stiff westerly wind blowing, hounds found two quite different scenting conditions in about ten minutes.

Our first fox was viewed crossing the road back of the John Brown greenhouses. Hounds came out of the wood on the hillside with a fair drive and cry, then swung right back into the wood and could do nothing more with it, and everyone said, "Oh, it's too dry, we will probably do nothing all morning." But, on drawing the Happy Creek meadows, another fox was viewed away with apparently a burning scent, for hounds ran with scarcely a moment's check straight on up country in the teeth of the wind for forty minutes to Cathcart's Rocks.

Columbus Day, 12th October, 1922

CUBBING

WHEN a field of forty-five turn up on a cubbing morning at seven o'clock, as they did Columbus Day at Boxmead, it speaks pretty well for the local popularity of foxhunting; and although the country was much too dry for hounds to do anything brilliant, they did find an accommodating fox in Brooks' Wood that ran

across Willie duPont's big pasture in full view and apparently much to the delight of everyone, which only goes to prove the old theory that there is as much psychology in foxhunting as in most anything else in life.

Of course, there are those old dyed-in-the-wool fox-catchers who never turn a hair at the sight of a fox, but then, fortunately, they are in the small minority; but take the major portion of the field, myself included, and let hounds push a fox out of covert in view of them all, and whether they get a gallop or not, most of them will go home feeling the day has been a huge success. Why? Simply because they have seen that wonderful, elusive and mysterious red animal called a fox; have had a great thrill; and felt cold chills and creepies all up and down their spines. I know they get the thrill, for I do so myself, and I don't think I'm very different from a lot of other people who also spend more money than they really can afford on hunting.

Columbus Day also brought out several new faces in the field, including C. C. (Chuck) Harrison, Jr., Mrs. Harrison, Miss Harrison, and Mr. and Mrs. Hasbrouck; but it fell to the lot of Francis M. Brooke to spring the sensation of the day by bringing his horse to the meet in a Ford car.

1922

BRYN MAWR HORSE AND HOUND SHOW

THE Bryn Mawr Horse Show, as it has always done, brought a lot of visiting sportsmen to the countryside, and nothing is more beneficial to sport, in my way of thinking, than an exchange of visits and views among sportsmen. It's always a good thing to see how they

do *it* in some other fellow's country, whether the *it* is showing horses and hounds, hunting, fishing or just plain pre-war drinking.

We did a little bit of everything during the week, except the fishing, and from all accounts, I think the Horse Show was a success. Although there were not quite as many horses as last year, the quality was there, also, the enthusiasm and the crowds.

Isaac H. Clothier, Jr. took the lion's share of the honors and made quite a record in that he had twelve horses in the Show and ten out of the twelve won blue ribbons, and, of course, some of them more than one. He also won the Widener Gold Cup with Charles Cot-hill and Challenger, being most ably assisted in riding by Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt.

Francis M. Brooke accomplished the only other spectacular feature of the week by being run away with and jumping out of the ring and galloping madly through the crowd, scattering spectators, chairs and children in all directions.

Bob Strawbridge's "Cottesmare" won the championship of the Show for the second time.

In the Hound Show (thanks to the untiring efforts of Walter M. Jeffords, M. F. H. Rose Tree) we had the largest entries of American Hounds on record. Several classes had over forty on the flags. The judging of General Rodger D. Williams and Redmond C. Stewart apparently gave great satisfaction. Much to everyone's delight, Henry G. Vaughan, M. F. H. Norfolk, and "Bertie" Ogilvie, ex-M. F. H. Montreal, judged the English and Half-bred classes, and although they were immediately nicknamed "Mutt and Jeff" while in the ring, Henry Vaughan was familiarly known as "Paul Revere" after six P.M.

The only other outstanding feature was Alex. Higginson's remark, that whenever he comes to the Bryn Mawr Show, despite the good food that is offered him, his diet consists principally of champagne, cigars and soda mint tablets.

28th October, 1922

OPENING MEET OF 1922-1923 SEASON
"BROOKTHORPE"

THE customs and traditions of a country, a locality and a pack of hounds are to such a large extent their entire individuality and personality that although I am rather a new member, I always feel a pang of regret when any of the customs and traditions of Radnor Hunt are done away with.

For years the opening meet of the season was always at Happy Creek Farms, that most hospitable home of the Harrisons, opposite the lovely, quaint, old St. Davids Churchyard; and even now (and it's been several years since the season opened there) I still associate the first meet of the official season with Happy Creek, regardless of the fact that this year the honor of giving the opening breakfast fell to the lot of my good wife and me at Brookthorpe.

It's easy enough to have a breakfast. Mr. Chalk will attend to all that, and one doesn't need to worry a bit; but to show the kind people who are so good as to come at nine in the morning a bit of sport, is another thing altogether. There may be plenty of cubs in one's coverts in September, but will they still be there for the opening meet is really the important question.

After hounds have rattled them about regularly once a week for a couple of months, one begins to fear they may suddenly leave for parts unknown before that



W. PLUNKET STEWART, ESQ., M. F. H. CHESHIRE FOXHOUNDS

great day arrives, when one abandons rat-catcher kit for the more conventional scarlet; but the comforting sight the morning before the great day, of a lot of feathers and a pair of yellow feet at the end of the kitchen garden, makes one feel that perhaps the pets are still there.

Modesty forbids one to say more, but the food held out; the day was fair; scent was good; and foxes were obliging.

Saturday, 4th November, 1922

THE CHESHIRE HUNT RACES

NOT a single detail had been overlooked, and from the size of the crowd, not a farmer or a member of his family remained at home in Chester County today. They were all at Chesterland enjoying the hospitality and generosity of their host, W. Plunket Stewart, M. F. H.

It wasn't the brightest kind of a day either, so far as the weather went, but there was a snap in the air, and everything was so well arranged and carried out that the afternoon slipped away before one knew it, as also did one bookmaker during the last race; but then did anyone ever see a good country race meeting that one or more bookies didn't welsh?

The first event of the afternoon was a jumping class for Ladies' Hunters, in which there were seventeen entries, and one would have to travel a long way to find seventeen better or finer looking horses. Mrs. Kenneth B. Schley, riding her "Friendly," won the blue, with Mrs. Strawbridge on "Cottesmore" second, and "Sporting Parson," most beautifully ridden by Miss Dorothy Mather, third; then the judges, Messrs

Samuel D. Riddle, F. Ambrose Clark, and Arthur Fowler, were next confronted by another jumping class with thirty-seven entries, which "Cottesmore" won quite handily.

The third event on the card was a four-mile race over a post and rail course for the Cheshire Cup, presented by Mr. R. Penn (Buzzy) Smith, Jr. Four horses went to the post, "River Breeze," "Lakewood," "Ormead," and "Bill Whaley," and keeping well together the whole time, finished in the order named, thus making the fifteenth win over post and rails for Welsh Strawbridge and his good horse, "River Breeze." I don't know whether this is a record or not, but it is an achievement, nevertheless, well worthy of recognition.

Next came a very good Farmers' Steeplechase for prizes presented by Mr. Kerr, and then another four-mile race for the Brooklawn Cup given by Mr. Herbert Lloyd, which Joe Ewing won with his "Red Wing," with "Bint" Toland's "Whist 2nd" a good second, Hunter Lucas' "Chappell," ridden by Walter Stokes, third, and "Buzzy" Smith on his "Irish Heather," fourth.

November, 1922

THE MERRY BEAGLERS

HAVING been a member of The National Beagle Club for many years, I was persuaded one night at dinner by Jimmie Appleton, M. F. H. Myopia, to take in the field trials this year. I've been to a good many sporting events in my short career, but seldom have I had a better time or enjoyed every minute of a trip more thoroughly.

The Beagle Club owns a farm of five hundred acres

near Aldie, Louden County, Virginia, which I must confess is rather a difficult place to get to for the uninitiated, but finding a competent chauffeur in Leesburg, I arrived at the Institute Farm on Friday evening, November 9, just as that day's trials were over, but in good time for a wee nip before supper.

The Institute, as the Club house is locally known, was a boys' boarding school before the Civil War, so consequently there was plenty of room for the fifty or more beagle enthusiasts and their seventy-five couples of hounds; and, fortunately for me, and owing to the kindness of Mr. Ramsay Turnbull, the most competent Secretary, I was given the linen room all to myself, although it did contain three beds, a perfectly good wash stand, an oil stove and three lamps. Some of the pomp and grandeur of its pre-war days may have vanished, but from a beagling point of view, the situation and accommodations are unsurpassed, and with such congenial company, one was quite comfortable.

Dick Gambrill's Vernon-Somerset pack was scheduled for the first run on Saturday morning, so after a hearty breakfast at six thirty, we were in the field at seven o'clock. Hounds found at once, and although scent was very spotty, his pack ran well and accounted for their first rabbit in short order. During their second run, as Mrs. Gambrill and I were panting up a hillside in the wake of beagles, we heard the cry of foxhounds in the distance, and the temptation being too great for me, I struggled on to the top to see what the beagles' big brothers were doing, climbed up on a boulder to get a better view of the valley below me, just as a fine big dog fox came out of the woodland and crossed the hilltop within fifty feet of me. My wind was about all gone and I was nearly cooked, but I did

manage to give a holloa that was heard in covert by Dan Sands, M. F. H. Middleburg, who galloped to me, put his hounds on, and away they flew, leaving me exhausted and out of breath, but quite content. I sat on the rock and smoked a cigarette until the cry of hounds faded away over the distant hills, when just as I was about to rejoin the Beaglers in the valley below, an oldish sort of gentleman with a decided Southern accent and a long white beard appeared and sat down beside me. I can't remember his name, but during our conversation he asked me if I had ever heard of Major Higginson, of Boston. He was delighted when I told him I had known the Major and that his son Alex was a great friend of mine. He then went on to tell me that Major Higginson was wounded near this rock on which we were sitting, in a cavalry engagement immediately preceding the Battle of Bull Run, which was fought only a few miles away.

By the time we had followed the eight different packs, notable among them the Wolver, Whiteoakes, Waldingfield, Elmbrook, and Fairfield, that were run during the morning, we had a splendid appetite for the most delicious luncheon that Major and Mrs. Clifford gave in honor of the Beaglers, at their charming Loudon County home, just across the hills from The Institute. Immediately after luncheon we started forth again, as there were six more packs of eight couples each to be run before dark; but, I must confess, some of us had partaken much too liberally of Major Clifford's hospitality to distinguish ourselves in following beagles on foot during the afternoon. Mrs. Thomas H. Hitchcock, of New York, who had been following on a pony in the morning, missed connections with her conveyance after lunch, but, seeing a Welsh pony that was marked

like a Holstein cow, at pasture on a hillside, produced a bit of twine from her pocket, out of which she made a bridle, and followed beagles the remainder of the day bareback.

Like most Virginia farms, the live stock, poultry, etc. had the free run of the place, and amongst the lot were five couples of young red pigs which were always doing something amusing, and especially one morning in particular. I had just gotten out of bed and was leaning out of the window to take a smell at the weather, when I heard and saw the five couples of pigs in full cry coming across the lawn at a really marvelous pace, right back of a very scared and nervous rabbit. Bunny dodged around a box bush, then straightened away down the old terrace, but the pigs were too fast for him, for they rolled him over and ate him up in less time than it takes to write it, but not without much squealing and snorting, which brought Jimmie Appleton in his nightie to the door of his log cabin to see what all the hub-bub was about.

Another morning I was late to the six thirty breakfast from watching the efforts of a very fine and dignified old Southern lady mounting her horse. This lady, who shall be nameless, was, indeed, a sportswoman, and although having surely passed the three score and ten mark, had ridden and driven 125 miles from her home on the Potomac River to the trials. Her husband's beagles were the first down that morning, so it meant an early start for her. Three very talkative, colored gentlemen brought her horse up, but there was no mounting block, so one of the colored gentlemen then volunteered to lift her in the saddle, and after three vain and very unsuccessful attempts, and much talking and giving instructions, two more darkies

arrived on the scene and a barrel was produced; but it then came to light that the lady had a stiff leg and couldn't get on to the barrel, so, after a lengthy and ludicrous conversation, a nigger was dispatched to the kitchen for a chair, and, clever coon that he was, he reappeared with a rocking chair minus one rocker, which greatly added to the argument. Finally, another negro amid further conversation, produced a box, from which the lady ascended to the heights of the barrel and from it to the back of her horse, when said horse immediately sat down like a dog, but was presently persuaded to get up, and it was discovered that the three colored gentlemen first mentioned had forgotten to put on the saddle cloth and there was a nail sticking in the horse's back. The nail, however, was finally removed by one of the gallant Ethiopians pulling it out with his teeth, and the last I saw of this flower of the real pre-war South, she was slowly prodding her way across the meadow, audibly expressing her views on the efficiency of the negro race in general.

20th November, 1922

A RUN IN THE DARK

ALTHOUGH we haven't had a good soaking rain since the Fourth of July, and hunting and scenting conditions have been about as poor as the oldest sportsman remembers (I won't mention his name, but he still goes like smoke) the Radnor hounds, both the bitches hunted by the M. F. H. Horace B. Hare, and the dogs under Will Leverton, have really shown quite exceptional sport. Day after day the wind has blown great guns and clouds of dust rise after hounds even on the grass, but blank days have been few, yes, very few

and far between, practically none at all, and from the rumors I've heard of the other neighboring packs, the Radnor has shown far and away the best sport.

Today, for instance, when hounds met at Centre Square at two o'clock, I was sorry I had come out and neglected a few things I should have done in town, for it was so windy and dusty there didn't seem a chance on earth of our getting a run. It's quite true that Horace Hare and the bitch pack couldn't do much with the Brook's wood fox. Scent was just about as one would expect it to be, but at three forty-five, when we were nearly back at kennels again, hounds went away from the Ardrossan swamp with a splendid burst of music, and flashing out towards the Creek Road, turned back again through the swamp, and crossing the Darby Creek, ran at a great pace to the upper end of Yarnall's Hollow, then turning sharply right-handed, fairly flew down the hillside and over the road into Bullock's farm and on to a moment's check in the meadow on the lower side of Mrs. Brown's wood, then on again through the Happy Creek meadows and across the Rail Road farm into Thornton Baker's. After crossing the Leopard Road, hounds checked again back of the Delmas barn, but put themselves straight before assistance reached them, and went on with great cry and pace right in the teeth of the wind across Mr. Pepper's into Crum Creek Farm, and running parallel to the long drive-way, pushed through the wood back of the stables to the meadows, where, if it hadn't been for their wonderful cry, one could not have kept with them, owing to the darkness which was settling very fast. Jumping was now out of the question, but a friendly gate let us through and the ford in Crum Creek being found despite the darkness, we pushed on

through the woodlands, took down a couple of snake fences and scrambled and felt our way along to the Goshen Road opposite Dr. Stengle's drive-way. Hounds fortunately checked near the Stengle house when the whippers-in were sent on in the darkness to stop them, and it was a pitch black ride back home, so dark in fact that at times one could not even see one's horse's ears.

When one considers the adverse conditions under which hounds hunted this fox, the dry flying leaves in the woodlands, the dust in the fields, not to mention the gale of wind blowing and the darkness, it was quite an extraordinary performance of hound work.

Some credit certainly should be given Reynard, too, for he was a bold, straight-necked fellow to run forty-five minutes up wind, and if darkness hadn't called the proceeding to a halt, there's no telling how much longer or further up country he might have taken us.

There were not many in at the bitter end, just the M. F. H.; Crosby and Mrs. Brown; Miss Eugenia Cassatt; Bob Montgomery and David S. B. Chew.

27th November, 1922

IT SEEMS to me that the principal theme of all my writings this Autumn has been the dryness of the country, but the drier it becomes the more remarkable it is the consistent sport the Radnor hounds have shown under such adverse conditions.

One cannot have foxhunting without foxes; and one cannot have foxhunting without hounds; and we used to think we could not have runs without a certain amount of moisture to make scent hold; and it's also true, if one sits down and thinks the early season's sport over, that our runs this year, so far, have in-

variably been after foxes that have been pushed right out of covert in front of hounds. There has been practically none of the old-fashioned, cold line hunting, with hounds working up slowly onto their fox and then bouncing him out of covert and going away with a roar. The cold line hunting has been impossible, but thanks to Horace Hare's forethought in the preservation of foxes and cubs, the country is better stocked this year, than ever before, and, consequently, the Master knows just where to go to find, and it's a good even chance that one or more foxes will be viewed away.

Monday afternoon, the twenty-seventh of November, the bitch pack found in Calvert's wood, raced into the Happy Creek meadows, checked a minute, then bore right-handed into Mrs. Brown's and fairly flew on down country across the Ardrossan pastures so quickly that those of us who were fortunate enough to see them turn in the wood by the old Tryon Lewis Mill, had a long stern chase to Goughacres, then to Fairhill and on to Yarnall's hollow, before coming on any sort of terms with them. Most of the field had made a bad turn above the Mill and gone into Yarnall's, where they patiently waited until Reynard turned and brought hounds back to them; then on they went up country, through Baker's and Mr. Pepper's, to be finally stopped back of the stable in Crum Creek Farm.

The next morning, Tuesday the twenty-eighth, after meeting at Sugartown with rather a small field out, only twenty-two to be exact, the Malvern Barrens' fox was found at once and gave us a good thirty-five minutes. Taking hounds down the whole length of the woodland he went out the lower end left-handed, then turning back up country, crossed the Sugartown Road

near the State Road, and bearing south, gave us a beautiful gallop through Mr. Coxe's to the wood opposite George Saportas' farm, where scent vanished completely.

Fairy Hill was the next find, two foxes evidently going out in front of hounds, for one was viewed away in exactly the opposite direction from which hounds ran. The hunted fox, however, went out from the upper end of the wood, crossed the meadow into the corn where we had a couple of good fences to jump; and hounds checking an instant in the corn, pushed on over the Garrett hill to the road and into the wood, then turning left-handed at Bill Evans' barway, ran hard by the Klemm barn to the swamp, and turning back again our fox was viewed heading for Bryn Clovis. Pushing him through the Dairy Farm and on through his home covert, hounds swung up country again and crossed the Sugartown Road into Patterson's, where we were all given instructions by the Master not to go, owing to some slight misunderstanding with Mr. Patterson; then checking an instant at the Patterson barn, ran sort of half-heartedly to Miss Hook's wood and completely out of scent. It was a very lovely thirty minutes, with the best of going through it all.

Among the field were:—Mr. Beale; Bob and Mrs. Strawbridge; Miss Cassatt on "Greymaster"; Ben Holland on "Killrush"; Miss Eugenia Cassatt on "Lord Culpepper"; Dick McNeely on the Hawthorne "Man O'War"; Miss Heckscher on "Torpedo"; Ben Chew on "Oviat"; "The Duke" on a new one; Clifton Lisle; Mrs. Dodge and her sister, Mrs. Chatfield who took quite a pearler just as we found in the Barrens; and Mrs. Louis Clark, riding Eddie Dale's bay.

P.S. The following day, Wednesday, the twenty-

ninth, when the M. F. H. went to see Mr. Patterson to settle their difficulties, Mr. Patterson told him that when he opened his stable door sometime after hounds had left the neighborhood, a fine big fox ran out between his legs, so hounds were undoubtedly right when they ran to the barn and checked, but owing to the momentary, strained relations between Mr. Patterson and the Hunt, hounds were not permitted to linger in his farmyard.

Saturday, 16th December, 1922

THE FENCE BREAKERS' LEAGUE

SOMEONE, I think it was David Grey, wrote a story called "The Fence Breakers' League," and whether it was true in his own country or not, I'm sure I don't know; but I do know it's been true in our Radnor country the past two Saturdays. Shame forbids me to tell the number of fences that were broken on Saturday the sixteenth, between Pratt's wood and the West Chester Turnpike; but I do know and will tell that the M. F. H. received a hurry call on Sunday morning from several rather irate farmers whose cattle had strayed away through the gaps made by our field of over a hundred crossing that bit of quite stiff country.

It's true that those few of us who were fortunate enough to get out in front and have the best of it were passed by several riderless horses, and after hounds had marked their fox to earth on the hillside over the pike, we sat there with much amusement watching the rest of the field, about ninety of them, crossing the valley and apparently coming from all directions.

But I started out to tell about Saturday the sixteenth, when hounds met at Mr. Yarnall's Crum Creek Farm

and the "Fence Breakers" met at Willie duPont's Foxcatcher Farm later in the day.

The first draw on Saturday was Shimer's Clearing, hounds speaking as soon as they crossed the creek, then pushing on to the top of the wood they doubled back left-handed, and we viewed Mr. Fox just as he broke covert and made for the open. Thinking that we were in for something rare, as he was pointing his mask across a beautiful line of country, we settled ourselves well down in our saddles, only to be disappointed on reaching the hilltop to find hounds marking their fox to ground. The Master very wisely gave instructions to dig him out, as a short running fox like this should be taught a lesson, so shovels and picks, as is usual when digging orders are given, were produced by magic and the help of a Ford car, and in fifteen minutes Charles James Fox was in the open again; and still pointing his peaked nose in the right direction, our hopes once more rose and our bodies settled themselves in their old accustomed places in the saddle, only to be sadly disappointed again, for Charles popped under in the very first earth he met, which was just across the Goshen Road on the White Horse Farm.

The Master, feeling probably that "discretion is the better part of valor," with a large field depending on him for sport, abandoned this most unsportsmanlike fox and pushed on, hoping to pick up a more straight-necked fellow, which he did almost at once in the wood back of the Crum Creek Farm stables.

He was viewed away towards the house, but keeping it on their right, hounds went through the gardens to the farm house, bore slightly right-handed through the meadows, then turned down the creek, crossed the ford and swung straight down country at great pace and

with a wonderful burst of music to Battles, and on through Brooks' wood to the lower end of Willie duPont's, where at a moment's check the "Fence Breakers' League" had a full and apparently very businesslike meeting. Either the DuPont fences were easily broken or a lot of horses were blown, I don't know which; but there were brave men greeting Mother Earth with open arms, and loose horses running in all directions, and the countryside looked as if the Tank Corps had been out for week-end maneuvers. A quick cast by Will Leverton put hounds right again, but only for a few minutes, as they ran completely out of scent at the road just below Boxmead. A wide forward cast and a wide backward cast availed nothing, so we worked on down country for a fresh fox and found one in Mrs. John Brown's wood.

Hounds made a small circle in the wood, crossed the Darby creek just below the little cottage and raced over the hill to the Bullock farm and on over the Wyola Road into Yarnall's Hollow, crossed the valley into Broadacres where a fresh fox went back up country with two couples of hounds after him, but the main body of the pack brought the hunted fox down through the wood to the lower end of the covert where they checked and could do nothing more with it.

Taken all together, it was an interesting day, but one of most peculiar scenting conditions, for hounds would go at top speed with a breast high scent at times, and then suddenly scent would vanish completely.

Among the field were Crosby and Mrs. Brown; Harry Barclay on "Sandy"; Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt on "Seven-to-one"; Thomas Stokes, William T. Carter; Gerry and Mrs. Leiper; Miss Gertrude Conaway; "Ned" Ilsley; Arthur Meigs; Laurence Bodine; Frank

Lloyd; Dave and Mrs. Sharp; Miss Eleanor Morris; Erskine M. Smith; Julian and Mrs. Huff; Bob Montgomery; Bob and Mrs. Strawbridge; Walter Stokes; Miss "Baby" Geyelin; Ben Holland; Miss McNeal; Mr. Kelso, and James Carstairs.

Saturday, 23rd December, 1922

THREE HOURS AND FIFTY MINUTES

HOUNDS in America kill foxes so seldom that there is a deal of satisfaction in a day when they run for three hours and fifty minutes and finally pull down their fox and eat him up, mask and all, in such savage fashion that three pads and part of the brush is actually all that remain to be taken away as trophies of the chase.

Although this fox was not at any time what might be termed straight necked, for he ran a very zig-zag course, he did make a five mile point east and west, and a three and one-half mile point north and south, and as near as I can figure it out on the map, ran nineteen and one-half miles from find to kill,

Meeting at White Horse at eleven o'clock, with the largest field of the season out (one hundred and ten to be exact), hounds (the dog pack) found in Fairy Hill practically at once, two foxes going away in front of them, but settling on the line of the one that broke covert, hounds raced away over the Garrett farm, crossed the road and checked a moment in the big meadows, then picking it up, ran with a wonderful cry over the road below Bill Evans', up the hillside into Mr. Cuyler's alfalfa field opposite the cow stables, then swinging left-handed over the back road, they again pushed on across the meadow and up the hill to Boyer Davis' high field, and bearing right-handed, ran right

on top of their fox in Mr. Alexander Coxe's pasture. Reynard here dodged through the pack with practically every hound snapping at his heels, and just as it looked as if his end had come, dodged around a big oak tree, which hounds went the other side of, gained a moment on them and made for a briar patch, then into some standing corn, and putting hounds onto their noses again, saved his brush. Then crossing the lane into Harry Disston's, it looked as if he was heading for the Malvern Barrens, but keeping to the left of the house, hounds worked on out to the Davis corner, bore a bit left-handed again and ran quite fast over the Davis' grass field down into Evans' wood, where Mrs. Strawbridge came to grief over the fence between the wood and the orchard, but fortunately with no bad results.

Hounds pushed on across the Evans' long meadow into Mr. Cuyler's again, and bearing south, took us out across the Goshen Road at the White Horse store; crossed the Providence Road beyond the village, and keeping the Willistown Meeting House on their right, swung out over the Converse farm and sailed away towards Delchester.

Bob Brooke's son had quite a fall on a slippery bank going towards the Ashton piggery; and hounds pushing on towards Pratt's Wood, gave the fast-thinning field plenty of jumping before crossing the road into Delchester proper.

It was not Mrs. Strawbridge's lucky day, for she came to grief over a big fence again here, and had to go home.

Hounds, however, came through Pratt's with a beautiful cry, crossed the road into Delchester, and running so that the proverbial blanket would have covered them, raced to the wood, made a big circle

there, then coming out the upper side, gave us a lovely gallop the whole length of Delchester, and crossing the Ridley Creek on the ice, were at fault a moment at the Street Road corner; but Will Leverton, who seemed to be hunting hounds at the top of his form, immediately put them straight, and scrambling through the villainous new wire fence along the road, they raced away up country parallel to the West Chester Turnpike towards Milltown, but doubling back just east of the village hounds led us down towards Taylor's swamp, then keeping it on their left, crossed into Dutton's Mill, and on over the Goshen Road, through Miss Hook's wood and right straight to Sugartown, then bearing left-handed back of the store, they ran to the Malvern Hills' Farm of George Saportas at a good pace and cry, thereby causing a great snorting and galloping amongst his mares and colts at pasture, and on to Logan's at Goshenville, crossed the new Sproul Road into the Hughes' farm, and again bearing left-handed, ran over the Strassburg Road beyond Rocky Hill to the wood.

Charles James Fox, probably thinking he had gone far enough west, turned his crooked neck down country again, and it began to look as if he were pointing his mask for home at last. No doubt, he was, but he was either a poor judge of pace or about all in; most likely the latter; for hounds pushed on through the wood, and crossing the Sproul Road opposite the John Armstrong wood lane, worked on fairly fast to the Armstrong farmyard when they rolled this more or less gallant fox over and ate him up in less time than it takes to write it.

I counted fifteen, including the Hunt Staff, in at the death, among whom, besides the Master, were: Mrs. A. J. Antelo Devereaux, it being her first day with the

Radnor this season; Bob Montgomery; Harry Barclay; Radcliffe Cheston, Jr.; "Dick" Stokes; Bob Strawbridge, Jr.; Sam Kirk; Clifton Lisle; William Evans, Jr.; and several grooms and one or two farmers who had joined in towards the end.

Saturday, 6th January, 1923

DR. COUÉ

IF DR. COUÉ is a foxhunter, and he may be for all I know, and had he been with us today in the meadows between Miss Hook's corner and Rocky Hill, and on seeing the big up-standing, four-rail fence with two strands of barbed wire just below the top, had pulled up long enough to repeat twenty times "Day by day, in every way, my horse is jumping higher," he might have gotten safely over it, but I doubt it. Auto-suggestion may be all right, but as regards foxhunting, I would advise repeating the set phrase while pulling on one's Maxwells or struggling with the intricacies of a too stiffly starched stock, for the old proverb, "He who hesitates is lost," is about as true when hunting the fox, as on the parlor sofa. However, all of us who were still pursuing hounds on more or less tired and jaded horses, did manage to get safely to the other side; some, it is true, had more than one try at it; but, from the language they used, it was quite evident they were not disciples of the famous Doctor.

This is not intended to be an advertisement of Dr. Coué, and is all far, far away from what I started out to write, so I must begin over again at White Horse, where hounds met at eleven o'clock.

Fairy Hill was the first draw, and, as usual, produced a fox at once. Hounds spoke immediately on being

cast into the wood, then viewing our fox away, the Master, after having some difficulty in restraining the more thrusting members of his field from pursuing the fox regardless of hounds, delivered a short, but very much to the point, oration on the wisdom of allowing hounds to do the actual hunting. Hounds did their part of the work very well, indeed, but Reynard was a home-loving, timid brute, and after making two big circles between Fairy Hill, Bryn Clovis, and Garrett's, finally went to ground in his home covert, having stayed up for only thirty minutes.

Several coverts were drawn blank after that, until reaching Delchester at two o'clock, when some men in a motor viewed a fox away from the middle wood. Hounds opened to the line at the same instant, and racing out of covert crossed the road into Pratt's, then swinging left-handed, dwelt a moment in the Straw-bridge meadow, pushed on to the road and were checked again by a large part of the field who were on their way home; but picking it up again by the Fairy Hill cottage, ran on up over the old dam breast into covert, then out again over Garrett's, and turning back through Bryn Clovis, raced away up country. Crossing the Sugartown Road, and keeping the Patterson farm buildings on their left, hounds ran to Miss Hook's wood, bore left again, and crossing the Strassburg Road to the Dutton Mill swamp, came out at the mill, pushed on up through the old orchard to the top of Dutton's Hill, where most of us managed to get in front of hounds, foiled the line and nearly ended the day; but a quick, wide, quiet, forward cast by Will Leverton put them straight again, and crossing into Taylor's swamp, pushed on with terrific drive and cry to the Peach Orchard, and on over the road to the meadows



AN EARLY MORNING MEET AT THE RADNOR KENNELS

From the Painting by Charles Morris Young
By Kind Permission of the Radnor Hunt

where we met the big fences with wire in them. Hounds drove on with fair pace to Sugartown, checked a moment and raced on again over the Robert's farm and back to Fairy Hill; but hounds were pressing Charles James Fox too hard for him to look about for an unstopped earth, so apparently pointing his mask towards home, took us down the hill and over the road into the Strawbridge meadows again. Reynard here evidently changed his mind about going home, for turning down country, led hounds just South of the Willistown Meeting House, crossed the lane and bearing right-handed to the Converse farm, obviously changed his fickle mind once more and headed towards Delchester; but a very beautiful lady in a motor undoubtedly altered his plans, for hounds ran practically to the car, turned back up the hill and took us sobbing along, it seemed, forever.

The deep going, the balling snow and two hours and thirty-five minutes of zig-zagging around the countryside had been quite enough for most of us, including the horses, several of which were going rather guimpy, and as darkness was falling, it was decided to whip hounds off and call it a day. It really was a pity to stop hounds, but darkness and tired horses made it seem the only sensible thing to do, although I have no doubt that hounds could have accounted for their fox in less than another hour. Rarely have I seen a moderate scenting day when hounds had so much drive, perseverance and voice as today. They were at fault many times, but never asked for assistance excepting once, and that was owing to our own carelessness at Dutton's Hill.

Besides the Hunt Staff, all that were left of a field of over sixty, were:—Bob Montgomery; Mrs. Valentine;

Bob and Mrs. Strawbridge; Harry Barclay, and George Brooke, III.

3rd February, 1923

“A GOOD WIND TO SAIL A BOAT”

AS WE were riding over a hill top in the teeth of a cold, raw and very biting wind that was just about freezing all the foxhunting enthusiasm out of our systems, and as Ben Holland made the appropriate remark that, “It might be a good day to sail a boat, but a ——— poor one to go foxhunting,” hounds slipped out of the Delchester middle wood into Pratt’s wood, before our congealed brains realized that they had actually found a fox and were away. Being up wind, and for once not over-crowding hounds, no one heard them; and if Reynard had gone out the upper side of covert everyone of us would have been left high and dry and still frozen, and hounds would have had things all to themselves, and, no doubt, a bully time. Fortunately, luck was with us, or the Delchester fox was thoughtful of our comfort, I don’t know which; but, either way, the whole aspect of a miserable, cold, blank day changed in an instant; the frozen froze no more; and the grouzers ceased to grouse; uncomfortable, bucking thoroughbreds were transformed in the twinkling of an eye into tried and seasoned hunters; and with a hurried push on the crown of one’s hat, one was in for it, body and soul, with mud and bits of frozen earth flying in all directions and doing their best to blind one.

Luckily, hounds dwelt a moment in the lower end of Pratt’s, thus giving everyone a chance to catch up; then racing across the Strawbridge meadow and bearing a bit right-handed, crossed the road into the Converse

meadows, and swinging right-handed again through the wood on the hill, came back over the road, and sinking the valley by the Delchester Lake, ran through the wood to the Ashton piggery and on with a great cry to Delchester proper.

Charles James Fox evidently soon decided that running up wind was a dangerous game to play on a day like this, for just before reaching Quaker Wood, hounds turned sharply right-handed, and keeping the orchard on their right, gave us a bit of jumping and some nice galloping the whole length of Delchester to a check on the edge of the Goshen Road at the old lane; then pushing back, hounds crossed into Pratt's again, and our fox straightened away down country making eventually a four and a half mile point.

From Pratt's Wood hounds fairly flew, and gallop as fast as one could, one could not seem to keep on even terms with them; I couldn't, at any rate, and the field was strung out it seemed for miles, with a certain ardent foxhunter's riderless horse right out in front all the time. What became of its owner, I never knew. The horse eventually disappeared from the landscape and hounds came into sight once more, but far, far away; then they checked and some of us caught up; but, in the meantime, we had crossed the Converse farm, crossed the Providence Road, galloped hard by the White Horse School House, jumped the barway into the White Horse Farm, pushed up over the hill and were now on the banks of Crum Creek in Mr. Yarnall's, all very hot and quite thankful for a moment's breathing spell.

Sam Kirk insisted the fox had gone down the creek, and, as usual, he was right. Hounds owned the line, carried it down stream a few hundred yards, then

swung left-handed, and working rather slowly over to the wood back of the Crum Creek Farm stables, raced away once more to Dr. White's wood, where Will Leverton's horse ran into some of Willie duPont's wire fencing and peeled the skin off its face from the brow band to the nose band. Hounds ran on to Innes' Wood, where Will made a quick change of horses with Harry Brown, the First-Whip, who jogged the injured horse on home, with the skin of its face hanging down over the nose band.

Hounds just skirted the southerly edge of Innes', ran down the hillside to the meadow and up over the wheat to Brook's Wood, where they hesitated a moment, then working half-heartedly on to Centre Square, ran completely out of scent by the duck pond. Personally, I think our fox turned back up country by the DuPont pig pens, and the line hounds took from Brook's to Centre Square might possibly have been the old line of a good fox the Rose Tree Hounds brought over from Hunting Hill about an hour before, as they had an excellent run all through that part of the Radnor Country and back again to Hunting Hill, via Happy Creek, Baker's, Crum Creek Farm, White Horse, and Edgemont.

Quite a number of our field of seventy-five had left for home, owing to the cold, just before we found; but some of those out were:—H. B. Hare, M. F. H.; Mr. Beale; Bob and Mrs. Strawbridge; Miss Gertrude Conaway; Harry Barclay; "Buck"; Arthur I. Meigs; Bob Montgomery; Gardner Cassatt; Ben Holland; Gerry and Mrs. Leiper; Lowber Stokes; Francis M. Brooke, Dave and Mrs. Sharp; Erskine Smith; Dick McNeely; Bob Brooke; Sam Kirk; Bill Evans, Jr.; Henry Collins, and Mr. and Mrs. Colburn.

*Saturday, 24th March, 1923***"A FOX FROM FAIRY HILL"**

THE day was so fine, with just the right snap in the air, that it was somewhat surprising the last regular, scheduled meet of the season at White Horse should not have drawn a larger field than the fifty-two faithful ones who turned out to give a fitting ending to a most delightful hunting season. The heavy going may, of course, have kept a few away, and besides, a good many people still cling to the old belief that St. Patrick's day closes the hunting; but, if St. Patrick was the sportsman that all Ireland and the Irish in America appear to consider him to have been by virtue of birth and breeding, then I am certain the Patron Saint would have wished hunting to continue just as long as the season will permit, in fact quite up to that time when the "stinking Violets" of our old friend, J. Jorrick's day, spoiled all vestige of scent.

However, deep and bad the going may have been, it was not the day to go home early, as so many of the field did. I will admit the morning dragged somewhat until Isaac Clothier changed our luck and livened things up by sailing over his pet Challenger's ears and pulling his bridle off, thereby giving Challenger just the opportunity he had probably been looking for all his life, viz.: a day with hounds without Isaac!! It looked for some time as if Challenger's hopes were to be realized, but he was finally captured on the road near White Horse just in the nick of time, for as Isaac came riding up to us again, hounds found their fox and we had the fastest two hours and thirty-five minutes of the season, and all over the very cream of the Radnor country.

Having done considerable damage in certain parts of the country the previous Saturday, the Master was quite loath to try the Fairy Hill coverts, but finding Malvern Barrens, Lisle's Swamp, Waynesboro, and several other favorite draws blank, and as there were only about twenty-five of the field remaining, he decided to try it again. Hounds were no sooner in covert than they spoke to an apparently, rather cold line, but working it slowly through to the lower end, went out to the road with one of those bursts of music that intoxicates even the old dyed-in-the-wool foxcatchers to such an extent that all solemn promises not to ride over certain lands are broken as promptly as were pre-Volstead New Year's resolutions.

Someone on the Goshen Road halloaed, and the small but select field took a racing start down the Fairy Hill meadows along the edge of the wood, with the result that two panels of fence were laid flat on the ground by Arthur Meigs; and a very fair lady follower, being the last over a barway, neglected to replace the top rail that had been removed, and five of Bob Strawbridge's hunters that were out at grass followed her over and proceeded to enjoy themselves by having a hunt all of their own. Hounds in the meantime had turned sharply back through the woodland, and in galloping through the deep mud in the woodside, Harry Barclay and his Jerry Rohan met Mother Earth and evidently a rock or two, also. Harry came to in a few minutes; someone kindly caught his horse, while hounds ran on across Bryn Clovis to Peace's swamp, then circling back over the road at terrific pace, ran into Fairy Hill again, swung right-handed up country over the Sugartown Road to Miss Hook's wood, then bearing south over the Strasburg Road to Dutton's Mill,

crossed the dam and fairly raced up the hill towards Taylor's, which caused much confusion, as we had all been told not to ride Taylor's land again this season, owing to the softness of the ground. Most of the field took the upper road beyond Miss Hook's, but some of us waited at the Mill to see which way hounds would turn, and fortunately luck was with us, for hounds bore left-handed in the thicket at the top, came directly to us and we had them all to ourselves to the Paper Mill. Then swinging a bit South, the pace slackened a few minutes, until reaching the West Chester Pike at Street road, when hounds streamed down the hillside with a wonderful cry, swam the Ridley Creek, every hound being in the river at the same time, and gaining the opposite shore, raced away across Delchester to a most welcome check in the lower wood; but picking it up again quite too soon for some of the sobbing men and horses, hounds crossed into Pratt's, through the Strawbridge long meadow and on to Fairy Hill again, where several exhausted, strayed and shoeless foxhunters, jogging slowly homewards, viewed our fox over the road and halloaed at a terrible rate, much to the annoyance of the Master.

Patterson of wrist watch fame, came to grief in the Fairy Hill ride this time, but fortunately with no dire results, and was up and on again as soon as his horse was caught. Hounds pushed on through the wood and we struggled through the mud up Garrett's hill to the road, only to see the pack disappearing across Bill Evans' towards Boyer Davis, but a fast gallop down grade seemed to do my horse good, for he took hold of the bit again and I knew the faithful old Poacher had some steam still left in him, although what I gained in the burst down hill, I lost in Evans', where I made

bad turn, and with a beautiful lady on a thoroughbred bay, had to breeze right along to catch up with hounds again; but I knew by the cock of my horse's ears, I could do it, and we caught them as they dwelt a moment on the Davis high field; then crossing the lane into Mr. Cuyler's, hounds led us a sickening, sobbing pace through the deep going to Cathcart's Rocks, but keeping the Rocks on their left, fairly flew the entire length of White Horse Farm, then turning up country once more, crossed a corner of the Evans' farm, out into the road, where Bob Montgomery paid his respects to Mother Earth, and on to Fairy Hill again where, as we were struggling through the mud and endeavoring to keep our horses galloping, one keen sportsman called out to me, "I hope to hell this — fox goes to earth here." Maybe Reynard heard him say it, but I doubt it, for we weren't quite as close to him as that; at any rate, Reynard didn't go to ground, and the pack went on up the hill (which never looked so steep before) over the top, and out to the Sugartown Road where, much to our relief, they checked.

A couple of hounds spoke to the line over the road, but the Master quickly asked if any of us (there were only eight) wanted to go on. No one said yes, so hounds were stopped, and everyone slid off and led their cooked and exhausted horses homewards, with that tired but pleased and satisfied feeling that something historic has been accomplished.

Among those out were the Master on "Springfield"; Miss Cassatt on "Seven-to-one"; Mrs. Valentine on "Duncraig"; Gardner Cassatt on "Greymaster"; Arthur Meigs; R. Nelson Buckley; Miss "Baby" Geyelin; Frank Lloyd; "Ned" Ilsley on "Wild Rose"; Miss Eugenia Cassatt on "Lord Culpepper"; Mr.

Kelso; Clifton Lisle on "Greylock"; Ben Holland on "Styx"; Dave and Mrs. Sharp and "Bunny" Sharp; Miss "B" deCoppet, of New York, who cast a shoe and had to pull out at the Paper Mill; Mrs. Rolin; Bill Evans, Jr.; Bob Montgomery; Dick and Walter Stokes; Charlie and Miss Harrison, and George Brooke III.

SEASON OF
1923-1924



11th July, 1923

THE PETERBOROUGH FOXHOUND SHOW

HAVING been responsible many years ago, with my good friend, John R. Valentine, for the establishment of the Bryn Mawr Hound Show; and having always endeavored to conduct our Show as nearly like the renowned one at Peterborough as possible, it was a great privilege and satisfaction this year to be able to attend England's premier Foxhound exhibition.

The 1923 Peterborough Show was especially notable owing to the fact that H. R. H. the Prince of Wales was President for the year, and whether the Prince's popularity was the incentive for the extra large entry or not, I can't say, but a finer exhibition of foxhounds or gathering of the English foxhunting fraternity, it would be hard to find anywhere in the world.

The charming old Cathedral town of Peterborough was bedecked in flags and bunting from top to bottom in honor of its popular Prince's visit, in fact everything appeared to have been made to order and well regulated, as all British affairs are, excepting the weather, and it wasn't typical English weather either, but just the plain, American, August sort of the 99-degrees-in-the-shade variety, only a little more so, if anything, because one was not prepared for it. It didn't seem so hot when we (my wife, Miss Helen E. Dougherty, Miss Barbara Waterfield and Thomas "Dick" Stokes and I) left London in the early morning, but on reaching our destination we found it was simply stewing. However, one soon forgot the heat on one's arrival at the Show yard where the efficient Committee, and espe-

cially one member of it, Mr. H. A. Whittome, most graciously did everything possible for our comfort and gave us very good seats quite near the Prince.

Some of us at home have always been rather proud of our Bryn Mawr Hound Show, but in comparison to Peterborough, ours seems like a dog show at a Country Fair; nevertheless, we are trying and doing our best under the circumstances, and possibly in forty or fifty years, if motors and concrete highways don't drive fox-hunting entirely out of existence, we may attain some of the dignity and poise of Peterborough. As I've said before, it always does one a lot of good to see how they do things in the other fellow's country, and showing foxhounds is no exception.

At the luncheon that followed the morning's judging, and presided over by the Prince of Wales, Lord Willoughby de Broke gave "Success to the Peterborough Foxhound Show." The Prince of Wales, replying, said:—"I am very proud indeed to respond today on behalf of the Peterborough Foxhound Show. I am going to contradict Lord Willoughby de Broke. I think it was Whyte-Melville who wrote a song about somebody who was 'a rum 'un to follow, a bad 'un to beat.' (Laughter). Well, that is just what I feel about Lord Willoughby de Broke. I should not feel overconfident about sitting down in the saddle and following the Warwickshire in January, but still less confident to stand up and follow him over oratorical fences in a torrid July. (Laughter). If I cannot cut him down at hunting, I can certainly follow his lead. Although he knows infinitely more about hunting the fox than I do, I can certainly claim to be in every way as keen. (Cheers). There are two points I should like to mention. In the first place this show encourages the breed-

ing of foxhounds, and very successfully has it done that for a great number of years. But there is a second and very important thing that it does—it makes a great gathering for all sorts and conditions of people, uniting by a great common bond the love and interest of foxhunting. It gives them a chance of talking over old days and anything connected with hunting, and also in discussing hunting's best friend and ally, agriculture. (Cheers). Farming and hunting must always go hand in hand, and I am delighted to see so many farmers here at lunch today. We all of us know foxhunting has their good will; that is essential to our sport, and the fact that that good will is so freely and readily given where foxhunting appertains is a proof of their realization that the presence of a well-run pack of hounds is not a hindrance, but a great help to farming and all those who work on the land. (Cheers). I thank you very much for drinking my health, and I ask you to join with me in wishing every possible success to this splendid show, and a long life and bright future to foxhunting." (Loud Cheers).

There were so many interesting things to see and to try to remember that I was a bit hazy about some of the awards when I attempted to jot them down on my way back to London on the Royal train, so I will quote from the efficient columns of the "Horse and Hound," which are far, far better than anything I might hope to do, and also much more accurate, I'm sure.

"Dog-hounds were judged by Mr. George Evans and Mr. Nigel Baring, and in the first class for the best couple of unentered hounds there was very keen competition, the Duke of Beaufort's triumphing at last with Rupert and Nobleman, a very well-balanced,

good-looking, level, and workmanlike couple. They were hard pressed by the Southwold's Sculptor and Scrawler, fine muscular hounds that look like work, and they are litter brothers. In spite of the honors going to the Beaufort and Southwold packs, the best single hound was found in the Cambridgeshire Verger, an exceedingly well-built hound, who won the silver hunting horn given by Sir F. Villiers Forster. Verger went on to take first prize in the class for best unentered hound coming from a pack which had not won first prize at Peterborough since 1914, and here the runner-up was the Avon Vale's workmanlike Foreman.

"The class for the best two couples of entered hounds was an excellent one, and the Duke of Beaufort secured first with four hounds of rare quality, and full of Belvoir blood. The Portman was second with hounds of a very similar type, but not quite so sorty; and the Cattistock and Old Berkshire were close up with some very fine hounds. The strongest class of the morning was that for stallion hounds, the Duke of Beaufort's with Watchman, the Cambridgeshire with Candidate and Rummager, and the Cattistock with Dinnerbell, being of very even merit. Major Maurice Barclay was here asked to help adjudicate, and the final award went in favor of the Cambridgeshire Rummager, a very fine hound indeed. The Duke of Beaufort's Watchman, a powerful hound, was second. The competition for the President's Champion Cup was also very keen, and after a lot of sorting out the judges went in favor of the North Warwickshire Lifeguard, which is built on the very best lines, with beautiful head and shoulders, depth through the rib, bone well carried down, and the stamp of quality and character

all over him. The Prince personally presented the cup to Mr. Arkwright.

"In the bitch hound classes, for which the judges were Messrs. W. M. Wroughton and W. E. Paget, a high standard was well maintained all through. In the class for the best couple of unentered hounds, the Zetland scored with two beautifully matched bitches, Rakish and Ransom, which are built on galloping lines. The Fitzwilliam (Milton) were second with Whisper and Winifred, but Whisper was hardly up to her companion's pitch of excellence, otherwise, the premier honors might have gone to them instead. Winifred is a particularly nice bitch, with grand neck, head and shoulders, and good driving power, and she had no difficulty in taking the special prize for the best bitch in the class. The Croome won with Credible, a bitch with plenty of scope and power, and much bone well carried down in the entered hound class, the Morpeth being second with a nicely balanced hound, Scarlet.

"The two couple hounds formed a very excellent class, in which the North Warwickshire came to the front with a very well sorted lot, possessing the best foxhound points. But they had not a very great deal to spare from the Duke of Beaufort's quartette, who were all of good Belvoir type. The Cattistock were not far behind with a very business-like, if less showy, party. Rally, of the North Warwickshire, was the pick of the brood bitches, and next to her was the Duke of Beaufort's Wilful. This left only the bitch championship to decide, and for this the Beaufort, Cattistock, Fitzwilliam (Milton), and North Warwickshire put up the strongest competition, the award finally going to the Warwickshire Rally, reserve to her being the Cattistock Boisterous."

3rd August, 1923

THE CHERITON OTTER HOUNDS

IT HAVING been fourteen years since I had a day with Otter Hounds, the last time being with the Culmstock, Colonel H. Welch-Thornton, M. O. H., from Taunton, in 1909, I was naturally delighted on finding the Cheriton were meeting at Lynmouth on the Third August, two days after our arrival at Minehead.

With Dr. Austin Flint, of Millbrook, New York, my wife and our two small sons, we motored across the fascinating, ever-charming, purple, moorland country to the meet at Lynmouth, arriving, as my good friend, Penn Smith, likes to do, fully a half hour ahead of schedule time! But the time was not wasted, as it was indeed most interesting watching the various people arrive; and finally hounds came, eleven and a half couples (evidently Otter hound huntsmen are as superstitious as are their foxhunting brethren, regarding that half couple), eight and a half of big foxhounds and three couples of the real, old-fashioned, shaggy-coated, tan, Otter Hounds.

The meet was at the picturesque stone bridge in Lynmouth, not much room for all the people, motors, hounds, etc., but, apparently, traffic and everything else gives way to hounds in England; and after a half dozen tourists, including my son, Lawrence, had taken pictures of the pack, hounds moved off, the first draw being the river that ran under the bridge we were standing on. Speaking of bridges reminds me of one of our good, hard-riding, hard-drinking, pre-Volstead, Radnor foxhunters, who one evening, when slightly intoxicated, was asked by a servant at dinner if he would have some water. "Water, water," he said. "What

is water? Oh, yes! I know, you mean that stuff that runs under bridges; no thanks, I never take it."

There were about a hundred and twenty-five men, women, and children, including a Nun in full regalia, with flowing robes and crucifix, beads and everything else, excepting wire nippers, dangling from her waist, following hounds up this lovely, small river, the East Lyn, I think it's called. Fortunately, the footpath was quite near the water's edge, so one was able to see a good deal of hounds; but evidently someone had tipped the otters off, for none were around, and after about an hour's walk, fully half the field faded away; then we came to a most attractive tea house in the forest with a huge wire cage full of big monkeys that made a great fuss and chattering on seeing hounds, and some more of our friends left us there to cheer the inner man.

Then crossing the river by a narrow, rustic foot bridge, and taking the right-hand fork, hounds worked on through several miles of charming English countryside until even we became rather weary, discouraged and hungry, when on coming through a wood onto a highway we met our car, and as the driver said it was only four miles to Lynton, we decided lunch was next in order, and it was while waiting for our eggs and tea that we first heard the sad news of President Harding's death.

Personally, I felt sort of a quitter at having left hounds so early in the day, so told our chauffeur to see if he could pick them up again on our way home, all of which was most fortunate, for no sooner had we reached the open country than I saw my friend the Nun fairly sailing across a big meadow, followed by the remainder of the field, and hearing hounds, we

leapt from the car and trailed along in the rear of the procession just in time to view Mr. Otter breaking cover, with the pack right on his heels.

It was glorious, indeed, but I must confess I had eaten too many eggs and muffins to be at my best on foot; nevertheless, it was do or die, and at one time I was sure it would be the latter; but the pace, luckily for me at any rate, slackened a bit; then hounds were at fault a few moments, and sitting in a friendly wall for a couple of minutes revived me, so that when hounds spoke again, I was able to go on, but my companion in misery, Dr. Flint, was compelled thereafter to reduce his speed to a walk.

For the next half hour the pace was just about my top speed. I was somewhat distressed, I admit, but kept my eye on the flying Nun and a green-coated hunt servant, who were both in the first flight, until one of the very affable gentlemen whips ran up alongside of me and said, "Come along with me, stranger, if you want to see hounds kill their otter." There was nothing else for me to do if I wanted to uphold the honor of America and the Radnor Hounds, but follow him, and I must confess he gave me the run of my life; but, fortunately, it was mostly down grade, and the last half mile of it down the longest, steepest, and stoniest hill I ever saw. My knees were aching and my feet felt like tons of lead, but on we went with the pack to our right running practically mute, but evidently on the line of their otter. Finally (it seemed hours to me) and much to my relief, my guide turned in at a stone gateway, hesitated a moment, gave an old woman a coin and beckoning to me to do likewise, disappeared down the side of a beautiful rhododendron-covered ravine. I followed suit and found him stand-

ing up to his knees in the river, calling to me to hurry on, jump in and help him stop the otter from going on down stream and to the sea.

The water felt delightful at first, and after standing there about twenty minutes, assisted by several boys who had nicked in towards the end, but with no sign of hounds, my friend said we had better go up stream again to see what had happened. On climbing up the side of the ravine and pushing myself through a great mass of rhododendrons, I came out on a path face to face with a most dignified and heavily moustached Englishman, who, in loud and most unpleasant tones, said, "What the hell are you doing in my garden?" I stuttered and said I was sorry, but that I was otter hunting, and just as I was beginning to picture myself spending the rest of my days in an English jail, my friend pushed himself through the shrubbery onto the gravel path. The Englishman left me and greeted my friend and guide in the same, kind, soft, and polite manner as he had me. After more apologies and explanations, the owner of this lovely ravine suddenly calmed down and said, "Well, you must both come see my garden." We didn't want to look at gardens just then, but he wouldn't let us go, so after admiring what he said was the only bamboo grove in England, and the finest royal ferns in the world, we heard hounds just above us, so saying good-bye, and thanking him for showing us the garden (which I am sure we hadn't appreciated) we started on, when, much to our surprise, our host said he would go with us and show us the rest of the ravine; and as we were jogging up a path amid most wonderful and rare rock plants, ferns, and mosses, he spied the Master of Hounds coming

towards us, and at once became furiously mad again, and running up to the Master said, "Who the hell gave you permission to hunt otters in my garden?" The M. O. H. apologized and then our host insisted on showing him the bamboo grove, Royal ferns, etc., and my friend and I slipped around a bend in the path and disappeared, leaving the Master to his fate.

We found hounds marking their otter to ground among the rocks along the water's edge, and my friend, the sporting Nun, sitting by the riverside wiping the perspiration from her brow, while cooling her feet in the icy waters of the East Lyn.

Having no idea where I was, or what part of England or Scotland I might be in, having run so far, I was just about to enquire my way, when a lad came up to me and said, "A gentleman and a lady in a motor gave me a half crown and told me to find you and fetch you to them," and much to my surprise and relief I discovered that I was quite near the Lynmouth bridge where hounds had met earlier in the day, and found my wife and Dr. Flint, each having a mug of ale, with one waiting for me, on the steps of the quaint old inn.

8th August, 1923

THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS

WHEN one has a day with hounds in a foreign country there are always such a variety of feelings and experiences crop up that it is sometimes hard to know just where or how to begin or where to stop, and stopping reminds me of a very smartly turned-out subaltern of a near-by regiment who was having a few hours' leave from his military duties to hunt with the Devon and

Somerset Staghounds the same day I happened to be there.

This subaltern had evidently jobbed a horse that he knew nothing about, the same as I had, but he couldn't hold his, whereas I had to use my new Maxwell persuaders most of the time on mine, so thus we differed.

The Earl of Fortesque, a most dignified old gentleman, who wears a piccadilly collar with his scarlet coat, is Field Master for Colonel Wiggin, and while the tufters were at work in the forest below us, and the Earl was sitting peacefully on his horse up on the moor, with actually miles of room in every direction, our friend, the subaltern, galloped smack into him, and catching the Earl amidships, spun his Lordship and his horse around like a weather-cock. The poor, exhausted subaltern and his charger rolled over each other a couple of times in the soft, purple heather and finally picked themselves up. Then this slightly mussed and greatly embarrassed soldier of the King started to apologize, but the haughty old Earl waved him aside, saying, "That's all right, young man, come back again next year, we are going to enlarge the moor."

Fortunately, they didn't have to enlarge the moor for me; in fact, my horse, I'm sure, would have appreciated it greatly had the moor been only about half its usual size that day.

However, to get down to cold facts, I had a most interesting and enjoyable day with these hounds from Cloutsham, and although the horse I jobbed from Mr. Hawkins, of the Plume of Feathers Inn Stables, at Minehead, was not the best I've ever ridden, by a long way, still he carried me through the run and did not fall down or run away and charge an Earl!

The opening meet at Cloutsham is apparently an

annual holiday for the whole of Devon and Somerset, as there were over three thousand people on foot and nearly four hundred riding to hounds, not to mention the hundreds of motor cars and char-à-bancs that lined and blocked the roads in every direction. As motors are not permitted within a radius of two miles of the meet at Cloutsham, we (Dr. Flint, of Millbrook, New York, my wife and our two small sons) met our horses in a wood on Cloutsham Ball, and after getting up, hacked on to the meet, where the most gracious Master, Colonel Wiggin, did his utmost to show us a good time and explain the intricacies and science of staghunting.

After allowing the customary ten minutes' grace, the tufters were taken into covert, and for nearly two hours we sat on the hillside waiting for them to get the desired stag away from the herd and up on the moor. Apparently, to those not accustomed to staghunting, this wait while the tufters are in covert is very tedious and trying, but to me, sitting there in the sun in that glorious Devon country, and among such charming people, it was quite delightful indeed. Finally the stag was viewed away and the huntsman and whips came galloping back for fresh horses, and the pack, which all this time had been waiting in the Cloutsham stable. Scent must have been quite fair and holding, for it was fully a quarter of an hour after the stag was viewed away before the pack was layed on, but they owned the line at once, and gave us as delightful a gallop over the moor as anyone could desire, and I only wish I could adequately describe the charm and fascination of galloping over this beautiful stretch of moorland country, with the heather in full bloom, and the sea rolling in in great waves right below one. It seemed at times as if hounds would run straight over the cliff

into the sea. In fact, I was hoping they would, for I've always wanted to see a stag take to the open sea; but just before reaching Porlock Wier, where hunted stags often do take to water, ours turned sharply right-handed inland. Hounds overshot the line and were at fault a bit. I looked at my watch and found that hounds had run forty-three minutes without a moment's check, which to me, in hot and dry weather, seemed quite remarkable. Needless to say, the field of four hundred had dwindled down considerably. There were too many other nice interesting things to look at and do, so I didn't count noses, but should say there were about thirty surviving to date. A shepherd had viewed our stag, and lifting the pack, the huntsman put them straight in quick order, but scent seemed to be failing rapidly, and in fact for the next hour hounds could do practically nothing with the line, except own it here and there and then throw up their heads again, until we reached a deep-wooded valley with a heavy under-growth of high bracken which came up to one's saddle, in which the stag had evidently taken refuge, and in which they are supposed to leave no scent. It took hounds nearly half an hour to get the stag up again, and I was informed that the run was in all probability quite over, for the deer would not go up over the moor again, after he had once been to water and lain down, and that hounds would account for their quarry there in the ravine; but as later events proved, such was not the case.

A most amusing incident happened when the stag was at last found again, and I happened to be in a good position to see the funny side of it. As I was leading my horse up a steep bank from a brook, where I'd let him have a few sips of water, I heard several sharp

notes from the huntsman's horn, and imagining the stag had been found again, was looking about, but the only thing or person I saw was that good old sporting Quaker, Mr. Fry, of chocolate fame, from Bristol, who was out with us, sitting quietly on his horse, in the act of lighting a cigar, and it was also the last I ever saw of Mr. Fry, for as the deer ran down a ride by his horse, Mr. Stag nipped him in the belly with near side antlers, and Mr. Fry was sent flying head-first into the bracken and completely disappeared from view, and as far as I know is still there, for his horse went on down the ride after the stag, pursued by about twenty couples of extra big staghounds in full cry.

I scrambled aboard and set sail again, but the going from now on was far from pleasant, and after climbing a terrible hill, my horse had a bad case of thumps, but luckily for me, hounds checked a moment, then picking it up again, they raced away over Parsonage Side to a barren, stony hilltop called Chapel Steep, then down a rocky road full of motors for a good mile, and on to the back of Luccombe, to Horner Water, where the big dog hounds came up with their stag and he was killed in a lovely pasture, surrounded by high hedges and splendid big, old oaks.

The Master very kindly presented me with a slot, and just as I was trying to figure out the way home and wondering how many miles it was to Minehead, I saw my good wife coming up the road in the motor with a groom to take my horse home, for all of which I was most duly thankful, as a month's stay in London, where prohibition does not exist, had not been conducive to long hacks home on a tired horse.

My wife's first question was, "Where are the boys?" and I had to confess that I hadn't seen or thought of

my children since I first viewed the stag away over the moor. However, on our arrival at the Metropole at seven thirty, we met the boys just coming in, having had a splendid day, full of varied experiences, having been in the saddle eight hours, and from their description, had visited with their elderly groom nearly every pub in the South of England. I asked if they had had anything to eat, and they said, "O! yes, thanks, we had two teas and a beer."

CUBBING—1923

IF YOU happen to be one of those people who have the courage of their convictions, or the real red-blooded courage to obey the commands of one's servant at 4.30 A.M., or the self-restraint not to curse and go back to sleep again after the alarm clock has awakened one, and are still full of that enthusiasm for the chase that never really dies if it ever has been genuine, then you will agree with me that one is quite fully repaid for missing several hours of beauty sleep three or four mornings a week from the end of August until the first of November.

Cub hunting never did appeal to the masses, and I sincerely hope from the bottom of my heart that it never will. In the first place, the young and giddy of both sexes don't go to bed early enough to be able to cheerfully get up at four thirty, and secondly, very few of the young and giddy of the present generation give a Tinker's damn what the young entry are like or how many cubs there are in Mr. Spiffkin's wood. Maybe it's fortunate for some of the rest of us that they don't, and personally I'd rather hack half a dozen miles in that pitchy black darkness of the early morning, breaking wet spider-webs against my face all the

notes from the huntsman's horn, and imagining the stag had been found again, was looking about, but the only thing or person I saw was that good old sporting Quaker, Mr. Fry, of chocolate fame, from Bristol, who was out with us, sitting quietly on his horse, in the act of lighting a cigar, and it was also the last I ever saw of Mr. Fry, for as the deer ran down a ride by his horse, Mr. Stag nipped him in the belly with near side antlers, and Mr. Fry was sent flying head-first into the bracken and completely disappeared from view, and as far as I know is still there, for his horse went on down the ride after the stag, pursued by about twenty couples of extra big staghounds in full cry.

I scrambled aboard and set sail again, but the going from now on was far from pleasant, and after climbing a terrible hill, my horse had a bad case of thumps, but luckily for me, hounds checked a moment, then picking it up again, they raced away over Parsonage Side to a barren, stony hilltop called Chapel Steep, then down a rocky road full of motors for a good mile, and on to the back of Luccombe, to Horner Water, where the big dog hounds came up with their stag and he was killed in a lovely pasture, surrounded by high hedges and splendid big, old oaks.

The Master very kindly presented me with a slot, and just as I was trying to figure out the way home and wondering how many miles it was to Minehead, I saw my good wife coming up the road in the motor with a groom to take my horse home, for all of which I was most duly thankful, as a month's stay in London, where prohibition does not exist, had not been conducive to long hacks home on a tired horse.

My wife's first question was, "Where are the boys?" and I had to confess that I hadn't seen or thought of

my children since I first viewed the stag away over the moor. However, on our arrival at the Metropole at seven thirty, we met the boys just coming in, having had a splendid day, full of varied experiences, having been in the saddle eight hours, and from their description, had visited with their elderly groom nearly every pub in the South of England. I asked if they had had anything to eat, and they said, "O! yes, thanks, we had two teas and a beer."

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way, to meet a couple of congenial fellow sportsmen at covertside at sunrise, than go to the most fashionable meet of the season, where new scarlet, white leathers and lovely ladies in their best of habits, and a general air of spit and polish prevails. Not that I don't love the "spit and polish" sort of a meet, for I do, and the ladies too, God bless 'em; but cubbing has an indescribable charm all of its own. It's all so fresh and sweet and new in the early morning; the old familiar landscape that one knows every inch of so well, has vastly more charm and fascination before sunrise than it has at mid-day. Even one's horse seems to jog along in a soft eerie sort of way, and apparently it's no distance to kennels at all; there's always a light in the humble little cottage window at the bottom of the long hill, and always a thin spiral of smoke from its single squat chimney going straight heavenward in the peaceful morning air.

Even the Ithan creek smells sweeter before daylight, and if one's horse does fall down over a sleeping cow in the darkness of the old covered bridge, and one doesn't appear at covertside quite as spick and span as one would desire, it's all in the day's work and helps to break the tedious monotony of an otherwise humdrum existence. Personally I always feel that such a very large percentage of the countryside know so little and appreciate so little of even their own immediate neighborhood. One seldom hears Pennsylvanians expatiating on the beauties of their Commonwealth, yet, where is there a State that can compare with its perfection. Its scenery is as beautiful and diversified as one finds anywhere in America; its natural resources are so tremendous as to be virtually inexhaustible and its soil is as fertile as that of the

fabled areas of the great West; and greatest and best of all, it has beyond all doubt the loveliest galloping foxhunting country in the western hemisphere.

But to hark back to the delights of cubbing and the education of young hounds, it's all so pleasant and varied, especially when a whole litter of cubs get up in front of the pack and every puppy thinks he knows the game from A to Z and is perfectly sure he has a fox all to himself. How he screams with delight when he first smells rabbit and thinks it's fox, until he hears the pop of Fred's thong close to his ears, and hears "wor are" yelled at him a half dozen times.

Then the nice hack homewards in the warm sunshine, and how good the sun feels too, for more than likely you are quite wet from the stirrups upwards; there's green on your breeches and the buttons are full of bits of leaves, and maybe if you are popular below stairs, your place at the breakfast table has been left all set and waiting for you, and one gets a second cup of tea and maybe some more eggs from the "sluggards' delight." No indeed, the joys and pleasures of cub hunting cannot be told and must not be told to the field in general, or they might all decide to try them and, therefore, spoil things for the favored few.

The cubbing at Radnor this season started on September four, with a very satisfactory morning after Bob Montgomery's pets at Ardrossan, and although cubs were found in every covert that they should be found in during the remainder of the cubbing season, not once did hounds get away after an old straight-necked fox and give us an exhausting early season gallop.

The six and a half couples of young hounds entered exceedingly well to their work, and even Growler, the

puppy that was the champion dog hound in the Half-Bred Classes at the Bryn Mawr Hound Show, was not spoiled for hunting by all the admiration he received at the Show. Also, scenting conditions in September were far better than is apt to be the case, as there were several good rains to give a bit of dampness to the ground, and owing to the long protracted dry spell in the early Summer, weeds did not grow quite as luxuriantly as usual, so the country was not overly blind; so taken all in all, one might say the cubbing season was most satisfactory.

1923

THANKSGIVING DAY

IF THE surrounding countryside has nothing else to be thankful for during 1923, they certainly have one day's sport that they get absolutely free of charge; and of the many thousands that take advantage of the only opportunity during the year of getting something for nothing, I often wonder how many of them appreciate the great effort that the Radnor Hunt makes to entertain them all every Thanksgiving Day.

It is a well known fact that foxhunters are the world's greatest trespassers; therefore, the few fried oysters, sausages and coffee that Radnor provides for their many farmer friends and others once a year is indeed small recompense for the damage and inconvenience the land owners so cheerfully put up with. But whatever may be said of the farmer, his rights, views or crops, taken all in all, he is a sportsman at heart, and after his cattle are taken in for the season, his corn all husked and the roof patched up to withstand the Winter's storms, I honestly believe he would rather hunt a fox than do

most anything else; and perhaps that is why every real, dyed-in-the-wool foxhunter respects and loves him. Some of the young and thoughtless may ride over his wheat on a soft day, but it's only from lack of experience, and after a proper calling down they are very likely never to do so again.

Thanksgiving Day, 1923, broke clear and fair, with just enough snap in the air to make a warm overcoat feel pretty snug by the time one arrived at the kennels.

Contrary to what Dave Sharp might say, the greatest indoor sport of the morning is eating the breakfast at the Club House; but long before that is through, Penn Smith has announced through his megaphone that the jumping classes will "Start at once, please; all horses in the ring right away"; and promptly at nine o'clock, right on the stroke, the first horse is sent away around the ring. This year it fell to the lot of Charlie Harrison to provide the first real excitement of the day. He did it nobly, held on to the reins, was pulled around the soft turf on his tummy, but finally remounted and finished the course amid the cheers of the populace.

A. Thornton Baker's "Belle of Oxford," beautifully ridden by her owner, won this "Open to All" jumping event, while William Evans, Jr. won the class for Farmers' Hunters, and Miss Lydia M. Clothier easily carried off the Ladies' Class with her lovely mare "Town and Gown."

Immediately following the festivities at the Club House, there were three races at Colonel McFadden's Radnor Valley Farm, the first of which for the "Bod Llwyd Cup," presented by Herbert Lloyd, was won by that good old campaigner "River Breeze," with his owner, Welsh Strawbridge up; "Armagh" second;

Mrs. Hasbrouck's "Mellgram" third; and much to the public's disgust and the bookies' delight, "Day Break," the heavily played favorite, fourth. "Day Break's" owner and rider was called to the stand by the Stewards to explain his apparent poor ride.

The second race, "The Master's Cup," given by Mr. Bodine, was as pretty a race as one would wish to see. Charlie Cheston's "Marko," ridden by Willie Fleming, took the lead at the start, but was soon relieved of that position by Isaac Clothier's "Durward Roberts," who made the running for the next couple of miles, then pecked badly at the last fence, made a beautiful recovery, but was cooked to a turn and so was beaten out by a couple of lengths by Wharton Sinkler's "Meadow Grass II," well ridden by Joe Lewis, with Mrs. Toland's "Cocktail" third, Eddie Cheston up.

As hounds were to go out at two o'clock, there was a scramble to get back to the kennels for a bite to eat, and a good many of us left before the farmers' race, so I don't know who rode in it, or won it; but the day ended with a most successful hunt after the Yarnall's Hollow fox and another dropped by Bert East and me, after hounds had lost their first one. As previously arranged, Bert and I were to be on the hill beyond the Harrison Bridge, ready to release our fox on a certain signal from Will Leverton, the huntsman; so after the field had moved away from the kennels, we put Mr. Charles James Fox (carefully tied up in a bag) in my little car and went on to our appointed place to await developments. Our friend in the bag was very restless and uneasy from his three days in captivity, and for a time we were afraid he might wear himself out, he jumped about so; also, evidently motoring didn't agree with him; but we reached our destination safely, Bert

taking the fox in the wood, while I stayed on the hill-top for a bit of watchful waiting. It isn't often that everything works out just as planned, but it did this time to perfection.

Hounds found the Yarnall's Hollow fox at home, brought him up country with a beautiful cry nearly to us, and bore left-handed out to Wyola, then turning right back, their fox ran in view just short of Mrs. Brown's drain, where he was evidently turned, for hounds ran on back towards Yarnall's Hollow a couple of fields and suddenly threw up their noses. Will made a small cast, then galloped them on to us. Bert shook our fox out of the bag; I lifted my hat to Will; someone on the road viewed him away with a tremendously loud halloa; hounds picked up the line; the field came galloping around the top of the wood and went on after hounds with not one of them ever dreaming they had changed foxes or that anything had been put over.

It worked like a charm from start to finish, so after the straggling field had passed, Bert and I took to my car again and enjoyed ourselves immensely. Our fox ran straight up country, crossed the Paoli Road into Innes' Wood, pushed on through to Dr. White's, with the pack right on his heels, but he saved his brush in the Crum Creek Farm Wood, then turning sharply back, crossed Senator Pepper's into the Meeker farm, bore right-handed, and crossing the road just in front of the car, ran through the little iron gate opposite the Meeker entrance to Innes' Wood again, where hounds rolled him over on the lower side of the covert near the old Calvert farm. Miss Betty Trotter, of The White Marsh Drag Hounds, who was having her first day at Radnor, was given the brush, and Mrs. Thornton Baker the mask.

8th December, 1923

A FAIR SATURDAY

THE weather being a favorite topic of conversation, it might be well to remark that November and December to date have been about as mild as May mornings thus far, with only scum ice once or twice very early in the day, and no bone on the ground to speak of. Never-slip shoes have not appeared, as yet, and although I am one of their staunchest supporters, I hope it's many a long tired day before one has to have them put on.

Having made a rather nice introduction regarding the weather, and fearing the many thousands of readers may become restless if I don't change the subject and show some real sport, etc., soon, I'll say there's "Nothing so queer as scent, 'cept a woman." Now who is she? She was out hunting today, and scent was good, too.

Fairy Hill, our first draw, was blank, but the middle Delchester wood produced a fox, a beautiful, bright-colored fellow, too, but not a gallant, stout-hearted chap, for he only stayed above ground eight minutes, but they were fast minutes while they lasted and nearly cooked the field of eighty-six that raced through Pratt's Wood, over the Strawbridge meadow and on through Fairy Hill to the earth on the Bryn Clovis side of the Roberts' woodland. "Bill" Hirst was on the first casualty list published during the day, but fortunately his injuries were nil, although a certain post and rail fence suffered considerably more.

The best of the day was still in store for us, although a good many didn't wait for it; and while hounds were drawing Lisle's Swamp, with Will Leverton on foot, someone viewed a fox out the far side on Mr. Coxe's



THE DELMAS HOUSE
From the Painting by Charles Morris Young
By Kind Permission of the Kadnor Hunt

wheat field; hounds speaking to the line in covert at the same moment. By the time the huntsman was on his horse, hounds had gone out to the stone bridge, and the Field Master had his own troubles controlling his thrusting followers until Will could get to hounds; then swinging back towards covert, they raced away over the road towards Bill Evans; but bearing left-handed just short of Mr. Cuyler's burned barn, crossed the road again and gave us a beautiful gallop over the White Horse Farm to Cathcart's Rocks, and crossing the creek to the opposite rocks, ran out to the top of hill towards the Leopard, but checking a moment in the road, went on across Sache's Hollow into Vandergrift's, and swinging down country with a wonderful cry, went on into Lockwood's Hollow and bore right-handed out to Senator Pepper's, and on to the Delmas farm, where three farm dogs evidently turned our fox and caused hounds to dwell a couple of minutes, but casting themselves, they picked it up, and turning up country, carried us to Mr. Yarnall's gateway, where from then on the pace slackened and we had a most interesting hunting run, hounds giving volumes of tongue and our fox apparently zigzagging all 'round the countryside.

Working through the Pepper pasture, hounds recrossed the road into Cherry Knoll and on to the ice pond, then bearing up country again, took us to the Crum Creek Farm ford and threw up their heads in the road. Casts in all directions availed nothing. The remaining enthusiasts said "Good Night" to each other and were starting for home, when Growler spoke in the woodland below the ford. He was quite right, even if he is a first season hound; the pack raced to

him and we had another nice bit of galloping down country through Battle's and Brook's Wood to Willie duPont's big pasture, where hounds ran completely out of scent in front of the new DuPont house. It was a four and a half mile point, in the slow time of an hour and thirty-five minutes, but a most delightful and interesting run, with excellent hound work all through.

Among the field in the morning were: Francis V. Lloyd, Field Master; Paul and Mrs. Mills; Crosby and Mrs. Brown; Miss Eugenia Cassatt; Miss Goode; Nelson Buckley; Gerry and Mrs. Leiper; "Eddie" Dale; Ben Holland; "The Dutchess"; The Messrs. Stokes; Standley and Mrs. Stokes; Mrs. Cromwell; Erskine and Mrs. Smith; "Bill" Evans, Jr.; Dick McNeely; Gardner Cassatt; The Master of Hawthorne and young Bill McFadden, who took a toss; Harry Barclay; "Pick" Harrison; The Duke and Mrs. Saportas; Henry Collins; Miss "Baby" Geyelin; Francis Brooke; The Misses Stout; Julian and Mrs. Huff; Tommy Neilson, and William L. Saunders.

Tuesday, 11th December, 1923

THE BENEVOLENT BOOTLEGGER

THAT stout red fox, with a seven-inch white tag on the end of his brush, that the Master of Hawthorne loves to tell us lives in his wood, and which hounds never seem able to find, was just as mysterious and elusive today as heretofore this season, so after drawing the Hawthorne coverts blank, hounds worked on up country to the Malvern Barrens where a real fox, without the fabled white tag, came out of the middle of the covert, crossed the meadow and pointing his

mask due south, gave everyone a splendid view until he disappeared over the brow of the distant hill.

Hounds were on the far side of the wood, therefore, it was several minutes before they were clapped on the line, but once on, they stuck as if glued, and raced across country to the Sugartown corner, where Reynard made a sharp left-handed turn and the pack overshoot the line; but a quick cast put them right at once, and turning down country they ran parallel to the road all the way to Bill Evans' orchard, where our fox was viewed again, then on crossing the Evans' meadows hounds slackened considerably, ran faster again on the wheat field, only to run completely out of scent just short of the burned barn on the White Horse farm. A fortnight ago this same fox mysteriously disappeared in exactly this same spot, and as Will Leverton, the huntsman, was bringing the pack away he was heard to say to himself—"Beat twice by this fox in the same place."

The next draw was Cathcart Rocks, and no sooner were hounds in covert than they opened up to a line with a burst of music that must have made the pair of "Love Birds" in a near-by farm house sit up and look about. Oscar, of Hawthorne, who was exercising a couple of horses, viewed two foxes out of the wood, one turned back into the rocks, but the other gave us about as fast an eighteen minutes as one often has the pleasure of staying up in. Swinging out towards the Leopard, hounds bore right-handed again on the top of the hill, crossed into the Vandergrift wood and raced on to Lockwoods's, over the Delmas fields and on across Buttonwood to Baker's, then pointing back up country took us at a furious pace over "Mother Marie" and on through Burnham's to the Hawthorne Wood, where

hounds marked their fox to ground at the foot of an old oak tree.

One has oft' times heard of the fickleness and heartlessness of woman; one has also heard that beautiful ballad entitled "Belinda, the Bootlegger's Bride," but personally, I've never before heard of a Bootlegger playing the part of the good Samaritan; but then on second thought, they are all good Samaritans, aren't they?

As we were galloping through Lockwood's, a riderless horse came tearing by at so furious a pace that no one could catch him, but all recognized it as belonging to our good friend, Buck. The five of us who happened to have a top-hole position with hounds, went on, feeling sure there were plenty behind to care for our fallen friend; but it appears he was only accompanied by females (trust him to have girls about), and when his horse went down, they, the heartless creatures, rode on and left this gallant sportsman lying unconscious in the road. How many long, weary, and cold hours he lay alone and unattended in that quiet, back, deserted lane, no one really knows, but late at night, long, long after hounds had reached their kennel, had been fed and were peacefully dreaming on their benches, a soft purring motor van drew up to the Club House door and a husky voice called for help. Willing hands rushed out, only to be informed that a broken fox-hunter lay on the boards inside. Cases of Scotch and Rye, demijohns of Gin, hampers of Cliquoit 1906, and kegs of musty ale were carefully lifted aside before the helping, anxious hands discovered their injured comrade prone upon the floor, and as he was being assisted up the steps, someone asked the truck driver for his

name, but his only reply was—"Bootlegger #1642 Pennsylvania." The softly purring engine purred a little louder, a muffled gear went in low, and the lightless van vanished into the darkness from whence it came.

All of which reminds me of another amusing, yet painful incident that happened a good many years ago to Nelson Buckley. Hounds had given us quite a nice day, and as we were hacking home from Broomall, down the Radnor and Chester Road, Buck's horse stumbled and went down and put Buck's shoulder out of joint. He was lying in the road groaning in pain, when Bill Kerr, of steeplechasing fame, rode up and said—"Oh, that's nothing, I can put it back." He jumped off his horse, put one foot on Buck's chest, gave the injured arm a terrific pull, and broke poor Buck's collar bone!

Rulon Miller came along about this time and said he would take the patient back to the Club House, so helping hands lifted the injured one on to his horse and someone handed Miller a flask, saying, "Give Buck a drink, it'll do him good." Miller took the flask, rode on a bit, leading Buckley's horse, then stopped, and without offering anything to Buck, took a big swig out of the bottle, and looking around, called out, "Buck is feeling better now."

On reaching the top of Saw Mill Hill we saw them stop again in the covered bridge. This time Buckley tried with his one sound arm to take the bottle from Rulie's hand, but Rulie pushed him away and drank all the rest of the bottle himself. After he put the flask in his pocket, he turned around and called back to us, "Buck is quite all right now."

Thursday, 13th December, 1923

SHORT BUT FAST

It is only natural that some of us may prefer to hunt in certain parts of the country better than others, but one thing is absolutely necessary, and that is that a pack of hounds must hunt their entire country. The so-called lower Radnor country is not popular with the majority of the field, so it was undoubtedly owing to the location of today's meet, Broomall, that there were so few out to enjoy one of the fastest and best gallops of the season.

In years gone by, Bergdoll's (of slacker renown) used to be a sure find, but of late it has been quite blank, so it was more or less of a surprise this morning when hounds found there as soon as they were put in covert, and went away up country at such a pace that our horses were quite done when hounds accounted for their fox thirty minutes later.

Bursting out of the Bergdoll wood with a breast high scent, despite a strong south wind, the pack raced across the big fields above the Darby creek, and crossing Marple Road, sank the valley below Connor's wood and on up the opposite hillside at a pace that brought several good horses to a walk before reaching the top, then pushing on through Mr. Wood's, crossed the new concrete highway at the top of Saw Mill Hill, but keeping the Foxcroft quarries on their right, streamed on through Camp Biddle to a moment's check in the hollow south of the Barrens; but casting themselves before assistance reached them, sailed on to the railway crossing, swung left-handed to the top of the Barrens, and making a loop in cover, crossed Bryn Mawr Avenue and would have run away from

us on the Hospital Farm had not a tail hound showed a couple of us the way. A gallop through some plough that was none too good for horses that were beginning to blow, brought the pack in sight once more, but scent on the George Earle fields was too good for us to catch up. Then fortunately they dwelt a bit on recrossing the railway, and we came on terms with them just as they went away again, but the end was near, as they marked their fox to earth on the edge of the lower Barren wood.

The survivors were Frank Lloyd, Field Master, on "Sherry"; Mrs. Mills on "Henry Wyeth"; Julian Huff on his grey mare; Drexel Paul, riding one of his new Irish horses, and a couple of girls whom no one seemed to know.

Hounds were taken home, and thus ended one of the shortest but also one of the fastest days of the season.

Tuesday, 27th December, 1923

A CHRISTMAS FOX

IT MUST be a source of great satisfaction to the many fox-hunting fond mamas and papas of the Radnor field to know that the time has at last arrived when motor cars are no longer a novelty and the ruling passion of youth, and that the younger generation, both male and female, are again partaking of the pursuits of their forebears and are apparently so keen over what a good many of us consider the greatest outdoor sport in the world!

When hounds met this morning at Centre Square there seemed to be as many children out as grownups, in fact the countryside was quite alive with them, and although we didn't have what might be con-

sidered a brilliant day, yet, it was enough of a gallop, with enough checks to give them all an appetite for tea and a first-rate subject for conversation at dinner, providing, of course, they were allowed to have that meal with their elders, but being holiday time, one trusts most of them were. Some of the future M. F. H's. were "Randy" Snowden, having to sit pretty tight on "Whitey"; Jimmy Mills on his mother's "Henry Wyeth"; Bill McFadden in his huntsman's cap, but Bill and his gee parted company at the first fence after hounds found! Bunny Sharp, setting an awful pace for the Master of Hawthorne to follow; Charles Harrison, imparting the information that he had viewed the fox; young Bill Evans, going in his usual bright way; one of Sam Kirk's hopefuls; a whole lot of the Crosby Brown family, it's hard to tell t'other from which, Browns or Jenkins; Henry Collins' son, almost as big as father, but not quite top weight yet; and another young fella-me-lad who couldn't hold his horse, and whose manners were familiar while his face was not. The young Dianas seem rather few and far between, although there was one blond Crosby Brown Diana with sort of Puss-in-Boots foot gear.

Speaking of all these boys and girls reminds one of that delightful poem of Mr. Will H. Ogilvie in his new book "Scattered Scarlet," called "A Christmas Fox."

THE CHRISTMAS FOX

If I were of the Gods that rule,
The game of Fox and Hound,
There is a thing I'd do at Yule,
Whenever it came around.

I would provide as Christmas Box
For every sportsman's child,
A very special Christmas Fox,
With manners specially mild.

From covert he should boldly burst,
 And stay so long in view,
 That each could say, "I saw him first!
 I saw him before you!"

And he should choose a careful line,
 Avoiding wire and walls,
 That little folk of eight and nine
 Should have but comf'y falls.

And he should set a gentle pace,
 Towards the distant whin,
 That every child might keep his place,
 The cheery hunt within.

That every boy on holiday
 And girl from lessons freed,
 Might see as much as grown-ups may,
 When foxes run at speed.

And when he'd gone a mile or two,
 The hounds should catch him fair,
 And Michael, Madge, and Montague,
 And all the rest be there.

And there should be no jealous lads,
 Nor tearful lasses found,
 For he'd have brushes, masks, and pads
 Sufficient to go round!

But to get to the business of the day, hounds found in the wood along the creek in Mr. Charlton Yarnall's Crum Creek Farm, and crossing the stream burst out of covert with a tremendous cry and gave us a very fast up-hill gallop over beautiful turf to a moment's check on the Goshen Road just below the little White Horse School-house, when a quick cast over the road put them straight, and running on to White Horse were at fault again, but our good friend Sam Kirk, who happened to be there on foot, viewed our fox over the hill towards the Willistown Meeting House. Hounds picked it out at the same moment, and crossing the Fairy Hill swamp, ran on through Pratt's into Del-

chester, where personally I think our fox went to earth in the middle wood.

The pack dwelt a moment in the covert, then pushed on through and crossed to the upper side of Delchester above the road, where a small collie dog was seen slinking along the edge of the wheat. Several enthusiastic foxhunters, including myself, halloed the collie, thinking it was the fox; hounds carried on and coursed the dog the whole length of Delchester and could not be stopped until they reached the Ridley Creek at the Street Road. It was a fair forty minutes, but with an unfortunate ending.

Among some of the "more prominent" present, were:

Mrs. Mills, in her usual faultless style; Miss Beatrice and Miss Gertrude deCoppet, both beautifully mounted by "Mr. McMurtrie"; Miss Cassatt, riding her brother Gardner's new purchase, which was a bit handy with his heels; Dave Sharp on Alfred Collin's grey; Miss "Baby" Geyelin; Mrs. Sharp, Mr. and Mrs. Hasbrouck, she on her lovely chestnut; Mrs. Brown; Miss Conaway; and Messrs. Ilsley, Buckley, Brooke, Holland, Patterson, Collins, Stokes, Lucas, McNeely, etc., and Mrs. Alfred Alexander Biddle, looking quite seductive and luxurious in a motor.

Just as hounds threw up their noses the first time, George Saportas (The Duke) rode up along side and said, "Stanley, I've been going to horse shows for the past fifty years and always wondered until today, why they have classes for "Pairs of Hunters." "See them, there they are now, two pairs." Ask anyone who has hunted at Radnor this season!!

A question asked during the day was: Who gave

Baby the new bridle? Everybody guessed right the very first time.

"Billy" Kerr appeared at covert-side the other day riding a very handsome big horse by Tracery, and a certain old stager remarked to a prominent sportsman that it was quite a rare occurrence to see a hunter in the Radnor field sired by Tracery. "Tracery, Tracery," the prominent one said, "Don't think I ever heard of him, where does he stand?" The old stager wheeled his horse away, remarking to himself as he did so, "Jack Garrett's, at West Chester."

Thursday, 10th January, 1924

A FROZEN DAY

WHETHER good Old Dame Nature is really thoughtful of our welfare and happiness, or whether some things just sort of naturally happen, is hard for one to say, but one thing is certain, if scent had been good today and the Radnor hounds had run at their usual great speed over the rough, frozen ground there would have been more than one lame horse to jog home in the twilight, and many hounds would have licked their pads a long time before going to sleep on their benches in the kennels at nightfall.

If one is so well looked after by nature, let's give nature the credit, for seldom has the going been worse, especially in the Malvern Barrens, where hounds found their fox at one fourteen. It was quite an agonizing gallop through that frozen swamp, and my faithful old Poacher was nearly on his nose half a dozen times before we reached the grass on the upper side, where even the hard frozen turf felt good and like a September pasture after that lumpy, rocky, rough ride through

the thicket. Once clear of the woodlands, however, it was better sailing, and hounds swung sharply left-handed, then turned up country and dwelt a moment on crossing the Sugartown Road; but casting themselves the other side, ran at a nice, hand gallop to Mr. Coxe's wood and on through to the far side where they were brought to their noses, and working it slowly along the edge of a wheat field, sank the little vale and crossed the Goshenville Road into the Sugartown woods, then pushing on to the Saportas' wood, were at fault again in the big meadows.

Here it's quite possible we changed foxes, for two were halloed out the lower side, but if hounds did change, no one was the wiser, for they carried on over the hill into Miss Hook's, through the covert, and ran at a good clip down country to Fairy Hill and across Garrett's to the Gallagher farm, where turning left-handed they crossed the road and were brought to their noses in Bill Evans'. This check was only momentary, for they went on down to the Evans' wood where the pack turned up country once more, and Horace Hare, who was out on foot, viewed our fox coming out of the wood just in front of hounds. Crossing a corner of the Klemm farm, hounds took us on to the Bryn Clovis orchard, where they hesitated again, but worked it out, and recrossing the Sugartown Road went at a fair pace to the Sugartown Wood once more and then ran completely out of scent.

After such a good exhibition of hound work, in spite of the adverse atmospheric conditions, it was a bit disappointing at the end that hounds were unable to account for their fox in some way or other. Still one cannot expect everything in this world, and no doubt

we should be very thankful that we had any run at all, and also had good company to hack the twelve miles home with, as a most charming creature happened along side as I was starting homeward. Things went swimmingly for a while, or until we came to a certain place where Mr. Volstead is not popular. My fair friend seemed to greatly appreciate the hospitality offered, but soon afterwards left me rather suddenly, saying the refreshments had not agreed with her. Then another charmer came along, but she wanted to ride too fast for me, so I let her go on her way alone, and finished my hack to kennels with the huntsman and hounds for company.

Saturday, 12th January, 1924

HEAVY GOING

AFTER a fortnight of very moderate sport (one might actually say rather poor sport) and especially so on holidays and Saturdays, and all without any apparent reason, it was a great relief today when there was quite a fairish sized field out to find a stout, bold fox early in the day and give everyone all they cared for and a whole lot of them a good bit more than they really wanted.

From New Year's day until Thursday, the tenth, the knowing ones have been continually asking one another, "Where the —— do you think all the foxes have gone?" Covert after covert has been drawn blank; all the sure finds of the early season have disappointed us; then presto—Mr. Charles James Fox appears again in his old accustomed haunts and hounds run splendidly despite south winds or frost, and even foxes make five mile points right up wind in the teeth of a thirty knot

gale. Explain it? It can't be done; not by your humble servant, anyway; so there you are.

Thursday the going was actually hard as nails, while today it was hock deep in spots, and if one did appear spotless at the meet at Sugartown, it was one's last and only spotless appearance during the day, for mud flew thick and fast from ten minutes after twelve when hounds found their fox in the swamp just this side of the Rush Hospital, until Reynard went to earth at two o'clock in the Morstein wood.

Breaking covert on the Hospital side of the swamp, our fox immediately crossed the State Road, and carrying a beautiful scent, hounds fairly raced away towards Hog Lane, but swinging up country in the field where Alexander Grange was killed several years ago, ran on through the big woodland on top of the hill, crossed the back road to Malvern and on through the next covert to the new Sproul Road, and crossing it just below the Beagle Kennels, sailed on into Shellbark Hollow at such a pace that they were out of sight and hearing by the time we reached the high ground this side of that perplexing covert.

A farmer who apparently couldn't talk, or maybe just wouldn't, one couldn't tell which, waived us on, so a couple of us made a fortunate nick, coming even with hounds again in the wood on the left of the road beyond Hershey's Mill. Fortunately for our horses, hounds checked a moment in the road, then went away again with a marvelous burst of music over those beautiful big Morstein pastures, but their upstanding post and rail fences took their toll for a couple of muddy coats and loose horses were much in evidence. Then bearing right-handed back of the Francis Shunk Brown house, hounds crossed the King Road, and Reynard,

evidently pointing his mask for home, went through the Hershey Mill wood and on down country to another momentary check at the Beagle Kennels; but pushing on without assistance, were brought to their noses again on the hillside above the Malvern back road.

Our fox had evidently laid down in covert, hoping hounds would overshoot the line, but they were hunting too true to make any mistakes, so ran right on top of him in the wood and crossed the road snapping at his brush; but Mr. Fox evidently had a bit up his sleeve, for by the time hounds reached the opposite hilltop, he had been viewed out in the open, not only viewed, but turned by a prominent official of the Hunt (who shall be nameless), so the sobbing survivors had to turn their fast failing horses up-country once more.

Back of the cross Dutchman's farm hounds swung sharply right-handed, and running over some very nice open country just south of Frazer, that we seldom cross, took us on up-country, and keeping the Villa Maria Convent on their right, ran clean away from us again, and it was quite a gallop before we caught up with them along the railway between Morstein and Frazer, then bearing left-handed through Mr. Lewis' farm, hounds finally marked this gallant fox to ground along the edge of his woodland.

An invitation from the Duke and his Lady to tea with them at Malvern Hills Farm was most welcome, so sending my good horse "North Wind" on by the faithful Gallagher, who had ridden my young mare "Six Hills" all through the run, thereby giving her her first long day with hounds, I was saved the eighteen mile hack home.

Among the field that saw it through were: Mr. Kerr on "Standpoint," by "Jackpoint"; Mrs. DuBarry on "Bandcaster" (one of Mr. Kerr's) by "Matchless" out of "Foxhill," her second horse being "Captain Gardner" by "King Carter" out of "Gloria"; The Duke on "Cock of the Roost" by "Cock of the Walk," while his second horse was the imported "Nagsman" by "Old Antrim," who won the National years ago; Bob Brooke on "Water Wagon," by "Volstead" out of "Congress"; The Field Master (F. V. L.) on "Virginia"; Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt on "Seven-to-One"; Gardner Cassatt on his new "Zander"; Dave and Mrs. Sharp, who pulled out before it finished; Mr. Beale, going top hole on "War Dance," and his daughter, Mrs. Cromwell, on "Royal"; Mrs. Saportas, giving her new "Topper" by Calvolvadour a beautiful ride; Miss "Baby" Geyelin on "Nick," and Jack Lucas on "Theorist"; Carrol Carter with a muddy coat; Ben Holland on his grey; Major and Mrs. Johnson, of Washington, guests of, and mounted by Max Livingston; Mrs. Crosby Brown; W. Hinckle Smith on "Radnor," out of "Loyalty"; Lawrence Colfelt on a fine big bay horse; Henry Collins and his son, Eddie; Bill Evans, Jr., and Mr. Emmons.

Saturday, 19th January, 1924

A MEET AT WAYNESBORO

THE twenty minute wait at Waynesboro (where hounds met this morning) when the hound van broke down and hounds were late in arriving, was really more enjoyed than otherwise by most of the field, as it gave everyone of the seventy-three foxhunters the opportunity of examining at their leisure and admiring the

architectural beauties of the historic, old homestead of "Mad" Anthony Wayne, that famous General of our forces in the War of the Revolution.

A more perfect or picturesque spot for hounds to meet would, indeed, be hard to find in Pennsylvania, or even in America, and although a near-by chateau and some neighboring, modern, country seats may make it appear small in comparison, yet none, in all their grandeur, can compare in charm and personality to the dignified simplicity of Waynesboro.

Scent was good; hounds ran well; but the going was awfully deep, especially in the ride through the Malvern Barrens, when hounds found their first fox in the lower end and pushed him through its entire length at a racing clip, then bore left-handed at the top and fairly flying over the hill led us in to the Bill Evans' wood, where hounds turned and Reynard, pointing his peaked nose for home, made a bee line across the Boyer Davis' farm and went to ground just across the Holland field, from where we found him. There were plenty of bellows to mend, and lots of muddy faces, but everyone seemed content, although some did want to know just what it was a certain ex-M. F. H. said to a top-weight sportsman who charged into him broadsides, and also what eventually became of the beautiful lady on a chestnut horse, who has only recently presented her lord and master with a daughter, and who became exhausted in the Evans' wood and never appeared again. But, the one really important question of the day was the age of our "Buck." Everyone knew it was his birthday, but no one, even the most inquisitive of the fair sex, could guess the number of his Summers. One charming creature rode up alongside to congratulate him, while he, of the Chester-

fieldian manners, was endeavoring to remove some of the surplus Chester county soil from his mouth and eyes, when the heartless one said, "Buck, if you are getting ready to kiss me, wait a minute until I can get inoculated against the foot and mouth disease." Cruel, cruel woman, but we love her just the same.

Another topic of the day was the great sympathy expressed for that staunch friend of the Radnor Hounds, Miss Hook, in the loss of two foxes from her well-preserved covert. It appears that some outlaw fox-hunters not only dug both her foxes out last week, but carried them off to parts unknown, and our friend is most justly deeply concerned and sorely tried, so much so in fact, that she had inserted in the West Chester paper the following notice:

Foxhunting—except by permit from the owner—is forbidden on my lands. Near foxhunters who can only hunt hand-picked foxes are advised that anise seed and confetti can be obtained in shops.

—FRANCES HOOK, Willistown Township.

But to put aside the gossip and frivolities of the day, our second fox really provided much the better sport, for being viewed away from the Delchester middle wood, gave us a delightful fifty minutes over the cream of our Radnor country. Streaming away to Fronfield's corner, hounds crossed the road into Fairy Hill, turned in the wood and coming out the lower side ran to the little old Willistown cemetery, scrambled over the boundary walls and on down country to the Converse farm, then bearing right-handed in the wood, came out over the road, snapping at the fox's brush. Reynard fell in the brook with a great splash and it looked as if his end had come, but wet and bedraggled as he was, he ran completely away from hounds up the



FRANCIS V. LLOYD, ESQ., FIELD MASTER, ON "SHERRY"
MRS. GEORGE A. SAPORTAS, ON "UNCLE JOE"
J. STANLEY REEVE, ESQ., ON "POACHER"

far hillside, and keeping the Ashton piggery on their left, hounds raced with a burning scent on into Delchester again, then turning in the hollow below Quaker Wood, went on over those lovely galloping fields to where we originally found, and swinging out in the open once more, he was viewed away towards the Ashton house. Hounds carried it quite strong out to the road, dwelt a moment, picked it up the other side, but were unable to go on.

Among those out were: Miss Beatrice deCoppet, of New York; Dave and Mrs. Sharp; Mrs. Harrison and the Misses Harrison; the Field Master; Benjamin Chew; Bill and Mrs. Rolin; George and Mrs. Saportas; Mrs. Biddle on "Saturnas"; Ned Ilsley; Harry Barclay; Bob Brooke; Ned Blabon's son; Mr. and Mrs. Bodine; W. Hinckle Smith; J. Hunter Lucas; Henry Collins and Eddie; Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt; and Masters Paul, Harrison, and McFadden, the last of whom was run away with and lost his hat.

Wednesday, 6th February, 1924

THE HARFORD HOUNDS AT RADNOR

TO MY humble way of thinking, it takes a rare sportsman to bring a pack of hounds and a string of hunters to a strange country and actually show good sport; and too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Frank Bonsal and his good Harford hounds for undertaking such a sporting tour as he is now carrying out.

Arriving at Rose Tree Friday night, they quite distinguished themselves in that country on Saturday by running a straight necked fox from Lima to Westtown, the last part of it on a fast failing scent, I'm told. Monday, Mr. and Mrs. Bonsal hunted with the Rose

Tree pack. Tuesday, it rained too hard to go out, and today they honored us by meeting at White Horse, thereby allowing us the opportunity of seeing their hounds hunt our Radnor country. It was a great treat, and seldom have I enjoyed good hound work more thoroughly. They flew at times, but taken altogether, it was a slow, poor scenting day, so one had an opportunity of actually seeing them on their mettle, and, personally, I am sorry there were not more of our usual Radnor field on hand to see them work and distinguish themselves, which they certainly did.

Fairy Hill, the first draw, was unfortunately blank, but only one glance at these Harford hounds as they went into covert was needed to tell the initiated that they were a handy, well-schooled, industrious lot. Mr. Bonsal waved them into the wood from the Straw-bridge orchard, and every last one of them raced into covert and set to work with a will. They drew every inch of it, but to no avail. Pratt's Wood and Delchester were likewise a disappointment, but in Smedley's orchard on the lower side of Dutton's Mill, hounds were rewarded, and getting away right behind their fox, crossed the back road, and swinging up country, raced on through the peach orchard, then crossing the Goshen road, but keeping Bolling's Wood on their left, ran at a good clip with lots of music to the Ridley Creek in the Howard Jones meadows, where they were brought to their noses for several minutes, and had considerable difficulty in carrying it on, but meanwhile some of us had viewed the fox crossing the meadow, and going towards Miss Hook's wood. A bit of assistance put them straight, but Reynard was some distance ahead by this time, and much, I am sure, to everyone's satisfaction, the pace slackened and

horses were able to survive the tremendously deep going, also we were able to see and enjoy an exceptionally fine piece of hound work, for being left almost entirely on their own resources, as these hounds invariably are, they puzzled it out slowly, really very slowly at times, but went with evident accuracy and persistence, on through Miss Hook's, across Patterson's, over the Sugartown road into Bryn Clovis, and on to the edge of Garrett's wood, where they finally gave it up. It was an interesting forty minutes, with all sorts of conditions from a breast high scent with a fox in view, to a cold, cold line with a bit of rain and flurries of snow to help hinder hounds and keep them to their noses.

Bill Evans' wood was the next draw, and just as Fred Case, the Radnor Whipper-in, halloed a fox away from the lower side of covert, the Harford hounds harked to a farmer's pack that was slowly bringing a fox up country. They were stopped at Garrett's corner and Mr. Bonsal galloped his hounds to Fred's view, where they owned the line at once, and ran at fair pace to the White Horse Farm, when they once more were brought to their noses on the big wheat fields. Scent seemed quite fair, and holding in covert, but plough and wheat were evidently very cold to it, for one's horse could walk practically as fast as hounds could run, but a more persistent and industrious, hard-working lot it would be difficult to find anywhere, and barring about a couple and a half of babblers, they generally told the truth when they spoke. It was slow, but most interesting, and after picking it out to the White Horse cow stables, hounds bore right-handed to the piggery wood, came on down the hill to the road, crossed into the big meadows and worked on slowly

down country to the hillside opposite Dr. Stengle's gate, where they apparently ran completely out of scent, and as there were only four of us left in the field, Mr. Bonsal decided to call it a day. We directed them how to get to Rose Tree kennels, and left these good sporting Southerners to jog on their way, feeling, as I hope they felt, that their hounds had given as good an exhibition in a strange country as it was possible for hounds to give under such poor scenting conditions.

Among the field were: Mrs. Bonsal, beautifully turned out on a thoroughbred bay gelding; Lurman Stewart on a nice big chestnut; Joe Flanigan, of Boston; Paul and Mrs. Mills; George and Mrs. Saportas; Miss "Baby" Geyelin; Mr. Emanuel Hey, of Rose Tree, who was quite a stranger at Radnor, and who had a big reception; Henry L. Collins, acting Field Master; Ben Holland; Arthur and Mrs. Dickson; Hunter Lucas; R. Nelson Buckley; David B. Sharp; Erskine Smith, and Dick McNeely.

Saturday, 9th February, 1924

"OVER THE BOUNDARY LINE"

MANY years ago, during the days of John Valentine's regime at Radnor, there was some sort of a dispute with the Rose Tree over the hunting country. Feelings ran pretty high at times and kept up for a considerable period. (These were the days when people were not "too proud to fight.") Finally all the difficulties were amicably adjusted and a love feast was arranged, a regular big Radnor Roast Pig and Turkey and fizzy water affair of the good pre-Volstead variety,

to which all the foxhunting combatants and noncombatants of both organizations were invited.

Scent was quite holding and things were running along very well until one innocent and intoxicated guest unsteadily arose to his feet, drank a "bottoms up" toast, and proceeded to recite a home made poem, every verse of which ended in something about John R. Valentine and "To hell with the boundary line." Well, to make a long story short, it was a fortunate thing that the Radnor Township police didn't patrol the Darby Creek district in those days.

Reynard, the Fox, and Bowser, the Hound, apparently still revere that old poem, and here's to them both, and long may they run on both sides of the boundary line just as they did today. Masters of Hounds may become peeved; huntsmen may get angry and talk back to the field; but foxhunting flourishes just the same, providing, of course, a certain few good angels put up enough money to make both ends meet. No, this isn't a crack at a lot of people who don't subscribe to the Fund, but if they think it is, it only goes to prove they are the guilty ones.

Nevertheless, today was an enjoyable occasion, even if there were a few misunderstandings which had better not be mentioned. Our first three draws were blank after meeting at White Horse, but Thomas' peach orchard farm produced a good fox, although he did try to lie close under a wall and escape detection, but when once pushed out he fairly flew back home, for personally I think he was a gallant lover from the Rose Tree side of that famous boundary line, who had come across country a-courting to the Radnor coverts. My sympathies are invariably with the lover, so if we disturbed his wooing, I hope he's back again with his

lady love ere this, and good luck to him, for we will need the cubs next Autumn.

Be that as it may, hounds ran at a good hunting pace out to the West Chester Turnpike, crossed it just below Milltown and evidently repeating the old poem to themselves as they ran, sailed on to the Street Road beyond Tanguay, before they ever thought of checking. But they thought quite a lot about it on reaching there, because forward casts, backward casts and the lowering of caste availed them nothing. After a few minutes the Rose Tree field could be seen in the dim distance, although apparently not running; then jovial Sam Riddle appeared with a smile and a kindly word for all, accompanied by Mrs. Jeffords, and as it was beginning to look as if the jig was up for us, Walter Jefford's second horseman came galloping up with the glad tidings that our fox had just crossed the road over the hill.

This second horseman's idea of "just over the hill" turned out to be about two miles, and by the time we arrived there with the Radnor pack, Stuart's hounds of East Goshen were coming out of a wood in full cry. It was too late then, and besides, what was the use of stopping them; at any rate, we joined forces and went away up a lovely bit of country that is unfortunately spoiled by wire, and keeping Glen Mills on their left, hounds ran on to Cheney where we saw a farmer on the top of a hill waving his hat. He informed us our fox had just crossed his land and that the Rose Tree hounds had five minutes before been put on the line and so were immediately in front of us. A short gallop sufficed for us to run into them, and we had now three packs after this gallant fox. They ran pretty well together for a while, but whether the old adage that "Too many

cooks spoil the broth" is true in the end, I don't profess to say, but, at any rate, after crossing the Street Road and once more getting into familiar territory, the combined packs checked a few moments, thereby allowing us of the Radnor field to realize that we were not very welcome visitors in this Rose Tree district. However, hounds ran on once more, but scent was catchy from now on, and after getting all tied up in wire and making quite a detour on the Street Road side of the Westtown School, we came even with hounds again just as they ran completely out of scent in a large freshly fertilized field on the Marshall Jones' farm.

While the hunt servants of the three packs were endeavoring to separate their respective hounds, preparatory to moving homewards, a certain M. F. H. was not in the best of humors; but one is glad to note that his usual good nature had returned ere Greenbriar was reached, and the various fields went their different ways.

Whether Rose Tree changed foxes, or we changed foxes, or whether Stuart changed foxes is very hard, indeed, for anyone to say, but one thing only is certain—it was a very nice day's sport after a good, stout fox, and if we were running our original hunted fox all the time, he made a four and one-half mile point, north and south, and a three and one-half mile point from Glen Mills to Westtown.

Among the Radnor field were: Mrs. Alfred Alexander Biddle; Walter, Dick, and Lowber Stokes; Mr. Beale; Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt, who had a fall; Henry L. Collins; Gardner Cassatt; Harry Barclay on "Jerry Rohan"; Bob Brooke on "Water Wagon"; Dick McNeely; Dave Sharp; Erskine M. Smith; Charles C. Harrison, Jr.; Ben Holland; Miss Geyelin and Hunter

Lucas; Eddie Collins in father's breeches; Bill Evans, Jr.; Young Sam Kirk; Miss Ashton and Nelson Buckley; while among the Rose Tree followers were: Walter Jeffords, M. F. H.; Sam Riddle, all smiles and in high spirits; Mrs. Jeffords, in a most affable mood, as was Alex. Sellers; Bill Watkins, of Virginia; Foster Reeve; Jimmy Kerr, and Mr. Nixon on Mr. Kerr's "Glen-vale."

Saturday, 16th February, 1924

OVER THE BOUNDARY LINE AGAIN

ROCKY HILL may sometimes be warm in Summer, but it seems to me that whenever hounds meet there it's so cold one inwardly and secretly sort of wishes one had not been quite so foolish as to send a horse so far away from home on such a bitter cold morning. I know I felt that way when I arrived at the meet today, and I hated to take off my snug fur coat and fur hat and put on a cold topper. Horses shivered, and grooms and chauffeurs looked even colder still, as they stood about watching us move away.

Fortunately Mr. Charles James Fox of Rose Tree is a persistent suitor and was visiting his Radnor lady love again this week, as he was last Saturday; therefore, we didn't have to wait around in the cold while hounds fruitlessly drew several square miles of the surrounding countryside, for Bollings' Wood rewarded hounds immediately they were waived into covert, and with an apparent breast-high scent they raced away out the lower side to the Ridley Creek, where Reynard, evidently not relishing the thought of a cold bath, doubled back around the old deserted house, came through the wood again to Rocky Hill, where he was

viewed by Horace Hare, who was following in a motor, crossing the Goshen Road; and then pointing his peaked nose due south, took us over a nice line of country to the West Chester Turnpike and on to the Woodcock Farm at Westtown, where hounds were at fault a few moments, thereby allowing three of us, Eddie Collins, Cameron Macleod, and your humble servant, to catch up, after each having had taken a most unwelcome bath in a very cold stream of ice water. I don't know what apologies my two companions in misery may have to offer, but, personally, I have none at all; I was just simply jumped off and found myself sitting in the middle of the brook. Ned Ilsley most kindly brought my horse "North Wind" back to me, but being wet from the waist down in freezing weather isn't conducive to pleasant thoughts when standing around, but luckily for us, we didn't have much of that to do, for hounds ran on southward across the Street Road, and keeping Temple Hill on their right, bore down country across the valley from Cheney, where there was jumping and falling enough to please the most fastidious. Scent, however, was getting a bit catchy at times and hounds were often at fault, which was somewhat in our favor, as the country was unfamiliar and full of wire, and when hounds reached the charming old Sargent homestead (now occupied by Mr. Hilles, of Wilmington) at Glen Mills, scent failed entirely, and after several unsuccessful casts in all directions we started our long hack home via Gradyville, Trimble's Hollow, Newtown Square, etc., all feeling quite content after an hour and forty minutes of very nice work; but we were no sooner on our way than Horace Hare came running down the road, saying our fox had just been seen over the hill. Hounds were galloped to the view,

owned the line, but could really do nothing much with it; so after pottering about for half an hour, some of us with frozen coat tails gave it up and came on home.

We didn't meet Rose Tree, Stuart's, or any other hounds today, so that good old song—"To hell with the boundary line"—remained unsung, but not forgotten, although it is quite a strange coincidence that on these two successive Saturdays the Radnor Hounds should pass most of their day in this same Rose Tree territory. This beautiful Glen Mills-Cheney district must have been a lovely country to ride across in the good old days of Charlie and Miss Kitty Dohan, when their far-famed Lima Hounds were in the hey-day of their glory and before the invasion of that obnoxious enemy of all foxhunters, barbed wire.

Some of the brave but shivering field at the meet were: Francis V. Lloyd, Field Master; Crosby and Mrs. Brown; Bob Brooke; Thornton Baker; Mrs. Biddle on her English mare (I can't remember his name, but he gives her a very nice ride); Henry L. Collins; Erskine M. Smith; Miss Ellen Mary Cassatt on her "Seven-to-One"; Walter Stokes; the Secretary; Ben Holland; Max Livingston; Mrs. Saportas; Mr. Colfelt; Dr. Oat of West Chester; Mr. Bodine; Miss Gertrude de Coppet of New York, going great guns on a beautiful bay thoroughbred; Bill Evans, Jr.; George Saportas, Jr., and Tommy Neilson.

Quite an amusing incident took place the other day when several of the local packs of hounds met at the Villa Maria Convent for a drop hunt, in honor of the Sisters of the Convent. Reynard was liberated with all the formalities customary on such an auspicious occasion, and amid much whispering and giggling on

the part of the female inmates of the institution, he sped away over the hills, undoubtedly happy at the thought of being at liberty once more. In order that he should keep moving so as not to be chopped when the fifty couples of hounds were to be laid on his line fifteen minutes later, an old toothless hound was sent along to keep Charles James Fox on the run. But Charles evidently liked the peaceful atmosphere of the Convent, for just as the allotted fifteen minutes were up and the various huntsmen were preparing to release their hounds, the fox reappeared right in front of the Convent with the toothless old hound yapping at his brush and doing his utmost to bring matters to a close.

Everyone rushed out and shewed the fox away, and it was decided to give him another fifteen minutes' grace. Finally, the fifty couples were put on the line, and owning it with a roar that quite drowned the noise of the Broadway Limited speeding by on its way to New York, raced across the valley to the broad Morstein fields, where someone's police dog coursed the poor fox and eventually killed it.

A native countryman, belonging to a certain famous foxhunting organization, claimed the fox and was tying it to his saddle when a member of a rival hunt arrived on the scene and said the fox came from his country and that he expected to have it. Quite an argument immediately ensued, and after all the strong language of modern times had been exhausted to no avail, it was decided to settle the dispute in the true sporting manner of olden days, namely: fisticuffs.

Coats were taken off and given to admiring and encouraging friends to hold, sleeves rolled up, hats thrown to one side and spurs removed, and the princi-

pals found themselves in the center of a cheering ring of muddy, bespattered foxhunters. Personally, it looked to me as if the Paoli Massacre was about to be repeated, or as someone else remarked, "If we could pull this fight off a bit farther up-country, we might call it the Second Battle of the Brandywine."

Then, just as hostilities were about to commence, someone pushed his way through the circle of admirers and holding up his hand for silence, announced that the fight was off, as the hounds themselves had settled the dispute by taking possession of the fox, and poor Reynard had been entirely eaten up.

4th March, 1924

MENDENHALL'S BRIARS

THERE'S an old Arab proverb that says—"The grave of the horseman is always open." It's a pleasant thought for the poor foxhunter, isn't it? Why not say something cheerful and kind to him, for if he rides a lot and has two or three gees to keep exercised, he has enough troubles and some to spare, in these anxious days of motors, slippery roads and straw at twenty-six dollars a ton, and hard to get at that price.

Still there were many horsemen today who saw the grave yawning at them, even if they didn't actually fall into it and feel its cold, damp, clammy, black sides entirely envelop them for good and all.

Personally, though, I have always felt that the men and fair ladies of "la chassé" have some sort of a good, kind, guardian fairy (probably a very good looking one, too, at least I hope mine is) hovering over them whenever they take to the fields, and how patient and long suffering these guardian fairies must be, pretty

nearly as patient as some horses I know of, but I mustn't mention horses' names, or I would get into hot water, wouldn't I?

But be that as it may, the going today was about as unpleasant as one often finds it, and horses were sprawling about the countryside on their noses at a great rate from the moment hounds found their fox in Mendenhall's Briars until Reynard, the fox, returned to the Mendenhall Briars, just fifty-seven minutes later.

Clyde John and Erskine Smith halloaed this good fox away at the same instant hounds spoke to the line, and bursting out on the lower side of covert, hounds immediately swung right-handed and then on up country at a pace quite fast enough for anyone, considering the condition of the ground. One was on top one instant and in hock deep the next, and so it kept up the whole way through, with strong men and fair ladies greeting mother earth in the most unconventional of fashions.

Mrs. Upton Sullivan took first honors, then Clark, of Delchester, who most gallantly had set Mrs. Sullivan sailing again, stood on his head in the mud, and so it went. Hounds crossed the Street Road, ran on to the West Chester pike just east of Milltown, turned left-handed right at the turnpike, then racing on up country towards Westtown, but keeping it on their right, ran back over the Street Road again and finally brought us once more to the Mendenhall Briars, when they checked for twenty minutes, and the majority of the field, thinking the run was over, pulled out at once and went home, but a few of the more observant, seeing hounds had not accounted for their fox in any way, were well repaid for waiting about, by a very pretty piece of hound work, and although it was much slower

and not as exciting or interesting as the preceding fifty-seven minutes, was well worth waiting for, as hounds pushed on down country nearly to Pickering's Thicket, then came back to the Briars again and made several more small loops about the country, with the fox in view numerous times, but with scent so catchy hounds could not get on good terms with him, so they were eventually stopped and taken back to kennels.

Great sympathy was expressed by everyone during the day for our ex-Master, Laurence Bodine and his good wife, in the loss by fire on Thursday night of their charming home "Quick Water Farm," near Berwyn. Here again that foxhunters' guardian fairy was apparently on duty, as Mr. Bodine's only possessions saved from the fire, barring the pajamas he wore, were his scarlet hunting coat and one pair of hunting boots.

6th March, 1924

IN THE MUD

SOME of us may have thought the going was pretty deep and bad on Tuesday, when we had a very nice fifty-seven minutes from Mendenhall's Briars. It was far from pleasant galloping, to say the least, but today old Mother Earth apparently had no bottom to her anywhere, and in lots of places if one did not keep on going it felt as if the good beast of burden who was carrying one might be entirely engulfed in the sea of mud, and a scarlet coat isn't the nicest sort of a swimming or wading costume one can think of. I tried it once, many years ago, in the old duck pond back of the Heckscher farm at Brook's Wood, so I know. There used to be a quick way of getting from Brook's to

Innes' Wood by cutting through a narrow strip of timber into the open, then a short gallop down hill and over a low fence onto a narrow bank along the edge of the pond. A sharp, very sharp turn to the left was necessary when landing on the bank, and if one made the turn and had one's horse well in hand, everything could be negotiated quite easily and a lot of valuable time saved when hounds were running.

Well, to make a long story short, it was my faithful old horse Poacher's first season to hounds, and I must admit we had many vicissitudes together that Winter, and on this memorable occasion he was, as usual, a bit out of hand when we came down the hill, so instead of making the left-hand turn after landing over the fence, he galloped straight on into the lake and we both did a disappearing act beneath the slimy green waters of the pond. Ned Dougherty, who has just recently left us for a far happier hunting country, was following along pretty close behind me, and also riding a green one that was quite a handful to manage, and going much too fast to make the turn, followed Poacher and me into the water, and the first thing I saw when I finally came to the surface and started to swim, was Ned Dougherty riding ashore and sitting backwards on my floundering horse. He never could explain how he did it, but we decided he must have been thrown clear of his horse and landed in the water just above the spot where my horse was submerged, and so when Poacher rose to the surface, Ned found himself sitting on his back!

But to get on with today's hunt;—hounds, after drawing up country from the Leopard, pushed a fox out of Harry Disston's wood and went away to the Malvern Barrens with such a glorious burst of music

that it drove all the good resolutions one had made not to really follow them through the heavy going, right out of one's head. Hounds raced on through the lower end of the Barrens to the State Road side, turned left-handed up country, then came through the wood into the big swampy meadow on the lower side and raced away over the hill with only about half the field trying to keep on terms with them. The meadows back of the Peace farm were actually knee deep, but on hounds ran, and on we struggled to Bill Evans' wood, then a left-handed turn and a long up-hill pull over the corn field made a moment's check beyond the Boyer Davis' gateway most welcome.

Charlie Farr in his Ford had viewed our fox over the road, so a quick cast put them right at once and we galloped on back to the Barrens, where hounds turned down country, and keeping the Holland house on their right, and Arthur Dickson's on their left, fairly flew on through the Waynesboro wood to the big swamp, then slowing up a bit, hounds worked it out very prettily across the Kelly farm to Nawbeek, and on to Cathcart Rocks, and crossing Crum Creek to the top of the hill, pushed on over the White Horse Farm and bore right-handed once more towards Lisle's Swamp, where we had a breathing spell while hounds picked their way through the thicket. But once through it, they went on up country, hesitated a moment to take a smell in the Disston earth, found Reynard was not at home (much to the disgust of most of us with sobbing horses) and drove on into the bottom end of the Barrens, where a fresh fox came to his neighbors' relief and mixed things up a bit. We viewed this new fox running along the edge of the wood with practically the whole pack right after him, only three and a half

couples sticking on the line of the hunted fox. Meanwhile the hunted one ran on through covert, came out in the middle as he had done earlier in the day, turned down country and crossed the road at the corner, where Horace Hare and Charlie Farr holloed him away. Galloping to the view, we found only the three and one-half couples on the line, and by waiting for the main body of the pack to come up, we lost the lead hounds, and by the time the others arrived, scent had quite disappeared and we were beaten.

On our long hack home, however, we met Fred Case, whipper-in, with the three and one-half couples of lead hounds, he having found them marking their fox to ground in the Disston farm.

Many shoes were cast during the run and several bold spirits had muddy coats, but taken all together, it was a most successful day.

Among those in the field were: Francis V. Lloyd, the Field Master, on his faithful "Sherry"; Ben Chew on "Oviat"; Miss Cassatt on "Seven-to-One"; Henry Collins; Mrs. Crosby Brown on "Virginia"; Nelson Buckley, who was getting a cold; Dick McNeely; Dave and Mrs. Sharp; Mrs. Rolin; Miss "Baby" Geyelin; Hunter Lucas; Mr. Bodine; Benn Holland and about fifty others I can't remember.

March, 1924

"THE BOSTON INVASION"

WHEN George Lewis, Jr., of Boston, wrote me several weeks ago that he would like to come and have a few days with the Radnor Hounds, it pleased me very much; but I must admit I was a bit stumped when he later wrote that Miss Sylvia Warren, Miss Olivia Ames,

and George Rice would also like to come for a week, if I could get them enough horses.

It's all very well, and generally quite easy to get cattle of a certain quality to mount men, but it's a very different proposition, indeed, finding safe conveyances for two charming ladies of whose horsemanship and ability across a country one has not the slightest idea; but, fortunately, Tom Clark, of Delchester, came to my rescue and not only provided the fair Bostonians with safe horses, but most capable ones with good manners to boot. J. Hunter Lucas supplied me with excellent gees for the men, and as it turned out, so far as horseflesh was concerned, nothing more could have been desired.

At the last minute Miss Ames was detained in Boston, owing to the illness of her mother, so Miss Mary Hunnewell took her place on this sporting tour; and after much correspondence between Lewis and myself, they all arrived safely and on time at the Sugartown meet on Tuesday morning, the Eighteenth of March.

Mr. Coxe's wood and meadows were blank, but that old reliable covert, the Malvern Barrens, gave our visitors the first opportunity of hearing the beautiful, melodious voices of the Radnor bitches, as they challenged the line of that stout, dog fox, who has provided us with so many good gallops this season. He may be a sort of ringer and not bold enough to make very long points, but barring that one fault, he has saved the situation on numerous occasions when all the surrounding countryside has been drawn blank. This time, however, hounds found him in the middle of the swamp, and pushing him down over the road into the lower end, burst out the bottom, and swinging right-

handed gave us a short, muddy gallop across the abandoned Disston farm where he was marked to ground just back of the old house.

A jog across country and Quaker Wood provided a much straighter-necked pilot for our Boston friends to follow, for pointing his mask to Fairy Hill, Reynard led hounds over as beautiful a bit of our country as exists; then bearing sharply left-handed across Bryn Clovis and the Sugartown Road to Miss Hooks', hounds sank the little valley to Dutton's Mill, pushed on over the hilltop, and the field, being compelled by the soft going to keep to the road back of the Smedley house, not only viewed but turned the fox, and it looked for a moment as if he would run right into the on-coming pack, headfirst. He didn't though, and not only saved his brush, but put his pursuers at fault for several minutes. Hounds carried it strongly over the hill and down the other side to where some men were burning brush, but could not go on. Several casts availed nothing, then a long one backward by the little bridge on the edge of the bog put them right, and working it rather more slowly through the wood above the Ridley Creek, went on out to the Paper Mill and into Delchester again; then crossing the cinder drive hounds ran on through the middle wood, crossed into Pratt's, and went on over the Strawbridge meadow, then keeping to the right of the Willistown Meeting House, ran to the Converse farm where scent began to fail. Hounds, however, carried it slowly through the big grass fields, but apparently gave it up on the plow in the Snowden farm, and as it was getting late, everyone left. Then just as Will Leverton was blowing his hounds for home, they picked up the line again and

went back to Quaker Wood with no one with them but the huntsman and whipper-in.

Considering the deep going and the pace hounds ran at times, falls were very few. Hunter Lucas took first honors on George Brooke's "Reddist," when he turned upside down over wire that some thoughtless farmer had used instead of rails to mend a gap in the big brown stone wall back of the Paper Mill. It was a nasty looking tumble, and poor "Reddist" was so badly cut that he won't be hunting or racing again for many a long day. Next Georgie Lewis performed beautifully for us over the fence from Pratt's into the Strawbridge meadow, but barring a broken hat, there were, fortunately, no bad results.

Among the field were: Mrs. Saportas, looking very smart on "Uncle Joe"; Dave and Mrs. Sharp; Miss Gertrude deCoppet, on "Rufus"; Henry L. Collins; "Lem" Altemus; George Saportas, Jr.; Miss Cassatt on her pet "Seven-to-One"; Welsh Strawbridge, ex-M. F. H., of White Marsh; Walter Stokes; Erskine Smith; Dick McNeely; "Bunny" Sharp; Charlie and Mrs. Harrison; Miss Harrison; Lawrence Colfelt; Mr. and Mrs. Bodine; Miss Geyelin; and Charlie Harrison III.

That evening we had a little party at Brookthorpe for our visiting celebrities, and on Wednesday they hunted with the Brandywine.

Thursday we met at the Leopard with quite a representative field out, and just to keep up the reputation of the Radnor country, hounds ran for three hours so hard that horses and horsemen were done to a turn long before hounds could be stopped.

Bill Evans' wood produced this fox as soon as hounds came into covert, and being viewed away with

the pack right on his heels, Charles made a short loop around the covert, and hounds coming back along the edge of the wood hesitated a moment when they winded our steaming horses, which were a bit too far forward, then raced on through the orchard, crossed the road and sailed away to Fairy Hill as if glued to the line. Scent was good, and on hounds ran, but the going was much too deep to make galloping the easiest thing for a horse to do, but it apparently didn't stop hounds, as they went through Fairy Hill and out the lower side into Pratt's so fast one was fortunate to be on any sort of terms with them.

Hounds dwelt a moment after crossing the road from Pratt's Wood into Delchester, ran on towards the Ashton house, but keeping it on their right, crossed the road once more and were at fault again in the hollow below the piggeries. Scent was very poor and catchy here, and evidently Reynard knew it, for as we were standing about on the hillside watching hounds the fox jumped up out of the grass right in front of the pack; hounds coursing him over the hill into Delchester again, and giving us a beautiful gallop over those lovely grass pastures to the Middle Wood, where a fresh fox went away in front of hounds and the pack, unfortunately, divided; but strange to say, both foxes eventually took the same line of country, both going to the Malvern Barrens, but by slightly different routes.

The division I happened to be with (four couples) came out of Delchester between Fronfield's corner and the Batten house, crossed into the old Rising Sun, and keeping Fairy Hill proper on their right, fairly flew on across Bryn Clovis to Peace's swamp, then to the Barrens and back to Fairy Hill, where we were joined by the main body of the pack. It's possible one

fox went to ground in Fairy Hill; at any rate, after a moment's check in the wood, hounds came down the hill with a roar, crossed through Pratt's again into Delchester, and making a left-handed swing towards the West Chester Pike, went on to Dutton's Mill and bore right-handed back through Miss Hook's to the hill top beyond Patterson's, where they seemed to run completely out of scent. We all decided to call it a day and left for the long hack home.

Hounds, however, had other ideas, as they finally picked out the line once more, and carrying it to the Malvern Barrens made another loop around the countryside finally ending up in Delchester again.

A few of us had a late tea at Brookthorpe, drank a bottle of old Port, and with that delightful, peaceful, tired feeling that only comes after a long day's hunting, sat before the fire, and as Plunket Stewart says—"Talked the situation over."

One accident though marred an otherwise perfect day, and it fell to the lot of Miss Warren, of Boston, to play the part of the good Samaritan; and, capable woman that she is, her war-time training at Camp Devens undoubtedly was of great service in this emergency, which for the moment seemed quite serious. Mrs. Bodine's horse fell while galloping through the Strawbridge meadow on the lower side of Pratt's Wood, and the rider, striking her head on the rock strewn ground, was rendered unconscious. Miss Warren immediately took charge, and by her knowledge of what to do and what not to do, soon brought her patient back to consciousness and made her as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, until a motor from a near-by farmhouse could be commandeered.

March, 1924

THE DEATH OF "SAM BALL"

HOPE is supposed to spring eternal in the human breast, and as all good foxhunters are usually human, if nothing else, it therefore is excusable if they do sometimes get a bit down on their luck and low in their minds when, with only four more weeks of the season to go, they have a whole series of absolutely blank days in a row. Every last, blessed foxhunter was hoping to himself last week that possibly foxes might be extraordinarily kind and allow hounds to finish the season in a burst of glory that would go down in history as a record breaker; but all their hopes were dashed to the ground, and possibly far underground where maybe the foxes were, too.

This Winter of 1923-1924 has been exceptionally mild all through, with hardly enough snow or frost to stop things more than a day or so at a time, and that only once or twice, so I suppose one should not grumble or grouse if the second week of March has to be recorded as about the rawest, windiest, most blank week in the hunting season. It is disappointing though, to say the least, when one has been wishing and hoping for a continuation of sport such as we had the first week of the month.

Monday rain; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday each with a regular dyed-in-the-wool Northwester, not the ordinary kind of March wind, but the forty-mile-an-hour sort that blows and blows and blows, makes one's eyes bloodshot and one so sleepy after dinner that it's hard to stay awake even long enough to finish a cigar, never mind how good it tasted at the start.

The faithful few who had braved the elements earlier in the week were sure it would be fine by Saturday, but all were doomed for disappointment at White Horse when the time came to move off and we found Jupiter Pluvius still working overtime and doing his utmost to spoil sport. He succeeded splendidly from eleven until even the die-hards had to give it up at five o'clock, after scouring the country from Rocky Hill to Yarnall's Hollow, and from Delchester to the Malvern Barrens.

Only once during the whole day did hounds speak, and then it was only the young entry, but the older ones joined in the fun, although keeping very quiet about it and losing their nerve at the crucial moment.

Hounds feathered in the open field below the Delmas wood, ran into covert, and some few spoke to the line, and the small field, left at this late hour, thought virtue was really going to reward them at last; so galloping quickly out the lane, arrived on the other side just in time to see the pack come tumbling down the bank into the road right behind a splendid, big, yellow and white Tom Cat. The proverbial sheet would have covered them, they were so beautifully packed together, and Tom's doom seemed sealed (one would have bet a hundred to one on it) but all in the twinkling of an eye Mr. Tom turned on his pursuers, and with humped-up back and swollen tail wheeled sharply about and spat at the foremost hounds in such loud and angry tones that they stopped in their tracks and the rear hounds fell all over those in front of them, yet not one had the nerve to tackle Mr. Cat. He stood there in the road and held the whole seventeen and a half couples spellbound. Not a stern moved; not an eyelid blinked until Fred, the whipper-in's well

dubbed thong popped like gun in their rear; then with lowered sterns they sheepishly turned their heads an instant, and our friend, the cat, quickly grasped the opportunity of accepting the kind hospitality offered by an adjacent telephone pole.

About the only other noteworthy event that happened during this cold and blustry, blank week was the sad death of Mrs. Alfred Alexander Biddle's old campaigner, "Sam Ball." Sam was a pet and well-known character of the countryside, and was just as safe a conveyance for his charming mistress across country behind a pack of hounds as he was carrying his numerous jockeys brilliantly between the flags. Besides being a member of the Radnor Team that won the famous Foxhall Farm Challenge Cup at Monkton, Maryland, in 1920, he was the only horse, out of a field of twenty-four in this race, that neither fell, refused or ran out.

In 1916 he won the Meadowbrook Plate at Huntingdon Valley, the Rose Tree Plate and the Middletown Barren's Plate at Rose Tree, and was second this same year in The Harston Cup and the Erdenheim Cup at White Marsh, and the Radnor Valley Challenge Cup at Radnor.

In 1917 he won the Border Plate Steeplechase at White Marsh, and finished second in The Middletown Barren's Plate at Rose Tree, and also second in a race at the Pickering Meeting.

SEASON OF
1924-1925



CUBBING

From the Sportsman, ye drones, you may learn how to live,
Exempted from pain and disease,
He'll show that the fields and the meadows will give
That health which you barter for ease.

So WROTE some good old British sporting poet in the "Songs of the Chase" in 1811, and personally I have the greatest respect for the old school sportsman who took his sport seriously and made it practically his life's work. His were the days of leisure that could be devoted to the pursuits he loved and the times when one could concentrate on the subject in hand and not be annoyed by a multitude of other things to do, nearly all of which have been made possible, and, therefore, one is now more or less prone to consider necessary by the advent of the motor car.

How delightful it would be if one might retain "That health which you barter for ease," by getting about eight hours of good sleep every night, especially in the cubbing season, when one has to leave one's downy cot at four or four thirty.

Perhaps, though, the sportsman of the olden time didn't get all the sleep we are apt to imagine he did, even though he didn't have motor cars or Fords to take him across country to visit his lady love. The motor may bring one home more quickly, but old Dobbin brought him home more peacefully, and if perchance his lady love had been obliging, he had more peace of mind and leisure to enjoy the memories of her charms than one now has, while endeavoring to break the speed laws or outwit the police department.

It seems impossible to mention any disadvantages of foxhunting, but the one distressing disadvantage of

cub hunting is the loss of sleep. Maybe it's old age creeping on, and maybe it isn't; let's hope it isn't, anyway; but if some kind, foxcatching soul could invent a method of getting eight hours solid sleep between midnight and four in the morning, he would be made a life member of every foxhunting organization in the country at once. As one of our enthusiastic Radnor cubbers said the other morning, while he mopped the sparkling beads of perspiration from the top of his shining, bald head (he's slightly past the first rosy blush of youth, too), "If the regular season don't start soon and hounds meet at a decent hour, I'll be entirely worn out and unable to hunt the rest of the season, what with cubbing four or five mornings a week, and then riding with the children in the afternoon, I'm about done!" Another keen, cub hunting sportsman was bemoaning his fate because he has a debutante daughter, and said he would never be able to catch up with his sleep all Winter. Still we do it, never mind how much we grouse about it or how cross and sleepy and disagreeable we are after dinner, but the urge is there and one apparently must answer it; and that reminds one of the little poem by Will H. Ogilvie that recently appeared in *Punch*.

THE CALL

Gold and green the elm leaves lean and interlace,
 All the colored woodlands are calling to the Chase.
 Dew is on the stubble field, ruddy grows the thorn,
 All the withered meadow-land is listening for the horn.

Lures of lawn and hammock, rod, and bat and ball,
 Fade before the coming of a stronger lure than all.
 Faint before the whisper of the padding feet that pass,
 Fail before the witchery of hoof-beats on the grass.

England in her summer sleep turns about and stirs,
Hears the click of bridle rings, hears the clink of spurs;
Sees the gleam of spotted flanks moving in the gorse,
Sees the flashing scarlet of a Whip upon his horse.

Rippling water charms no more; nor the lazy noon
Spent among the lime-trees where a wild bee makes the tune;
Something fiercer tugs the heart, fans the blood to fire,
Sets the pulses galloping and wakes the old desire.

Girths are buckled, reins are drawn, stirrups caught again;
Women turn to sterner play, men go forth like men.
Where the storm clouds gather, where the strong winds stride,
Autumn calls to England and bids her bravest ride.

One cannot help it this time of year; one must hunt.
So there you are.

As has been said before, one must hunt; and so we did on Saturday morning, August 30, but without the Master, who had not, as yet, returned from his honeymoon abroad with his lovely bride.

Previously to this, however, there had apparently been several meetings of the Radnor Rumor Committee; in fact, this self-appointed Committee had met so often of late that one came to the conclusion about the middle of August that their sessions must be continuous, and, personally, I was hoping they might continue until they fell exhausted and all died from some terrible scandal-mongers' disease. But their constitutions seemed to be of iron; so to put things straight, the Radnor President, Mr. Beale, called a meeting of the Board, and from then on the Rumor Committee adjourned.

Fortunately, there had been plenty of rain during the Summer and scent was never better for cubbing than in late August and early September. The first morning, that great event that happens only once in every three hundred and sixty-five days, and is looked forward to by quite a few people I could mention as

the one important epic making day of the whole year, arrived at last. Although I admit, it didn't seem as if any day at all had arrived, as I jogged out of the stable yard and away from the light into the inky blackness of that August night. I could hear my son Joe's pony coming along behind, and sometimes I thought I could hear the groom speaking soft words to a young mare he was riding; but my most vivid impressions, thoughts and actions were chiefly confined to wiping wet cobwebs from my face. Some day when my ship comes in and I'm rich (but I've about given up that idea now, with stable strappers at ninety dollars a month) I'm going to have a servant who is taller than I, ride a bigger horse than I ride, to go in front of me to catch all wet cobwebs on dark cubbing mornings. However, if it wasn't for the spiderwebs, darkness, stones in the road, etc., it wouldn't seem like old times; but it did seem like old times this year, and just as we reached the corner of Bryn Mawr Avenue the first, faint, grey streak of dawn became visible over Fox Hill Farm.

Will Leverton was waiting for someone to appear, and Fred Case was just climbing aboard his horse as we rode down the kennel drive, and Tom Dillon's figure, with his hands in his pockets, was silhouetted against the light in the stable door.

The stage was set for another season, but it didn't seem possible that my son and I were to be the entire audience, so we waited a couple of minutes and Bob Montgomery appeared; then we moved off and Will made the season's first cast in Mr. Gilliland's meadow, where hounds found a stout running cub at once that took them across the road and on into Goughacres, where the charming chatelaine of that demesne was

rudely awakened from her peaceful slumbers and greatly, yes, very greatly, annoyed by the continuous cry of hounds racing around and around her house. It was most unfortunate, but we couldn't help it. Hounds were glued to the line of their cub and stopping them seemed out of the question, even if we had tried. We knew we were in bad, but what could we do? Fortunately, later on in the day, our apologies were most graciously accepted, so all's well that ends well.

Cubbing continued top-hole well into October; cubs were found where they should be found; hounds were blooded; and two of Radnor's fairest daughters were also blooded, the Misses Montgomery and Reeve. But, unfortunately, my daughter's nurse washed the blood from off her charge's face, therefore, so her brothers tell her, spoiling the charm, and that means that the gory but painless ordeal will have to be done all over again the next time she's in at the death!!

Thus the cubbing progressed with the usual pleasant incidents of the season. After a bit the Master and his bride returned from Paris and appeared at covert-side one fine morning, all smiles and both beautifully arrayed in brand new kit, which caused much jesting among the small and intimate field that happened to be out.

There was one incident though during the cubbing season that was far from pleasant, for one morning while hounds were out, the Hawthorne Stables and barns caught fire, and fanned by a high wind, burned to the ground in short order. Mrs. Harrison, returning from cubbing rather early, proved the heroine of the day by assisting in the rescue of all the horses, barring one. Never was there more complete destruction by

fire; but the Master of Hawthorne kept his proverbial smile throughout, and Harry W. Harrison, his companion through many hard runs of years ago, gallantly came to his assistance by putting the entire Happy Creek Stables at his friend's disposal.

In years gone by, the official opening of the Radnor season always took place at Mr. Charles C. Harrison's hospitable "Happy Creek Farms"; but since the War, owing to various reasons, that great day, when rat-catcher costumes are laid aside for new scarlet and spotless leathers, has been celebrated either at Delchester or Brookthorpe, so it was with great rejoicing that the word was passed around that Mr. Harrison had requested the opening meet be at Happy Creek once more.

The invitations were out, but at the last moment, much to everyone's regret, they had to be recalled, owing to the sad death of Mr. Harrison's granddaughter, Miss Dorothy Rowland. By this time quite a serious drought had set in; scent kept getting continually poorer and poorer, until it was finally decided to postpone the official opening of the season until Saturday, November 8.

Although the newspapers had been predicting rain for almost a fortnight, the old adage that "All signs fail in dry weather," proved only too true, and on the eighth of November, at "Brookthorpe," when my good wife and I were favored by having the opening meet and breakfast, the country was so dry and dusty, and scent so poor, that hounds could do practically nothing. But I must confess I was pleased when our pet fox made good the traditions of a Brookthorpe breakfast by breaking covert in full view, not only of the field of eighty-five, but also about a hundred and fifty other

guests who had honored us by coming to the opening meet. He played along in front of hounds, giving us a miniature hunt in a circle about the place, only to mysteriously disappear just as everyone was getting warmed up, especially those on foot who had become enthused by the view.

17th November, 1924

"A BACK YARD FOX"

IT MAY seem silly to write a yarn about a back yard fox, but the one found this morning at eight o'clock at Colonel McFadden's kitchen door evidently has a garbage route, just like some pet dogs one could mention. Most anyone who lives in the country and has several dogs, invariably has one or two who make a daily tour of the neighboring garbage pails, and I often thought last season that a fox in our small covert must have been in the habit of visiting our kitchen door during the night, for if hounds pushed him from his kennel during the day, he always ran right through the kitchen yard, while making one or more circles of the place before going to ground, as he did inside of ten minutes.

Some of our dogs are fed by the cook at the kitchen door, and others at the stable. There is more competition at meal time at the stable, and usually nothing left, but the house pets are better fed, or rather fare better, from their point of view, and generally some apparently tempting morsels are left, so it is these bits of food that the foxes of the neighborhood seek at night.

As is well known among hunting folk, a hunted fox is apt to run the same line he hunts over when out on

his nocturnal rounds, so I came to the conclusion my pet fox visited our back door most every night. My conclusions were more or less verified quite recently by the cook informing me that when she came down a bit earlier than usual the other morning, she heard a rattling of the dishes outside the door, and on going to see which of her favorites was there, was surprised to find a fox calmly picking up the remains of the dogs, supper of the evening before.

A fox is supposed to be cunning, but how one would dare invade the precincts of Brookthorpe, with five dogs (a brace of greyhounds, a terrier, and a brace of spaniels) sleeping out, as they invariably do, shows a fox's true sagacity.

What other garbage pails my Brookthorpe fox visits, I don't know, but Colonel McFadden's fox undoubtedly has a feeding route that takes in all the fine mansions of the neighborhood. Some pretty rich food, too, he must consume, so he had better look sharp about his figure and wind, or the Radnor Hounds will roll him over one of these fine mornings when scent is good and Mrs. Drexel or Mrs. Clyde has had a dinner party the night before.

Scent was poor on Monday morning, so Reynard's well filled "tummy" did not hamper him; but wait until we have a rain and scent improves, and if this *pate-de-foie-gras*, terrapin and lobster fed cub doesn't rue the day he contracted for this garbage route, I'll be greatly mistaken.

Reluctantly leaving the back door of the Radnor Valley Farm, our Monday fox followed the Ithan Creek through the long meadow, then swung right-handed over the hill, and crossing the new Radnor and Chester Road, led hounds to Goughacres Wood, where

scent was uncommonly poor; but working it out slowly they carried on to Mrs. Clydes' scullery door, then raced away over the lawn to the Kennel wood, and being brought to their noses again by the dry and blowing leaves, puzzled it out on the hillside and ran hard by the back door of the Club House. Keeping Louis Meimbresse's waste cans on their right, hounds ran slowly over the hill back of the Kennels to the Roberts Road, and recrossing the concrete road went into Hinckle Smith's demesne, where we, of the cold and shivering field, had some difficulty in keeping on terms with them owing to the slippery roads and a locked gate along the Roberts Road. Will Leverton, however, abandoned his horse to a groom and went after them on foot, and had a good run across country, which I am quite sure the rest of us would have appreciated, as we were just about frozen to death. Hounds kept on persevering, and although scent appeared to be getting poorer every minute, they worked with great pains right up to Mr. Smith's kitchen yard, then circling back again followed the edge of the Timberline plantations to the main entrance on the Ithan Road, crossed into the little meadow below Fox Hill, and ran at quite a good pace up the wooded hillside to the house where Mr. "Billy" Ellis is temporarily residing, and where I don't doubt Reynard gets many delicious midnight meals. From the mansion he proved his esthetic taste by taking hounds through the lovely old walled gardens of Fox Hill, probably in honor of the late Mr. Rudolph Ellis, President of Radnor Hunt for many years, and on to Ned Blabon's house, where hounds bore right-handed down to the corner, and crossing Bryn Mawr Avenue into Bob Strawbridge's meadows, ran towards Meadow Lodge; but this

fashionable, country house visitor evidently suddenly remembered the Strawbridges were in Leicestershire for the season, so crossing Coopertown Road into Wootten decided to pay his respects to Mrs. Drexel. Scent in the Wootten Park was so poor that hounds gave him an opportunity to make quite a formal call, as the cold wind and moving leaves nearly put an end to our so-called hunt; but a forward cast to the clock tower put them right again, and after paying their respects at the kitchen entrance worked on into Mr. William MacPherson Horner's, then keeping the Sulgrave domestic quarters on their left pushed on slowly through the wood to Livingston Biddle's new house, where hounds ran completely out of scent on the high ground near the back door and were at last beaten by this (as someone's groom remarked) "swell society fox."

Personally, I felt quite slighted that this fashionable visitor had not paid his respects to my humble home, but possibly there is honor even among thieving foxes, and Brookthorpe may not be on his circuit.

Tuesday, 25th November, 1924

NINETY MINUTES

NOT for many years have I been to a meet at Goshen School that a cold wind was not blowing a gale and everyone just about frozen stiff and ready to go home before hounds had drawn their first covert of the day; but this morning there was actually quite a good sort of hunting smell to the weather and so about sixty ladies and gentlemen put in their appearance at eleven o'clock.

The weather may have been propitious, but it takes

more than the weather to make a foxhunt, and even Stuart, who hunts that far part of the Radnor country with his own hounds, was not able to show Will Leverton where to find.

Shellbark Hollow, our first draw, was blank; the big Morstein Woods were blank; Mr. Brown's was blank; the Hershey Mill wood likewise; and so was John Sullivan's meadows; in fact for nearly three hours hounds scoured the countryside without a whimper, and a good many of the otherwise faithful had begun to think of the long hack home, including the humble scribe; in fact, I was a mile up-wind of hounds and out on the Sugartown Road when they were drawing the north side of the Malvern Barrens, and they were drawing it down wind, too. Reynard slipped away down wind, and hounds slipped away down wind so fast, and most of the field being away up wind of them that the great majority had a very poor start and a few I could mention had no start at all, and their day ended right here. But a stern chase is better than no chase at all, so my good horse North Wind and I set sail, and although I never saw or heard the leading hounds the entire way, I had a great gallop and the good fortune to cast up with them just before the end.

Racing down wind with actually a flying start, hounds skirted Mr. Charles Coxe's wood and sailed on over the Sugartown meadows (where Will Leverton's horse put his foot in a hole and turned upside down, followed in a couple of minutes by John Clark, whose horse did likewise, breaking five of Clark's ribs) to the wood opposite the Malvern Hills Farm, where Mrs. Sharp took quite a nasty looking fall over a trappy fence, but fortunately was none the worse for it; hounds in the meantime, going through the Saportas'

covert and racing away towards Rocky Hill, but bearing left-handed at the Goshen Road, crossed into the peach orchard and on to Taylor's meadows where three or four of the struggling field nicked in with the favored few first flighters. Then this sporting fox straightened away down country via Dutton's Mill to the Delchester middle wood, where I'm told hounds were brought to their noses for the first time, but dwelling only a moment, ran on across and through Pratt's to Fairy Hill, then bearing slightly left-handed, but keeping Bill Evans' barn on their right, hounds pushed on to the White Horse Farm and dwelt a moment before going up the hill to Cathcart's Rocks; but once on top, ran down the other side, over the road, up the opposite hill to sail away toward Lockwood's Hollow.

I was catching up with a few of the tail hounds by this time and beginning to feel that if Reynard stayed above ground long enough and my faithful conveyance held out, I might possibly see something of this run after all; but I also must admit I was not in the most amiable frame of mind until I saw a glint of scarlet the other side of the Vandergrift Wood. A friendly gate allowed me to make a short cut, and instead of going into Lockwoods, the pack swung my way, right-handed, and I was there; then over the White Horse Road into Crum Creek and it was over. What a ride, and never to see or hear hounds; just cold blood all the way.

There were very few of the original sixty had it, only the Master on "Springfield," Mrs. Owen Toland on "Sloe Gin," Miss Conaway, Gerry Leiper, Dr. and Mrs. Francis^G Jacobs of West Chester, and John and Mrs. Converse.

Thursday, 4th December, 1924

BAKER'S WOOD TO SNAKEHOUSE

DURING the cubbing there is generally a fox or a brace of them in Sharp's wood, and they run about Hawthorne Farm in circles and give hounds some quite pleasant mornings; but after the regular season starts they invariably disappear, so it is little wonder that the story has been passed around that Dave Sharp kept his cubs in his hay mow, and that they were burned to death when his stables were destroyed by fire a few weeks ago. Whether it's true or not, I can't say, and Dave won't tell; but one thing is certain and that is—that Sharp's wood has been blank for several weeks.

It was a disappointment to hounds again today, but working on down country to Thornton Baker's, a good stout fox was viewed out the lower side of his covert with hounds right on his heels; but on reaching the hilltop back of the Bartholomew house he came around to the wood again to finally break covert on the west side, where Mrs. Owen Toland viewed him away. Hounds dwelt an instant on crossing the Leopard Road and were brought to their noses again by a herd of cattle in Buttonwood Farm, but ran on at a nice pace to the lower end of Lockwood's, and on to the Delmas meadow, where scent seemed catchy once more; but opening up with a roar they crossed the White Horse Road beyond Hayes' corner and ran into Innes' Wood; here our fox turned right-handed, and coming out on the upper side hounds ran into the Cherry Knoll meadows, where our casualty column began to grow. Erskine Smith was first on the list; a certain fair lady, who shall be nameless, ran him down just as his horse

was about to take off, and he came a pearler; then at the next fence (which really is a big, upstanding, four-railer) Miss Frances Mills came to grief. Hers was a nasty looking fall that shook her up quite a bit so that she had to go home; but hounds went on nearly to Mr. Yarnall's ford, where they bore slightly left-handed, crossed the Goshen Road just east of the covered bridge into Mr. Seeler's wood, while the field took advantage of the Boot Road to get on terms with them on the lower side of the Dingleton farm. Hounds swung left-handed through the Dingleton meadows, ran along the edge of Brooke's Wood where Ned Ilsley joined the list of wounded by cutting his nose on the limb of a beech tree. Hounds were at fault a moment in the DuPont wood at Centre Square, came down nearly to the road, then pushed up the hillside through the wood again, and racing away over the Ellis Home fields crossed the West Chester Turnpike and seemed to be pointing for Florida Swamp; but turning down country ran over the road back of Newtown Square, through Foster Reeve's, and on to the Trimble's Hollow road at Snakehouse, where something or someone must have turned our fox, for hounds doubled right back again towards the Vauclain barns and finally marked their fox to ground on the hillside.

The field of sixty had diminished considerably ere this, but about a dozen survived to tell the tale, including, besides the Master, Mrs. Toland, Miss Conaway, Miss Dolan, Gerry and Mrs. Leiper, John Converse, Bob Montgomery, and Dick McNeely.



EDWARD LESLEY, ESQ., ON "WILD ROSE"

Tuesday, 9th December, 1924

THE DUCK POND

YESTERDAY morning, as there were very few out in the rain and fog, we did a bit of back yard missionary hunting to find just exactly where a brace of foxes that are supposed to live somewhere back of Mr. Clarence Dolan's residence on the Roberts Road, have their kennel. It didn't take hounds long to account for one of them as he quickly went under in a drain on R. K. Cassatt's driveway.

As it is against the traditions of Radnor to dig a fox out, he was left in the drain (for the time being)!! But this morning (Tuesday), when hounds met at Centre Square, they found a good straight-running pilot on the hillside just back of Brooke's Wood in double quick time, that gave us a delightful gallop of twenty-five minutes straight down country at such a fast clip that less than a dozen cast up with the pack when they marked him under in a drain on the Goughacres' driveway.

Drawing the upper side of Brooke's in rather a quick and suspicious looking manner, hounds were halloaed away quite before most of the field knew what it was all about; but hounds running a couple of hundred yards up wind circled around to the left and came back through covert with a great burst of music to the edge of the wood and then fairly flew over Willie duPont's big pastures to his duck pond on the Goshen Road where Reynard, evidently imagining hounds couldn't swim, took to the water and very nearly met his doom; but he was a faster swimmer than his pursuers and reached the far shore in safety, crossed the road, ran up the hillside to the high fields back of Centre Square

then bearing left-handed crossed the Newtown Road into the Emmons' farm and, pointing his peaked nose for home, left hounds a breast high scent to follow that gave our poor horses all they could do to keep on terms with them. From Old Square to the Hospital Farm gate on the Goshen Road was as fast a piece of hound work as I believe I've ever seen; then dwelling only an instant in the road, they ran on through Mr. Earle's wood to his meadows, and here most of the perspiring followers somehow went astray. Hounds, however, with great drive and cry pushed on through the Gilliland bottoms, crossed the Creek Road, raced up the opposite wooded hillside to the top and ran on to the far side of the Goughacres' demesne where they marked their fox to ground in the before-mentioned drain.

One couple of hounds followed their pilot into the drain, and as it was some time before they could be gotten out, we had a much needed breathing spell before moving on.

Among the survivors were: Mrs. Paul D. Mills; Miss Gertrude Conaway; Miss Rita Dolan; Miss Lydia Clothier; Miss Bingeman on "Jake"; Dick McNeely; and George Hasbrouck.

Saturday, 13th December, 1924

"TWO FAST ONES"

ALTHOUGH the sky seemed quite ready and willing to deluge the countryside with rain, stair-rods or cats and dogs, as the old saying goes, any minute this morning, as it had done during the night, it takes more than a threatening sky to dampen the enthusiasm of a Radnor field when hounds meet at White Horse. There was not only a goodish sized field following hounds, but

half the countryside also seemed to have turned out to see the sights, and a few real sights there were, too. But why mention names and make enemies? Life's too short!

It's a great thing to give them a gallop right away and Fairy Hill did it immediately, even if it was only a short, quick burst. Hounds were hardly away from the huntsman's horse than one spoke, then another, and more quickly than one can write it the pack was racing up through the meadows, then swinging left-handed to the wooded hilltop, fairly flew across the Goshen Road to Pratt's and into Delchester, where ardent followers had a bit of trouble with the rough wall out of the road. Cameron Macleod's horse was hung up straddle the stones and pretty badly cut; but hounds, not waiting for man or beast, went on, pushed on through the Middle Wood and were brought to their noses for the first time on Dr. Ashton's lawn; then picking it up again back of the house ran on through the orchard to mark their fox to ground on the hillside just east of Quaker Wood. The clockers all agreed for once, ten minutes to the dot, and only one dirty coat; but Bob Brooke quickly brushed that off.

The remaining Delchester coverts were drawn blank; but our good Quaker sportsman, Isaac H. Clothier, Jr., and his "King Daley" thrilled the field by turning upside down over a fine, big, upstanding fence that Isaac apparently just couldn't resist having a try at. Dutton's Mill was blank, as was Miss Hook's, when Mrs. Saportas and her old reliable "Uncle Joe" covered themselves with mud and glory by making a nose dive when landing on some loose stones over the far side of a smallish fence. Fortunately, the mud was

soft. Then apparently, just to keep the crowd amused, someone's horse (I don't know his name, but he was a friend of Thornton Baker's) was hung up on a fence in the Malvern Barrens. Several men went to the rescue and quickly extricated the horse, but George Brooke, who was holding a couple of the rescuers' gees, somehow let his foot get caught in the reins of one of the horses. Of course, they milled around just at this moment and George was lifted out of the saddle and suspended in mid air and probably would have been there yet had not someone called out, "Let go, George." He did, and crashed to mother earth, much to everyone's amusement, except his.

Shortly after this episode hounds spoke in the lower end of the Barrens, so instead of going home, which seemed to be the order of the day, hats were pushed down a bit tighter, cigarettes thrown away and we were on our way once more, with the mud flying thick and fast. Hounds made a short turn around the Goudy farm, then bore down country through the Disston property and on over Holland's to the lower end of Cathcart's Rocks; but turning back across the road ran out of scent on top of the hill. Part of the field evidently headed the fox, for it was quite evident our pilot tried to come out on the White Horse side of covert a couple of times, as hounds would carry a good line to the edge of the wood and then turn back. Scent was so holding that hounds finally broke away and ran heel all the way to Lisle's Swamp, before they could be stopped, but were then taken back to Cathcart's and went away from the lower side with a beautiful cry and gave us all we could do to keep on any sort of terms with them. Bearing left-handed over the creek just below the swimming pool, they crossed the

road into Pick Harrison's, and it looked as if Reynard was making for Lockwood's Hollow; but changing his mind this fox bore right again and crossing the White Horse Road into the Crum Creek meadows, came on up country against the wind to be marked to earth in the little wood back of the White Horse poultry houses.

It had been very nice, very fast and very muddy, and forty-five minutes, including the time lost when the pack ran heel.

The White Horse store was quite handy to telephone for one's motor; also, they happened to have most delicious home-made hard cider for sale, so the inner man was cheered and all was well.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1925

SEVERAL days ago I was on the point of writing a hard-luck story about the mediocre sport of the past fortnight; in fact I had lighted my pipe, looked up some dates and was just about to begin when someone asked me a cross-word puzzle question, viz.: "A six letter word, beginning with T and ending with T, that means a ball-bearing mouse trap." Well, by the time that brain twister was solved it was too late to start anything so frivolous as a hunting note, and now I'm glad it was, for our luck changed with the New Year and we at least had a clinker, although only five of us were fortunate enough to really have all of it with hounds.

From what I have been able to gather at the Fox-hunters' Luncheon Table on non-hunting days, sport has not been "out of the top drawer" with any of the neighboring packs thus far this season. We have all had one or two quite good days, but the really brilliant, "clean out of your country and ride like Hades" sort of runs have been the exception. We had a couple at

Radnor in early December, but since then only a lot of short bursts with our pilots getting to earth in quick order; all of which has, of course, been more or less disappointing to the unusually large fields that have been coming out with these hounds.

Although good sport may not have been quite up to par, there have been one or two bright occasions to keep the sportsmen of the countryside in good spirits, namely, the Master and Mrs. Hare's breakfast at "Kelso" on the twentieth of December, which, from a social point of view, was all that could be desired. Everyone turned out in their very best bib and tucker, and even some of our most rat catchery ones actually condescended to appear in scarlet, though one must admit the smell of camphor was rather strong in the neighborhood of a certain few. Cruel as it may seem, it was rumored that evening that the real reason hounds did nothing all day was owing to the strong odor of moth balls and camphor that permeated the air to such an extent that it made hounds' noses absolutely useless. Be that as it may, it was one of the blankest days on record; also one of the coldest and quite one of the largest fields seen for a long time. As the Master unfortunately contracted a severe cold and was confined to the precincts of "Kelso" for several days with laryngitis, it was whispered around that this dire malady was brought on by his swearing at his unruly field on this cold Saturday! Whatever the cause of his ailment, it was not until today that he reappeared at covert-side to wish everyone the compliments of the season.

It was a most discouraging and unpropitious sort of day to hunt; cold as blazes, with a raw, biting, northeasterly gale blowing and the ground as hard as the

oldest inhabitant at White Horse had ever seen it. In fact it was so cold that Drexel Paul jogged straight home from the meet instead of going on to cover with the other foolish, frozen foxhunters. John Jorricks was right when he said, "There's nothing so queer as scent, 'cept women." Not the most optimistic of the younger generation of school boys, home for the holidays, had much hopes of hounds being able to run a fox even should they find one, which seemed quite doubtful, as apparently everyone was of the opinion no self-respecting fox would be above ground on such a day.

Great coats were kept on as long as possible, but when the ten minutes' grace was up, we shivered down the road, dodging an unusual lot of bucking, kicking horses to Fairy Hill, where, much to everyone's surprise, hounds found at once and all the New Year's resolutions the Master had hoped his followers had made regarding thrusting, over-riding hounds, etc., were forgotten or thrown to the cold, four winds and his troubles began; but hounds apparently had none; it actually seemed as if their noses had been tuned to the scent of this Fairy Hill fox before they left the van at White Horse. Don't you know how they sometimes sort of have to get their noses tuned to the line before they can really go. Perhaps it was so cold they decided to go into covert well prepared for emergencies, and it was lucky for us, the shivering hundred of humanity, that they did. At any rate, they opened to the line of a good, stout fox as soon as they were cast into the wooded hillside, and carrying it through the wood came out the upper end, while Horace Hare was busy as a bee restraining the New Year resolution breakers. It's very likely most of the horses were feeling their oats a bit too much, but that's no excuse to

press on hounds' sterns and hardly give them a fair chance, still with all the thrusting and cold the pack drove on, crossed the Sugartown Road into Schmidt's, dwelt a moment just short of Miss Hook's Wood, then raced away down the hill, crossed the Goshen Road into Dutton's swamp, and were never seen again all day by ninety-five per cent of their pursuers. By a streak of rare good luck, a few of us turned right-handed at Taylor's, the others galloping up the hill to the left. Hounds, however, had already crossed the big Taylor meadows and were momentarily out of sight in the wood, but some of us heard their cry and managed to get on terms with them again before they crossed the Sproul Road. It was pretty much of a gamble here whether to venture over the road and chance being tied up in wire, or swing to the right, trusting hounds would do likewise. We took the latter course, kept out of the wire and were lucky enough to get right alongside them just beyond Rocky Hill. Here they recrossed the Goshen road into Harper's Wood, and keeping Tramp Hollow well to their right, ran over a beautiful bit of unfamiliar country and gave us as lovely a gallop as the frozen ground would permit, with the added charm of having them all to ourselves. The crowd had been beaten and had vanished; hounds were running with wonderful pace and cry and the old proverbial worn out blanket would have covered the pack; what more could a mere foxhunter desire? Personally, I enjoyed it to the full, and my only anxiety was for my eldest son, who was having his first real clinker, but who was fortunately obeying instructions and galloping along in good style a bit to the rear on the off side. On we went, over lands one did not know, hounds

always driving on, and with the pace quite fast enough to suit the most fastidious. Then the Hoopes Bros. and Thomas Nurseries hove in sight on our left and that old thought flashed through my mind that we are always apt to lose our fox in these vast nurseries; but just then the pack bent a bit right-handed towards the West Chester, Paoli, State Road, crossed it into the Hicks' farm, and racing on with that same wonderful drive and cry, marked their fox to ground in the middle of an immense field on the Hicks' farm, adjoining the easterly side of the nurseries.

The time was forty minutes; the point just five miles; and nine miles as hounds ran; and we had fourteen and a half couples of hounds at the earth; but no huntsman or whippers-in to take them home, so we let them enjoy themselves about ten minutes before endeavoring to persuade them to follow one of the mere field. But just as we were getting them nicely under way, the hunt servants appeared and relieved us (Dick McNeely, Miss Dimmick, my son, Joe, and Baldwin) of our task.

The Misses deCoppet, Mr. and Mrs. Bodine, Bunny Sharp, Mrs. McNeely, Frank Lloyd, Donald Dodge, Apthorpe Fuller of Boston, and half a dozen others cast up about this time, so we faced as bravely as possible the pleasant prospect of an eighteen mile hack home against a biting wind, and the only bright spot on that long, cold journey was Boxmeade Farm, where Donald Dodge hailed us and "insisted" on our having a hot Scotch, with a health to the Ladies, Foxhunting, and the New Year. Really that was one of the best drinks I ever had and just about saved my poor delicate insides from being entirely congealed.

26th January, 1925

"A BROOKTHORPE FOX"

IF THE Patron Saint of foxhunting is Diana of the Chase, then that fair and lovely Goddess must certainly have been on her vacation during practically all of January, 1925; for barring New Year's Day and Monday, the Twenty-sixth, when the charming Diana probably was forced to return to visit her laundress or something, she has deserted our Radnor country as completely as if she had eloped with Mars and was still hunting Germans in Flanders.

Perhaps though the lovely Diana has only gone to Palm Beach where so many of our other seductive maidens are wintering, but wherever she is, poor dear, whether cruising on a yacht in southern waters, well provisioned with nectarines and drinkables, or enamored of a youth under a gently swaying palm, she no doubt has entirely forgotten her frozen, red-nosed, snivelling, apologies of sportsmen in the North; for rarely indeed have we been so completely snowed up and utterly frozen out as since January second, when it snowed and rained, and did most everything else one could think of, and then just to put a good finishing touch to the job, a real cold snap came along that formed a crust to the snow and made it absolutely impossible for horses or hounds to navigate the country.

Contemplating a stable full of horses fairly eating their heads off, while waiting for the countryside to thaw out, isn't the most cheerful thing one can think of at the moment, so maybe our Diana was given a good tip on the weather in advance and acted wisely; at any rate, perhaps we in Pennsylvania are not the only ones out of luck, for the following bit of verse by

Mr. Will H. Ogilvie in the current issue of *The By-stander* suggests that our British cousins, so to speak, are somewhat in the same predicament.

OUR HUNT ON TOBOGGANS

The roads and the rides are as hard as a brick,
There is ice in the fields and the lanes,
The diamonds glitter on star-grass and stick,
And the cars are all running on chains,
While our frozen-out Hunt lying flat on its front
Is in search of such joy as remains.

The lure of the Cresta comes home to our hearts,
And we borrow a thrill from the Swiss,
As sled after sled on its journey departs
With a highly delectable hiss.
Here the slow may excel in the finest of arts,
While the thruster goes sadly a-miss.

Here's our Whip steering badly, thrown out to the wide;
Here's the Huntsman who finds it too swift;
Here's the Breaker, a man whom we reckoned could ride
And were sure there was nothing could shift
At last come untied, lying prone on his side
In the deep of a treacherous drift!

Here's a lady—when hunting she's faultlessly dressed—
Looking damp, in disordered array;
Here's a Colonel attempting to lie on his chest
Though the rest of him gets in the way;
And there goes our Master—and one of the best!—
Cutting figures of fun on a tray!

There is frost in the air and our fingers are chill,
And the jewels are white on the thorn;
But there's more ways than one of achieving a spill
When you're feeling left out and forlorn—
So bring your toboggan to Tangbury Hill,
And we'll blow you away on the Horn!

On Monday morning, the twenty-sixth, that good sportsman from Trainer, Pennsylvania, "Bill" Kerr, called me up while I was dressing and wanted to know

if hounds were going out, and if so, at what time. It was just the encouragement I needed. I took a smell at the weather, found it was mild and sunny, and decided if he was game enough to send horses all the way over to Radnor, I would also take a chance; so after much telephoning, the M. F. H. kindly said hounds would go out at eleven. No one turned up at the meet but the two of us with our respective servants; therefore, having things all to ourselves, we could ride as close on hounds' sterns as we wished and turn as many foxes as broke from covert, and do all sorts of things that are not in the book of hunting etiquette. However, we decided to draw down country, confident of finding almost at once in the Fox Hill Farm wood, but the resident of that covert was not at home, so hounds worked on down country to Brookthorpe, and I was delighted when old Trojan, that good, reliable hound who has found so many foxes, spoke to a line just below our garden. Trojan spoke three times, then the main body of the pack raced to him, owned it, and went away towards the Darby Creek with a cry that could have been heard for miles. A brace of foxes was in front of them, but, fortunately, sticking to the one we viewed, hounds swung right-handed over the Brookthorpe hills, and keeping the hay stacks on their right, ran out to and over the Darby Road just below the Chimney Corner, crossed into Fox Hill and on through the covert we had just drawn blank, when Mr. Ellis' farmer viewed our fox crossing Bryn Mawr Avenue.

The Fox Hill fences were pretty well drifted with snow, but a line of friendly gates allowed us to keep on terms with hounds; then crossing a corner of Mr. Smith's Timberline plantations, we picked up Miss

Alice Good, who was out for a ride in the snow and had also viewed our fox. Swinging a bit left-handed into Goughacres the pack ran on to Mr. Clark's, where Miss Augusta Harrison and Dave Sharp nicked in; then pushing over the Godfrey Road into Ardrossan ran the whole length of those beautiful snow covered fields, and crossing the Creek Road into the Tryon Lewis' swamp, pushed on through Sinnott's to the upper end of Mrs. John Brown's, which was a five mile point from Brookthorpe.

Swinging left-handed beyond the Brown wood, our bold pilot led hounds straight down country through Yarnall's Hollow and they were at fault for the first time when crossing the road in the lower side of Yarnall's. But the check was only momentary, for picking it up over the road, hounds ran on through Mr. Earle's wood, crossed the Goshen Road into the Hospital Farm, and bearing a bit left-handed carried on over Bryn Mawr Avenue to the Radnor Barrens and came on towards home as far as Saw Mill Hill, where our fox was evidently turned by a motor at the bridge. Hounds checked here again for several minutes, but hitting it off in a backward cast started up country again, and keeping the quarries on their left, swam the creek and raced up the meadows along the Darby Creek to the Fairhill wood, on through Mr. Gilliland's to Broad Acres and to Yarnall's Hollow again, then skirting the frozen lake, pushed on up the hillside to the wooded top, where we decided our horses had had quite enough, so stopped hounds and jogged smilingly back to kennels, feeling pretty well pleased with ourselves and the world in general, for what could please a couple of foxhunters more than a run of two

hours and seven minutes, after having been snowed up for four long weeks?

Thursday, 26th February, 1925

A BRACE FROM WAYNESBORO

ROBERT SMITH SURTEES, the creator of our old friend, John Jorrocks, and one to whom most of us, I'm sure, owe thanks for many pleasant evenings, once said, "I know of no more melancholic ceremony than takin' the string out of one's 'at at the end of a season and foldin' up and puttin' away the old red rag."

Jorrocks was quite right, one certainly does feel rather let down when the curtain falls on another season, and one counts on one's fingers the number of months until cubbing begins again. Five, I just made it; a long, long time, and especially so when one has plenty of well conditioned horses in the stable, and the turf so nice and springy as it is now. Would that one lived in a country where they always kill a May fox and begin rattling the cubs around about the end of July. Still I suppose we do have to give the lady foxes an opportunity to attend to a few domestic duties, and the gentlemen a short vacation of sorts. But speaking of domestic duties reminds me of Dave Sharp's continual boasting about the prolific propensities of the inhabitants of the "Ridge." He's wrong for I happen to know of a down-country vixen who at the moment has a flourishing family of eight. If the Master of Hawthorne can beat that, I'll dig out my litter and transplant them at the Leopard, and as long as I'm ragging Dave, I'll just remind him, not in a boasting way at all, mind you, that the longest point made at Radnor this past season was from down-

country to Happy Creek, or to be exact, from Brookthorpe to the very upper side of Mrs. John Brown's, and just as straight as the crow flies, and then back again, too. Those celebrated Berwyn-beefsteak-hand-fed-Hawthorne-foxes never equalled that!!

Someone once said that a fisherman is satisfied if he makes a good catch; that a shooting man is quite content after a good day's sport; but a foxhunter is never satisfied, and even after the best of runs, is always anxious for the morrow; and even our friend Surtees once said to a lady, "If you are lucky enough to marry an out and out foxhunter, you will find that a good run is only adding fuel to the fire, only making him anxious for more." But be all that as it may, one has to be satisfied now for a while, as it's all over for the season, and the "old red rag" (some of them I could mention are actually pretty ragged) can be safely laid away in the cedar closet.

The Leopard meet this morning was fairly well attended; the going was perfect; and we were honored by a visit from the Cheshire M. F. H. and quite a gathering of the younger generation home for the holidays.

Waynesboro wood kept up its old traditions by producing a brace of foxes, one breaking covert right-handed, and running in view of the field towards Kelso went to ground in short order; but the other stout-hearted fellow kept on through the long covert to be pushed out the upper end, and gave us a fast gallop to the Holland farm, then bearing left-handed through Mr. Lisle's, hounds raced on, and keeping the swamp on their right, crossed the road and it looked as if our pilot was making for Bill Evan's wood, but quickly swinging left again, nearly ran clean away from us.

It took a bit of real galloping to get on terms with them again in Cathcart's Rocks; but never hesitating an instant in that big covert, they crossed the road and the river and bore left-handed through the Naw-beek meadows and on into the Kelly Farm, where the big upstanding fences took their toll. Fortunately for our horses and some of the field, hounds were at fault a moment just after entering the long Waynesboro wood the second time; but on they went over practically the same ground as at first, to finally run completely out of scent at the Paoli Road.

The sun was hot; the day was warm; and the faces, both male and female, were scarlet; horses were blowing and hounds acted as if even they considered they had done enough. Maybe they were quite right in thinking so, but at any rate, they very apparently made no further effort to find another fox, so after drifting about the country a couple of hours more with no results, were taken home.

Besides the Master, who was riding his favorite Springfield, and who quite distinguished himself by leaping Mr. Coxe's red gate, there were Mr. Kerr on Standpoint, by Jackpoint; the Misses deCoppet of New York (Miss Gertrude on Mr. Kerr's imported French mare "Sleepy Hollow"); Dave and Mrs. Sharp; W. Plunket Stewart, M. F. H. Cheshire, on Bloodstone, he by Blue Stone; Jimmie Kerr on his Uncle Bill's Broodwood, by Kilogram; Ned Isley on his celebrated Wild Rose; Miss Augusta Harrison; Young Sam Reeves on Mr. Kerr's Invengarry II; Charles C. Harrison, Jr.; R. Nelson Buckley; Tommy Neilson; Miss Good, of Bryn Mawr College; "Bunny" Sharp; Miss Eugenia Kelso Cassatt on the Dimmick mare; Miss Antoinette

Geyelin; Gardner Cassatt on Greymaster; the Messrs. Guckes, J. Hunter Lucas, and Arthur Meigs.

Tuesday, 10th March, 1925

SUGARTOWN

HERETOFORE this season Sugartown has not been a very successful meet; luck has been rather against us whenever hounds met there. In fact, to be quite candid and to tell the whole truth, sport has really been far below the average the whole season through, not only here at Radnor, but with most every other pack of hounds in this part of the country. It's quite true that there have been some exceptionally good days, but they have been the exception rather than the rule, and whether its been a season of poor scenting conditions, or a lack of foxes, or a certain slackness in hounds, it's hard to say. Sometimes it seems to be one thing and some days another; but taking the season through. I'm personally more inclined to put the blame on hounds than anywhere else. Day after day they have been listless and have shown practically no desire to find a fox, apparently preferring to trail along behind the huntsman's horse like so many ducks waddling home after a paddle in the brook.

All signs fail in dry weather, and the worst streak of bad luck must inevitably end sometime; therefore, perhaps ours stopped today, let's hope so, at any rate, and trust for a continuance of the sport we had this morning very shortly after moving off from Sugartown.

Evans' wood ("Bill" Evans' wood, to be more explicit) produced a stout-running fox that apparently had no fixed idea in his red head of where he was going. He just ran; first to one covert, then another,

up-country and down, but fortunately kept moving and finally beat hounds after about an hour and a half of twisting all over the country. In the first place he made a circle of the Evans' wood, then came out the upper side and ran down the road through the horses and very thoughtfully allowed Erskine Smith to take a few feet of moving pictures of him before straightening away towards Sugartown, but soon after crossing Peace's swamp bore right-handed towards the Malvern Barrens, while most of the field made a bad turn, thereby having to gallop to Sugartown and do a bit of fast road work to get on terms with hounds again; and at the pace they were running it looked as if most of them would never catch up, and especially your humble scribe who had taken a short cut and was just about to congratulate himself upon having done a smart trick and being on beautiful terms with the pack, when on galloping wide open into an old lane on the John Gheen farm, turned heels over head over a single strand of wire stretched across the barway. Thinking I was alone, I was not at all careful or particular about the language I used towards the cold-blooded, careless individual who had put up that wire, but a frightened scream from a most charming lady quickly brought me to my senses just in time to see my good horse "North Wind" turning upside down a second time over another wire fence he had run into after pulling away from me while I was turning somersaults on the ground. Before I could get to him he galloped off to disappear in a woodland, leaving the lovely lady and me alone, and me, on shank's mare, with no horse in sight. Supposing, of course, my day was done, I told the lady to go on, apologized for my language and went off in search of my horse, expecting to find him



THE RADNOR HOUNDS AT STUGARTOWN

From the Painting by Charles Morris Young

By Kind Permission of the Radnor Hunt

quite cut to pieces and done for the remainder of the season, at least; but after wandering about the wood a while, I decided to go to a neighboring farmhouse to see if they by any chance had a telephone, where much to my surprise, I found the farmer leading my horse around his stable yard, with hardly a scratch on him.

To make a long story short, I climbed aboard again, feeling quite resigned even should I not see hounds again all day, and very thankful indeed that my steed was not in need of a "vet." Soon I met the lady once more who had somehow missed connections with the pack, even after I had so kindly broken the wire for her. We jogged on down wind and presently met hounds head on coming back up-country at a great pace all on their own. We sailed in behind and had them to ourselves over the Boyer Davis' fields and on to the Evans' wood once more, where they dwelt a moment and the first flighters came up. (While I had been searching the wood for my horse, hounds had run through the Barrens, crossed the Disston property to Cathcart's Rocks and gone on towards the Leopard to eventually turn back up-country through Mr. Alec. Coxe's to Cathcarts again and on to where the lady in question and I met them.)

Carrying on through the Evans' orchard, hounds crossed the road to the Gallagher house, ran through the farm yard, bore left-handed in the meadow as if pointing for White Horse, then swung up-country again, and here Bob Montgomery came a regular pearler over a big upstanding fence, but fortunately for him, the landing was soft and muddy, so no serious damage resulted, excepting to his hat. This crooked-running fox next visited Fairy Hill, but didn't tarry

there, ran on to Pratt's and hounds pushed him through to Delchester, then a kindly farmer at the Ashton piggeries said he had just run through his yard and been coursed by his collie dog.

Scent was becoming a bit catchy by now, but a forward cast over the road put them right and we turned down country once more, but at a much slower pace than earlier in the day. Hounds were hunting beautifully and had to work every inch of the line, thereby allowing plenty of time for music, but it was getting slower, and although they persevered over the Converse farm and into the Peach Orchard, they could go no further than the Providence Road just above Edgemont.

STRAIGHT DOWN COUNTRY

Saturday, 14th March, 1925

"IT ISN'T the distance, but the pace that kills," so runs the old proverb, and although the pace didn't actually cause the sudden demise of any gallant foxhunters to-day, it nevertheless brought several of the Cut-em-downs to grief and scattered our large Saturday field over several miles of the fair Radnor countryside.

A big, bold fox was viewed away from the lower side of the White Horse Farms' poultry yard covert the moment hounds appeared over the brow of the adjoining hill, and quite before most of the coffee-housing assemblage were able to jam their hats down a bit tighter and throw away their cigarettes, hounds were streaming along the hillside with such a holding scent that even the most uninitiated must have realized they were in for something a trifle faster than the average. But evidently some didn't, for quite a few were left behind and thus ended their day. Hounds, however,

crossed the White Horse Road into the Crum Creek Farm meadows and raced on down wind and down country with absolutely no consideration for their poor struggling pursuers, then bearing slightly left-handed over the road into the Seventy-six farm disappeared into Lockwood's Hollow, and undoubtedly chuckled to themselves if they took the time to look behind them and saw the entire field held up at the old barway into the wood, where some cold-hearted, non-fox-hunter had nailed a lot of formidable saplings across the ride. However, much the hounds may have laughed at us up their sleeves, we soon found a way over a bit to the left, and although the top bar was out, it wasn't the most pleasant place in the world to jump. The huntsman and whipper-in had it first; Arthur Meigs was next, and four-wheel brakes never stopped a car quicker than his horse did, but Arthur's brake linings must have been a bit worn, for he sailed on over the fence, *sans* horse, and politely took the bridle along with him; but being an agile young fellow, he was back across the fence again before you could say knife.

Hounds by now were quite in the middle of the hollow, so it took a bit of galloping and a leap over an awkward snake fence into the wood to get on terms with them again; then swinging a trifle right handed, but keeping the Delmas barn on their right, they crossed through the Okie orchard and on over the road to Innes' Wood, and I doubt if hounds ever ran through this well known covert at a faster pace. Horses were blowing a bit by now, and going down the upper side of the wood William Saunders took the most appalling bustle over hairpins sort of fall. The horse rolled on him, stood up and then sat down and rolled on him some more. It looked any odds on Saunders being flat

as a pancake, and I guess he felt that way too, but he came round all right, I'm told. Our pilot had no thoughts for our safety or our wind, but proceeded to lead hounds towards Brooks', then no doubt feeling too strong a breeze on his mask, bore left again through the Alfred Biddle's, crossed the Newtown Road into Calvert's, with the pack fairly flying over those lovely broad fields, and keeping Serrill's Race Track on their right, crossed the Wyola Road and sailed on into the upper end of Yarnall's Hollow to make their first check (it was only an instant) in crossing the back road into Mr. Earle's. Then carrying on through the wood, they were at fault at the Broadacres' gateway, where the cool waters of the little lake were too tempting for some of the hounds to resist, so several couples decided they were otter hounds for the moment. We were a hot and perspiring group, though happy and contented, nevertheless, with the thought of having done a five mile point in less than thirty minutes. A forward cast availed nothing, likewise a right-handed swing, but on the left they opened to it once more, and pushing on over Mr. Earle's hillside, finally marked this gallant fox to ground in a drain on Mr. Gilliland's driveway. Most everyone thought they had had enough, so after a cigarette, turned their sweating and steaming conveyances towards home; but a few of the die-hards asked for more, and no sooner were hounds in the Broadacres rough field along the Goshen Road than they spoke to the line of a fox that took them across Bryn Mawr Avenue to the Radnor Barrens, where he turned south through the long covert, and then recrossing Bryn Mawr Avenue led us over the Hospital Farm and back to Mr. Earle's swamp, where scent failed and hounds were taken back to kennels.

Some of those in the best of it were: Mrs. Paul D. Mills; Francis V. Lloyd, Field Master; Miss Eugenia Cassatt; Dave and Mrs. Sharp; Miss Gertrude deCoppet; Mr. Guckes, Jr.; Bob Montgomery; Mrs. Denckla; "Joe" Reeve on "White Rock"; Miss Augusta Harrison; Charles C. Harrison, Jr.; "Bill" McFadden; "Buck"; Harry Barclay; Gerry and Mrs. Leiper; Walter Stokes; Dick McNeely; and Gardner Cassatt.

LOUIS MEIMBRESSE

RADNOR HUNT may not be ancient enough to have great tradition; but it has tradition of sorts and had a great asset in its faithful steward, Louis Meimbresse, who died quite suddenly on Sunday, June 21, at the Club House.

Louis was a great deal more than mere steward to most of us; he was our friend as well, and belonged to that fast disappearing band of inn-keepers of the old school, who always welcomed one with a smile and a kind word, regardless of the hour of the day or night one happened to drop in on him; and he also always knew exactly what would taste best at each and every hour, whether liquid refreshment was needed for the inner man, or something more substantial; whether one's appetite craved lobster and champagne, or just plain scrambled eggs and tea. Louis could tell as soon as he opened the door and had rubbed his hands together a couple of times, just what one needed, and would disappear into the depths of his immaculate culinary department, muttering, "Yes sir; yes sir; right away sir."

The top of his kitchen range was always red hot, Summer and Winter, day and night, and as might be expected, his coal bills were large and a continuous

source of worry both to the House Committee and the Treasurer! But what he wasted in coal he more than made up in many other ways. He presented the Club with an extra bath room at his own expense; installed a five-hundred-dollar refrigerator; and did many such things that only a very few ever knew about.

Louis loved the Radnor Hunt, and was as much a part of it, and a good deal more so than most of us. It was his home for over thirty years and he regarded it as such, and treated its members as part of his family. He knew their love affairs, their sorrows, their scandals and stories; and he never told tales out of school.

SEASON OF
1925-1926



CUBBING

How well you remember that day in September,
The dew lying bright in the morn,
You first heard the sound of the voice of a hound,
And first heard the twang of the horn.

THE first day in September, 1925, was Tuesday, the first of the month, with Plunket Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds at Unionville. It was quite a satisfactory morning from a cub hunting point of view, but hot, yes, very hot, and sticky, too.

Plunket is a great host and a great sportsman, and I know of nothing more enjoyable than spending a night under the hospitable Brooklawn roof; to be called at five the next morning, and later be mounted on a superb imported English hunter and jog along in the mysterious early dawn to covert behind twenty and a half couples of as beautiful English hounds as were ever bred in America. Jogging along in the dark were the Master on his Maryland Hunt Cup winner "Marcelinus"; the Master's charming daughter, Doris, on "The Grey Nun"; Ned Ilsley on "Leicestershire"; and the humble scribe on the imported Cheshire; then following at a discreet distance came the Master's youngest daughter, Elsie, age ten, and my eldest daughter, Kitty, age nine, and Miss Van Pelt in a phaeton with a pair of piebald ponies driven by the faithful Michael. It was a rare treat, indeed, in these days of motors, to see two young ladies, sportswomen both, and yet so young, keen enough to get up at five and drive several miles in the inky blackness of a sultry, sticky morning, to see the cubs rattled around for an hour or so. Foxhunting must be in their blood;

God bless them; and I'm sure foxhunting germs in one's blood are a great deal better than several other kinds of bacteria one could mention; so may the foxhunting microbes thrive and multiply.

The Master touched his horn when under the windows of Penn's Manor, and the Lord of the Manor appeared immediately from above, draped in a flowing nightie, with a hearty welcome followed by an invitation to stop back for breakfast.

Dare made his first cast in one Murphy's corn field; hounds spoke almost immediately, and with volumes of music to cheer our souls we sat on the hillside and watched them push their cub around this big field of standing corn several times, to finally break covert on our side and give us all a splendid view of as handsome a young fox as anyone could wish to see. Then driving him across the hill into Webb's Wood, hounds marked him under. After another short bustle about the wood on a second cub, hounds were taken home owing to the intense heat.

One morning during the cubbing (the tenth of September, I think it was) I solved a problem that has puzzled many a better foxhunter than I'll ever be. No, that's not quite the truth; it was solved for me, quite against my will, too, but solved most successfully nevertheless, and by a very small but brave animal, known to my household as a "pussy from Poland," but to most of us as a plain skunk.

If you want to be left alone in the field, given plenty of room to get your own start when hounds go away, have no nervous, dancing horses rubbing the bloom off your boots, and be in no danger of being kicked by a fresh four-year-old brought out to see hounds for

the first time, just keep a well charged, pet skunk in your stable yard. To make a long story short, as I was jogging quietly along the Darby Road to the Kennels in the early dawn, a beautiful black "Pussy from Poland" ran between my horse's front legs and let off his fire extinguisher at exactly the right moment to catch old "Poacher" on the belly and perfume my Maxwells to such an extent that I was given a wide berth by everyone all morning.

Monday, 26th October, 1925

IT WAS blowing great guns on Sunday evening, October 25, when I went to the stable to take a final peep at my pets who live there, so orders were left that if the gale died down a bit by morning to have "North Wind" at Centre Square at six-thirty, otherwise, to telephone my dressing room at five.

And with the morning (as they say in the movies) the gale had spent itself, so instead of blustering sort of weather, the day dawned quite calm, and, as proved later, ideal for hunting.

Paul and Mrs. Mills, John Converse, Drexel Paul, Frank Lloyd, and Walter Stokes were the only ones on hand to greet hounds as they jogged up the Goshen road; and, what is more delightful than a small field on a good scenting day?

Brooke's Wood produced our first fox at once, and after pushing him out towards Mr. Battles', then back nearly to Boxmead, hounds swung around right-handed and marked him under in a drain right at Willie duPont's front door.

But it was Reynard number two that made this morning memorable; and it isn't often that one has a ride over the very cream of one's hunting country

without something to complain of; some small trifling detail that is not quite to one's liking; but the line of country this second fox took us over, the pace hounds ran, the fences we had to jump, in fact everything from start to finish left nothing to be desired; and the others who had this delightful gallop, I feel, are of the same mind.

We viewed this good fox away, right in front of hounds, from Mr. Charlton Yarnall's wood—to be exact, right across Crum Creek from his house—and with a nice holding scent hounds raced up the hillside, giving volumes of tongue, then down to the wood again and away at a splendid pace over lovely big grass fields to the White Horse Road, across it and up the hill to Mrs. Cuyler's poultry yards, then bearing right-handed over the back road, crossed the White Horse Farm into Bill Evans', up his long meadows of good, sound turf to the gateway that Fred Sturges crashed through so many years ago; and swinging a bit right-handed again, took us over the Boyer Davis' fields and on to the deserted house on the Disston farm, where the pace slackened a bit for a minute or two, and hounds worked on down into Lisle's swamp, then coming out on the opposite side ran up to the Lisle barns, came back to the road and ran on down it a piece with a wonderful cry over the Holland farm into the Pinebrook woodland, when they were at fault a few moments; but by casting themselves over the road, owned it again and carried on into the Waynesboro Wood to the lower side, and marked their fox to ground along the fence line in the Waynesboro middle field.

It was forty minutes, and quite as nice as anything one ever gets; and for a cubbing morning, very hard to beat.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN GREYHOUND

ONE often hears of good shepherds, both of the two and four legged kinds, and one has read of dogs taking an injured pal to the vet who had previously soothed its own injuries, but never, until one Sunday evening quite recently, have I ever heard or seen a dog bring a wild animal that was in distress to its own master for relief.

We were just finishing supper and it was still quite light, owing to the daylight saving, when I heard a sort of tinkling sound outside, but as we have six dogs who are generally up to some sort of mischief, paid no attention to it; not so one of my sons, who looked out the window and exclaimed, "Look, Dada, Reddy is bringing the funniest kind of an animal up the drive;" and I must admit I didn't know what it was until I went out for a closer inspection. Reddy, by the way, is a fine big greyhound.

The family all rushed out, and there was Reddy slowly walking up the driveway alongside of, and unquestionably piloting, an extraordinarily large groundhog, who had a tin can stuck over its head, so that it was blind and helpless. The tinkling noise we had heard was the tin striking the stone curbing of the drive as the greyhound led the way to the house.

How long the poor groundhog had been in this dire predicament no one could tell, but the inside of the can was licked quite clean, and the remnants of a label on the outside showed it to have originally contained "Conowingo Corn." As the tin was well up over the groundhog's ears, it took two of us some little while to work it off, after which he scampered away into the shrubbery, undoubtedly greatly relieved.

Where Reddy ran across his friend-in-need, I don't

know, but that he evidently told the groundhog to come along with him and he would have the can removed, there is no doubt.

My greyhounds have killed many groundhogs, but this one in distress they would not harm, and did him a kindness instead. Sounds like a bed-time story, but it's true.

Saturday, 31st October, 1925

OPENING MEET

YEARS ago, before the War, the official opening of the Radnor season was always held at Mr. Harrison's Happy Creek Farms. I can well recall the thrill of my first meet there, the big house, the scarlet coats, the elaborate breakfast, Penn Smith at a small table doing himself very well, lots of strange faces, and everyone looking so brave and smart. Everyone always does look brave when one goes to a new country; and you yourself somehow never feel quite so bold and dashing as the others appear; at least, I don't, anyway. I think it was my old friend, Mr. Jacob S. Waln (Mr. Harrison's brother-in-law) who had me invited. He's gone to a far happier hunting country now; but he had a lot of fun out of this Radnor country during his three score and some years here.

The Happy Creek breakfasts were, for various reasons, given up a long time ago, but this season Mr. Harrison asked for hounds to meet there again; not for breakfast though, but to meet there at nine and the field to return at one o'clock for luncheon.

One doesn't expect our Radnor "Kirby Gate" fixture to be a snowy event, but such it was this year, and although the morning was fair, there was quite

four inches of "that white stuff," as Buck calls it, on the ground. Nevertheless, the country was navigable, and fortunately scent just holding enough to keep hounds to their noses most of the time, so the pace was not too severe for the snowy going.

Innes' Wood kindly supplied Reynard No. 1, hounds breaking cover on the north side and working left-handed through the Delmas farm to Senator Pepper's, ran on to Lockwood's Hollow, crossed the Leopard Road into Thornton Baker's, to run completely out of scent on the Waterloo Road just above the Cabbage Town corner.

Crum Creek Farm, our next draw, was apparently alive with foxes; people were halloaing from all sides; but after a few minutes quick work by Will Leverton hounds settled to the line of our Monday's pilot, who took us over exactly the same stretch of lovely country as far as Boyer Davis meadow, where hounds swung right-handed to Cathcart's Rocks; then pushing on across Nawbeek, over the road and up the long lane into the Waynesboro swamp, marked their fox to ground in his Monday's refuge.

On Monday this fox took us a good two miles further and we did it in forty minutes, while today, making a much smaller loop, the time was an hour and five minutes, and quite fast enough, considering the snow and the condition of the country.

As Mr. Harrison's luncheon was scheduled for one o'clock, hounds were sent home and we hacked on to Happy Creek with appetites to do justice to his delicious food; and although most of us were an hour late, Mr. Chalk was quite equal to the occasion.

Among those hunting and at Happy Creek were: The Master and Mrs. Hare; Charles and Mrs. Har-

rison, Alfred and Mrs. Biddle, The Misses Harrison, Paul and Mrs. Mills, Miss Hare, Mr. and Mrs. Beale, Mrs. Hare, Harry W. Harrison, Miss Alice Good, Mrs. Lucas, Mrs. Charlie Davis, John Converse, Nelson Buckley, Harry Barclay, Arthur and Mrs. Dickson, Ben Holland, Dick, and Mrs. McNeely, Sam and Mrs. Kirk, George and Mrs. Hasbrouck, Hector and Miss Celeste McNeal, George Brooke III, Shippen and Mrs. Willing, Ned and Mrs. Ilsley, Eddie and Mrs. Dale, Miss Emily Barclay, Mr. and Mrs. Battles, Francis M. Brooke, Miss Clothier, Henry L. Collins, Mrs. Converse, Miss Rita Dolan, James A. Emmons, The Messrs. Guckes, Bill and Mrs. Hirst, Arthur Meigs, Mr. Newbold, and the Messrs. Stokes.

Tuesday, November 3rd, 1925

ELECTION DAY

THERE are not many sections of this so-called Radnor country that some of us don't know our way across, but I must confess that when a stout-running fox breaks away to the westward from Shellbark Hollow on a good scenting day I, for one, am a bit put to it, to keep on any decent sort of terms with hounds. There is wire, wire and more wire, as far as one can see, apparently no end of it, and one feels as if one was actually confined in a bird cage. In reality, I don't suppose it's more than a mile long, this stretch of wire, and about half that distance in width, but it gives one a very helpless feeling, nevertheless.

Fortunately today, after meeting at Goshen School House amid a throng of boisterous school children, our old friend, Mr. Baldwin appeared, and as hounds spoke to the line of their fox immediately on entering

that immense covert, I, for one, quickly made up my mind that if Charles James Fox followed Mr. Greeley's advice and went west, I would endeavor to tack on to Mr. Baldwin's coat tails and pursue him. Charles James, however, didn't heed Mr. Greeley's warnings at first, but set his course due north to the edge of the Morestein demesne, then turning back through the woodlands, led us practically to the Schoolhouse again, where he undoubtedly realized the big Radnor dog hounds were a bit more dashing and ferocious than the up-country packs he had come in contact with before; and remembering Mr. Greeley's counsel to the youth of the nation, set sail due west and led us a merry dance through a maze of wire that taxed one's powers of navigation to the utmost.

Mr. Baldwin now volunteered to lead John Converse and me through, and by a zigzag course, though somewhat in the rear of the van, we finally cast up with the pack just as they checked for a moment on the edge of the Hoopes Brothers and Thomas Nurseries, at West Chester. We were out of the wire and had fair sailing from now on, but scent is seldom of the best in these nurseries, and never but once before have I seen our hounds push a fox out after once running him in there. However, they did it again today, and swinging north through about a hundred acres of young trees, finally turned back down country over some nice grass fields to throw up their heads on the edge of a wood and could make nothing of it afterwards.

There had been a few casualties and nervous moments, but fortunately nothing serious. Miss Ellen Harrison was swept off her horse by the limb of a tree, and Mrs. Charlie Davis most unwillingly, as she couldn't hold her horse, jumped a full Page wire fence.

Having been through a deal of boggy going, a good many shoes had been pulled, so these unfortunate ones proceeded to Goshenville for repairs, while hounds were taken down country to that large wooded covert just across the State road from the Rush Hospital. Several foxes were on foot at once, in fact quite too many, for hounds took matters into their own hands and divided themselves into three packs, while we of the puzzled field galloped hither and yon, up and down the numerous rides until our wayward hounds were at last collected and taken to the Hospital covert at the upper end of the Malvern Barrens. Here an apparently straight-running, but undoubtedly odorless fox went away at once, but hounds could do nothing with him.

Saturday, 14th November, 1925

HUNTING AND RACING

SEVERAL days ago William J. Clothier, M. F. H. Pickering, asked if the Radnor Hounds would not meet earlier today, so that those who wished to hunt could do so and yet have time to attend the Pickering race meeting in the afternoon. Therefore, a card was sent out changing the fixture from eleven o'clock at White Horse, to nine at "Spring Valley"; but the morning dawned seemingly most unpropitious for a good hunting day, as there was a westerly gale blowing, so hard in fact, that one's motor in going up country to the meet was nearly brought to a standstill at times, and all thoughts of a brilliant run were quite dissipated long before arriving at "Spring Valley."

However, it only goes to prove how little we actually know regarding the mysteries of scent and the intricacy-

cies of a hound's nose, for no matter in which direction their various foxes took them, whether up wind or down, in woodlands or on hill tops where one was nearly blown off one's horse, they were apparently glued to their pilot's line and ran most brilliantly at top speed under conditions the average foxhunter would have considered most adverse.

The occupant of Lisle's Swamp, our first draw, was at home, and went away in full view (a beautiful big dog fox) down wind. Will Leverton was on foot on the far side of covert at the time, therefore, it took several minutes for him to get out with hounds and mounted, but they spoke to the line in great style and raced away to the Nawbeek corner, crossed the road, and keeping the Schoolhouse on their right, ran nearly to the Waynesboro wood before we reached the corner; then swinging right-handed in the meadows, hounds recrossed the Leopard Road in the teeth of the wind to the long Nawbeek pasture, giving up a fast gallop around the edge of the wood, and through the various paddocks in which Mr. Coxe's celebrated trotting horses are raised, then crossing Crum Creek into Cathcart's Rocks fairly flew up the steep hillside of the White Horse Farm, and sinking the valley into the little back road, ran up it a couple of hundred yards to turn into the gale again across the broad fields to the Boyer Davis' wood, and on to mark this brave fox to ground on the slope facing Bill Evans' Wood. Hounds marked him under in no uncertain terms in just eighteen minutes, everyone agreeing it had been a run absolutely "out of the top drawer"; then quite before all the struggling field had arrived and gotten their second wind, a couple and a half of ranging hounds spoke to another line in the adjacent covert

and we were off once more behind the screaming pack, with our second fox just in front of hounds. They dwelt for a moment on coming out of the wood, then sailed away towards the Evans' farmstead, while we of the field had to retrace our galloping steps to skirt some newly planted alfalfa, necessitating some quick work to get on terms again with our fast disappearing pack. It was up-hill, but fortunately on sound turf, so we caught them on crossing the back road again and had lovely going through Mrs. Cuyler's to the Poultry Yard earth where this second fox found refuge. Fifteen minutes and everyone nearly done. Two foxes accounted for in thirty-three really brilliant minutes.

Should we go on, or call it a day, was the question. The feeling seemed to be that it was too early to go home, so Fairy Hill was decided on, and after a jog up the road facing the wind, we were quite cooled off ere the big coverts of the Cottesmore's ex-Master were reached. Several foxes were on foot at once, two breaking from the upper wood into the middle field. Hounds were clapped on to the one that went away up wind, but after bustling him around the woodlands several times the field became scattered and turned our fox back into covert whenever he tried to straighten away. Reynard nearly lost his brush at one time as hounds rolled him over on the steep hillside facing the Goshen Road, but he was too quick for them, dodged around through the pack and escaped into the wood, after which his line was apparently so foiled that hounds could do nothing more with it and were taken in.

Everyone now had plenty of time to get home for a change of clothes and have a day's racing after luncheon. The wind continued to blow, so great coats and

furs were the order of the day but the racing was exciting enough to keep the blood circulating while standing about the course. Gerry Leiper's "Billy Mitchell," after coming down on his two previous appearances and knocking out most of his owner's front teeth, quite distinguished himself today under Willie Fleming's guidance and won the Valley Hill Plate in fine style. E. E. Marshall's "Rathcowan" took the brush race. Charlie Cheston on his "Mullingar" won the Point-to-Point, and the Pickering Challenge Cup went to Marshall's good horse "Cylray," with Mr. Hyde's "Bulgar," who won the New Jersey Hunt Cup a fortnight ago, a good second. Mr. Ridgeway on "Dooley," with a couple of others, fell early in the race, but finished strong, though pretty far behind; then tea with the hospitable Master of Pickering and Mrs. Clothier finished a very enjoyable sporting day.

Saturday, 28th November, 1925

A SLASHING DAY

SOMEONE once said: "The Master of a pack of foxhounds should possess the iron nerves of the Iron Duke, and yet with these should be joined the polished courtesy of the Earl of Chesterfield"; and as my old friend and sportsman, R. Penn Smith, once remarked, "The Master of the Radnor Hounds is a Hero." Most of us, I am sure, will quite agree with both the above gentlemen, yet how many of us I wonder realize the responsibilities and anxieties of a Master of Hounds in a so-called fashionable country.

It's all very easy and a simple matter to appear at a Saturday meet in fresh scarlet and immaculate

leathers, but when one considers that quite eighty per cent of the field of one hundred and fifty expect to blindly follow the Master, paying practically no attention to, or in reality caring where hounds are going, depending on him and him alone to pilot them in the right direction, to say nothing of their propensities to over-ride hounds, cross wheat, etc., and to generally do annoying things, and added to all this is his desire to show them sport, give them a good gallop, tire them out and make them feel that their hounds are the best in the country. It's no easy task, especially in a country that is becoming more restricted each year, and with the added menace of ever increasing fields, despite the higher hunting rates, to show brilliant sport day in and day out all through the season.

The quite exceptional days these Radnor Hounds have had during November has evidently been widely talked about throughout the countryside, as many strangers are appearing at meets and the motor menace has become so serious that notices requesting cars not to follow the hunt have been sent out.

Therefore, it must have been most gratifying to Horace Hare today to find so quickly after moving off from White Horse at eleven, and to practically gallop his field to a standstill before one o'clock, giving them a really slashing day.

F. Ambrose Clark, of New York, who has been hunting with the Harford County most of the season, was one of our visitors, and Mr. Kerr came over from Rose Tree for a day with us.

That staunch old dog-hound "Dancer" spoke to a good holding line as soon as the huntsman entered Bill Evans' big fields just above White Horse, and the pack racing to him, went away towards the Malvern Barrens

with a burst of music that must have made the blood tingle in the veins of even the most blasé member of our field, and then bearing left-handed through Boyer Davis' nice galloping meadows, and crossing the driveway hard by his house, swung left-handed again and took us through the Evans' woodland to turn down country just short of the orchard and run on to the White Horse Farm, where they apparently marked their fox to ground on the hillside facing the bridge.

Personally, I do not think this fox went to earth, as hounds were no sooner taken away than they owned another line, or a continuation of the first, and crossing Crum Creek by the White Horse stable yard, ran over this beautiful farm to Cathcart Rocks, never hesitated for a moment in the woodland, but came on down the hill and over the road through our steaming horses into the Nawbeek pastures, where the upstanding fences caused some empty saddles, and from where they ran with a breast-high scent to the Waynesboro wood.

As the Master of Waynesboro has closed his property to the Radnor hounds (we hope only temporarily) the field was held up at the edge of his domain; the pack, however, marking their fox to ground in the earth along the McPhillip's fence line. From here we crossed the road to Lisle's swamp, where Reynard No. 2 or No. 3, if our first actually went to earth, was viewed away, and taking us at a racing clip over part of the country traversed before, hounds finally accounted for this fox in the White Horse poultry yard.

The first burst had been thirteen minutes, the second gallop from White Horse to Waynesboro seventeen minutes, and the last from Lisle's back to White Horse

about twelve minutes. There had been quite a few casualties, but, fortunately, nothing serious.

After a few minutes, breathing spell and a cigarette, our next draw was Mr. Yarnall's Crum Creek Farm, where the first whip halloed a fox away from the hill-top opposite the Yarnall chateau, and racing down country by the riverside, crossed at the deep ford and on over the meadows to the farm buildings, then out to the Crum Creek gateway to finally put this fox in a drain in the meadow opposite the Seventy-six Farm.

Most of our field of nearly one hundred and fifty had had quite enough by now, so there were only a few of us left with hounds as they drew the coverts towards home; and just to make the day complete, Bob Montgomery's Ardrossan wood produced fox No. 5 and the final gallop of the day. It was short, but over a nice bit of grass, this home-loving Ardrossan fellow only staying above ground about five minutes.

A few of those enjoying this galloping day were: The Master on his favorite "Springfield"; Miss Gertrude Conaway, making her first appearance of the season and riding Mr. Kerr's "Sleepy Hollow"; "Brose" Clark on John Converse's "Merry Christmas"; "Bobby" Strawbridge on "Rosemont," another Converse horse; John, himself, on "Track"; Mr. Kerr on the celebrated "Broadwood"; W. Hinckle Smith on "Radnor"; Mrs. Mills going great guns on "Shelia"; Mrs. Brinton Lucas on her grey; the Master's wife, riding her old friend "Seven-to-One"; Thornton Baker; Miss Battles; Mr. Beale; Mrs. Bodine; George Brooke III, up on a beautiful big thoroughbred; Mrs. Crosby Brown; "Buck"; Miss Barnes, who came to grief, but with no dire results; Charlie and Mrs. Harrison; the Misses Harrison; and Charlie III; Bill and Mrs. Hirst (he

took a toss and sprained both thumbs); Sidney and Mrs. Holloway; and little Miss "Posie" Allen, who also came to grief; Ned Ilsley on his mare; Mrs. Jenkins; Carrol Carter; Gardner Cassatt on "Greymaster"; Jim Colburn; Mrs. Dawson Coleman; Lawrence Colfelt; Frank Lloyd; "Dick" McNeely; Arthur Meigs; Mrs. Charlie Davis; Arthur Dickson; Donald and Mrs. Dodge; Bill Evans, Jr.; Mrs. Neilson; Mrs. Saportas going strong with "Uncle Joe"; Dave and Mrs. Sharp; the Messrs. Stokes; "Tommy" Wanamaker; George Packard, Jr.; Mr. Bishop, of the Haverford School; and my two boys, Joe on "White Rock" and Lawrence on "Rose Bell."

THE BEST WEEK IN NOVEMBER

FACING me, as I sit here in my study by the fire, is a scarlet, leather-bound book by Captain Pennell Elmhurst, called "The Best Season on Record." It's a little previous to incorporate such a title to these notes so early in the season, but without doubt the past week has been quite the most brilliant of any five consecutive November days one can remember at Radnor for the past sixteen years.

Looking back one sees that the month of November has been either too dry for hounds to run, or there were so many people shooting that foxes were supposed to be lying under ground; at least hounds could not find them; therefore, most of the blank days were attributed to that cause. However, this month has been one of exceptionally good scenting conditions, a plentiful supply of foxes, and above all else, a good, young entry of hounds that have been really quite keen in their work, and the countryside at its best to gallop over. In fact, the good days have come so thick and

fast, and one has been so tired and sleepy at night, that one's hunting notes have been sadly neglected. A snug fire and a good long cigar after dinner have been about the extent of one's efforts during the evenings.

The week started with an afternoon meet at the Kennels on Monday, the sixteenth. Hounds came at once to Brookthorpe, where a fox was immediately viewed away from the bottom of our kitchen garden, the lady pack giving us a beautiful exhibition of hound work for thirty minutes, to finally mark their fox to earth in the Wootten plantations. Then moving on to the hollow below Saw Mill Hill, hounds found their second fox, raced him out over the Church farm to Broomall, but bearing right-handed just short of the village, went back through covert, sank the little valley and up the hill over the Barren Road to roll their fox over near the West Chester Pike in the Rittenhouse Brothers' corn field. The Master was not out, but the brush was given to Mrs. Crosby Brown, and Will Leverton blooded her young daughter, Miss Hope Jenkins. Miss Hope was quite overcome by the operations, but restrained her emotions the best she could, only a very few tears making their appearance.

Centre Square was our Wednesday fixture, with Mr. Battle's wood the first and only draw of the day, as hounds went screaming away towards Cherry Knoll as soon as Will waved them into covert, but swinging a bit left-handed in the Cherry Knoll wood, crossed the road to the edge of Senator Pepper's, then still swinging left, came back over the road to run the entire length of Mr. Yarnall's, crossed Crum Creek and took us nearly to the White Horse School, then turning down country on the lower side of the river, brought

us back through Crum Creek Farm to the north side of Innes' Wood, where it looked as if a fresh fox went away in front of hounds. At any rate, we started back up country once more, went as far as on the previous journey, turned again to the hilltop opposite Mr. Yarnall's, and bearing south crossed the Goshen Road into Dr. Stengle's, where a man on the hillside stood with his watch in one hand and his hat held up with the other, and as we galloped past called out, "Your fox is just seven minutes ahead of you."

Hounds were going at a nice pace with lots of voice and took us on to the West Chester Pike at the foot of Castle Rock, where our fox was evidently turned by a motor, as hounds swung sharply around, flew up the steep rocky slope into Shrimmer's Clearing, and came on through by the Stengle house again to recross the Goshen Road just above the covered bridge into Crum Creek Farm once more, to finally run completely out of scent quite near Mr. Yarnall's lake, all of which took us an hour and forty minutes. Sir Robert Green Price, an ex-master of the Radnorshire Hounds of England, was with us and apparently quite enjoyed his day.

Meeting at the Leopard on Thursday, the nineteenth, hounds gave the Radnor field the fastest forty minutes thus far of the season and ran at top speed without a check of any sort from Trigg's, back of Sugartown, through the Saportas' wood to the Thomas peach orchard, over the road and on to the Armstrong farm, then turning back at the West Chester Pike came on through Taylor's to Smedley's, Dutton's Mill, over the Goshen Road to Miss Hook's, and bearing down country to the Bryn Clovis side of Fairy Hill, raced on through that long covert, recrossed the Goshen Road into

Pratt's, to sail away through Delchester and mark their fox to ground on the hillside near Quaker Wood. There were many sweating horses and quite a few sighs of relief that this gallop was over.

On Saturday, the twenty-first, just to complete the job and put a good finishing touch to this sporting week, these Radnor hounds distinguished themselves again by running an hour and forty minutes from Pratt's Wood. We met at White Horse, found a ringing fox in Fairy Hill that refused to straighten away, and abandoning him, moved on to Pratt's, where hounds spoke at once, pushed out to the road, crossed into Delchester, ran parallel to the road a couple of hundred yards, recrossed it and disappeared over the hill towards Dr. Ashton's piggery, where we caught up with them to gallop on through the Snowden farm to the Providence Road, hounds were brought to their noses here for a moment; but puzzling it out over the road, while a carpenter mending a roof in the distance was wildly gesticulating and pointing down country; ran on by the Stokes' stables (a lucky thing for Dick Stokes, as he was just starting out to try to find hounds) to Shrimmer's, through to Dr. Stengle's, where our pilot pointed his mask south, but turning back just opposite Castle Rock, took us up country again through Snowden's, and paralleling the Quaker road, raced into the Strawbridge meadows, through Pratt's again to Delchester, and to Quaker Wood, when two foxes came out, one popping to ground, but the hunted one continuing across the road to sink the valley by the Delchester dam and on through the big wood to the Snowden farm again, where hounds were finally beaten. It was quite a day; the going all one could desire, and the pace about right. Will Leverton's good mare

"Laconia" dropped dead under the strain; your humble scribe took a pearler over a fence from the road into Delchester; several others, including Sidney Holloway, doing likewise during the day.

1925

THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS

WHEN one was very young one used to get a great thrill from that delightful poem "The Night Before Christmas"; but the Day Before Christmas this year gave those of us who were fortunate enough to go to the meet at the Leopard, quite as glorious a sensation as in our early youth, and not one that was purely a fable either, as hounds found their fox in the first covert drawn and ran continually for three hours and three minutes to be finally stopped in the Okie farm after everyone had a plenty.

The Master jogged his field of about a hundred up the road from the Leopard, past Sidney Holloway's to Mr. Coxe's corner, holding them at Mrs. Lisle's gateway while hounds drew the big fields on the right for an outlier, supposedly there. The outlier had undoubtedly left only a moment before our arrival, for hounds spoke to his line at once, and with a great hue and cry swung themselves all around the field to settle and go into the little wood at the Lisle back entrance; then crossing the road through the seething mass of horses, ran up to the Nawbeek corner to come around the Lisle farm buildings and into the little wood again before straightening away over the meadows to Cathcarts Rocks. Then pushing on through the covert at the top of the hill, gave us a beautiful gallop over the White Horse Farm, to turn sharply left-handed just

short of the farm house, over Crum Creek and the road, to race away up the hillside back of the Lucas house, on through Vandergrift's and the Seventy-Six Farm to Lockwood's Hollow, where hounds were brought to their noses for the first time in Senator Pepper's corn field. It was rather a welcome breather, but only lasted a minute, as quite before the huntsman could assist them, hounds had cast themselves and ran on with volumes of tongue to the Cherry Knoll wood, but keeping the house on their left, streamed down hill to Mr. Battles' wood and on to the meadow facing the Seeler barns.

Personally, I feel that we changed foxes here, as the pack split for a moment, half going towards Innes' Wood, and the others on towards Brooks'. Those heading for Innes' were quickly whipped off their line, and galloping out the Echo Valley lane, we were on terms with out pack again at the Goshen Road, then making a small circle in Brooks', hounds crossed the road into the lower wood and seemed to be pointing for the West Chester Pike, but swinging right-handed ran along the fence line at the top of the ridge and came out over the Boot Road below the back entrance to the old Alliquippa Farm to run on at a nice hand gallop to Shrimmer's, where most of the field, barring a few old stagers, endeavored to cross Crum Creek opposite the pond, and becoming bogged, had to finally retrace their steps and come our way, so we had hounds all to ourselves until they dwelt a minute or two in the upper end of Shrimmer's Clearing and the rear guard caught up. Hounds, however, worked on through the wood, crossed the road into the Snowden farm, ran on at a good pace to the Willistown Meeting House road, where Reynard was viewed away pointing his mask up

country with the pack roaring at his heels only a field behind him. This stout fox led the way to Delchester's Quaker Wood in safety, but did not tarry in covert, for we viewed him out the upper end, and hounds bearing right-handed by the Ridley Creek, took us to the Delchester middle wood, through it, but keeping Pratt's Wood on their left, proceeded back down country to Snowden's again, where they apparently ran out of scent, and quite a few of the survivors went home. No sooner, however, were they gone than a wide cast put hounds right once more, and shaking their weary horses together, the remnants of the field galloped on, hounds heading for Fairy Hill, which they shortly left behind them, ran on through Bill Evans', Mrs. Cuyler's, the Crum Creek Farm, Lockwood's Hollow, and were at last stopped in Okie's, after undoubtedly one of the best hunting runs thus far of the season. It was a particularly gratifying day, as we had one of the most prominent Leicestershire's cracks with us in Captain "Mike" Wardell, of Melton-Mowbray, who stopped over for a day with the Radnor on his journey with "Roddy" Wanamaker to Palm Beach.

Among the others were: John Converse on "Hannibal"; Miss Gertrude Conaway; Dave and Mrs. Sharp; Miss Loulie Thomson; Miss Katharine Snowden; Dick McNeely; Mrs. Cromwell; our "Buck"; Henry L. Collins and son; George and Mrs. Hasbrouck; Bob Montgomery; Erskine and Mrs. Smith; Mrs. Neilson; Mrs. Charles Davis; Lawrence Colfelt; Miss Barnes; "Randy" Snowden; "Bill" McFadden; Joe and "Lolly" Reeve; "Bunny" Sharp; "Billy" Allen; Harry Barclay; Mr. Beale; Isaac H. Clothier III; William Evans, Jr.; Miss Augusta Harrison; William L. Hirst; Sidney Holloway; Mrs. J. Kent Willing;

Ben Holland; Dr. Seely; J. Hunter Lucas; Mrs. Brinton Lucas; Miss McFadden; W. Meenehan; Miss Frances Wister; "Tommy" Wanamaker; and Thomas Dolan III.

29th January, 1926

THE RIDING CLUB HOUND SHOW

THE M. F. H. DINNER AND THE BEAUX ARTS BALL

IT MAY be a bit snobbish on my part, but I must confess I do enjoy a hound show, dog fight, race meeting, or any other kind of a gathering, much more if it is entirely lacking in the professional element, and is run and managed by gentlemen, as was the case on Friday, January 29, with the Riding Club Hound Show in New York.

It was beautifully done, this Hound Show, and Dr. Howard D. Collins, of New York and Millbrook, is greatly to be congratulated on its success. Some of us who have had the management of the Bryn Mawr Show know what it all means; the endless detail, the myriads of questions to be answered, the countless and different dispositions to keep good humored. By closing time the first day one thinks one is quite exhausted, but by the end of the third day one just doesn't give a damn whether the huntsman of the Blank Hounds has fresh straw for his pets or not, and is quite callous to the sad news some kind friend imparts that the second whipper-in of the Gallopers didn't get his luncheon card the day before. One tries to smile and appear greatly grieved at this ghastly state of affairs, but really only hopes or cares that the champagne will hold out for another night and that Mr. Volstead's agents will not become too inquisitive. And then when it is all over one swears a solemn oath never to

do it again; but a few good nights' sleep, added to a couple of successful cubbing mornings, and the old troubles are forgotten.

English hounds at the Riding Club were splendidly represented by the Harford County, Rolling Rock, Groton, Myopia, Norfolk, Smithtown, Shelburne, and Genesee Valley Hunts, with Major "Bertie" Ogilvie, ex-M. F. H. Montreal, and Jack Greenway, formerly huntsman to the Shelburne, judging. Harford County's "Patriarch," a tremendous dog with plenty of bone, substance and quality, won the Stallion Class, and was also reserve to "Ned" Carle's Smithtown "Harriet," the Champion English Foxhound of the Show. "Patriarch," by Patron, 1916, out of Vestal, 1920, was bred by the Duke of Beaufort, who sold him and a bitch named "Flavor" to Plunket Stewart last August. Plunket kept the bitch, but passed "Patriarch" on to Harford County, when Alex Higginson and Mrs. Loew took over those hounds. "Ned" Carle's "Harriet" is a lovely bitch and one that any Master would be proud to have represent his kennel.

Frank Smith, a whipper-in here at Radnor for many years, and who is now huntsman to the Rolling Rock, showed his hounds with the utmost skill, and rarely has one seen a more cheerful lot brought into the show ring. I have never seen him hunt his hounds, but if he does it with the finesse with which he exhibits, he must have developed into quite an artist.

American hounds were not quite as well represented as their English brothers, but it was a satisfaction to see the Rose Tree carry off the highest honor of the day with "Pete," a home-bred dog, and a very nice one, too.

It's queer, isn't it, what small things make great

impressions on one, a hound's name, for instance? One gets in a rut, as it were, over names, I suppose, and calls the young entry after the good ones that have gone. Take almost any kennel ever visited, and the huntsman will call out such names as Ringwood, Racer, Radiant, Ragman, Foreman, Forester, Curious, Comical, Comedy, Sailor, Salesman, Salisbury, or Seamstress and so on, but I imagine it takes the younger generation to think up new names; and there's also nothing like keeping up with the times, so when Radio, of the Rolling Rock, appeared in the ring, I, personally, was quite sure the West had put one over in new names.

The Masters of Foxhounds Association very kindly asked me to their dinner that same evening, and as their most efficient Secretary, Henry G. Vaughan, had the affair in charge, it was beautifully done, to use a slang expression, from soup to nuts. Sixty-two scarlet-coated hound enthusiasts sat down to eat and drink, make a few short speeches, propose a few appropriate toasts, and later adjourn to the Beaux Arts Ball. There were quite a lot of us went together in a fleet of taxis, and as we entered the ball room, one quite scantily attired young venus was heard to remark, "Oh! here comes those — foxhunters again!" Evidently she had vivid recollections of our part in the festivities last year!! However, last year's ball may have affected the Venus; it left quite an impression on some of us, and mayhaps she was the apparition we saw. Four of us (a very charming lady, who shall be nameless, but who is the wife of a prominent M. F. H., an M. F. H. of Canada, one from New England, and I) were standing arm-in-arm at the head of the broad stairway leading to the Astor Ballroom, when in the hall below us appeared a most ravishing creature, sans raiment of

any kind. Evidently she toiled not, neither did she spin, and the lilies of the field, I assure you, had nothing on her. Our friend, the Master's wife, screamed and put up her hands; our arms being interlocked, her movement threw us all off our balance, and three scarlet-coated cavaliers and one cloth-of-gold gowned lady fell down the marble stairway in a heap, and right at the feet of the seductive one who had not spun. By the time we had extricated ourselves, apologized to one another, and found no bones were fractured, some gallant swain had wrapped his amorita in her cloak and she had vanished.

Tuesday, 2nd February, 1926

"POOR SCENT, BUT A PLEASANT DAY"

QUITE a small field moved off from the meet at Mr. Coxe's at Sugartown this morning, and most of those, I imagine, after having mounted their horses, wished they had not ventured from their own firesides on such a day, for three or four inches of wet snow on top of a greasy turf did not inspire one with a great sense of security, regardless of the confidence one may have in the ability of one's horse. They were slipping and sliding around in all directions, but luckily for us foolish ones, it grew considerably warmer towards noon; the snow quickly disappeared and we had only the mud to contend with.

Hick's Hill on the south side of Malvern Barrens provided fox number one, hounds coursing him about the wood a few moments to be eventually brought to their noses and push him across the swamp into the Barrens proper, then working it slowly through the big woodland with great volumes of tongue, set quite

a good pace across the Goudy farm when once they reached the open. Something or somebody apparently turned their fox, for after a couple of fields they were at fault, turned directly back to the wood, and with great difficulty carried on to the road, where they threw up their heads and asked for help. A hat held high on the skyline gave some encouragement, and a long forward cast down the road put them right once more, but it was slow work at about the pace of a hound trot. Still they persevered on over the Disston farm, crossed the road, sang a melodious song while crossing the wheat, where the Master told everyone to follow him, as he had already bought the next season crop in order that we might ride it this winter, and on to mark this quite odorless fox to ground on the Evans' hillside.

Cathcart Rocks held our next pilot; scent seemed to improve somewhat with the melting of the snow, and after getting clear of the rocky, wooded covert hounds ran at a nice galloping pace over the Nawbeek pastures, crossed the Leopard road into the further meadows to Waynesboro, where they were brought to their noses again, but being in excellent voice, entertained us most delightfully as far as the wood beyond the Wayne homestead. Here Mr. Whittendale saw Charles James Fox fall into the old, abandoned quarry, and with a shake of his brush pick himself up and disappear into the thicket. The pack dwelt a few moments in covert, then owning the line again took us through Waynesboro once more, over the McPhillips meadows to Mr. Alex. Coxe's and on back to Cathcart's where they marked him under in no uncertain manner after a very pleasant forty minutes.

Just as most of the remaining few who had survived

the treacherous going were starting home, a third fox was viewed away from the little covert on top of the White Horse Farm hill, and after making a big circle around the high fields, hounds came down by the farm buildings, crossed the creek close to the swimming pool and ran over the road to dwell in the old orchard a bit; then picking it out slowly, swung right-handed over the White Horse Road into Mr. Yarnall's meadows, to finally cross Crum Creek on the ice and run completely out of scent on the opposite hillside; thus ending a much better day than the most optimistic could have anticipated when we met a few hours earlier.

Among those out were: The Master and Mrs. Hare; Mrs. Mills; Tommy Neilson; Erskine and Mrs. Smith; Miss Augusta Harrison; Harry Barclay; Nelson Buckley; Gerry and Mrs. Leiper; Ben Holland; Gardner Cassatt; Miss Agnes Hawkins; Mrs. Holloway; Sidney Hirst and Hunter Lucas.

Saturday, 20th February, 1926

R. PENN SMITH

And there with his peers we may leave him
With all the good men and the true,
Who have come to the last of the gateways
And laughed, and gone galloping through.

WHAT can one say when an old friend and sportsman leaves us? One feels so much, but to write it, is a very different matter. Penn, as he was familiarly known to the old and young in all stations of life, was one of the best of that fast-disappearing old school of sportsmen and country squires, whose life had been entirely devoted to rural pursuits. An excellent judge of a horse, Master of the Chester Valley Hounds for many years, manager of the celebrated Chesterbrook

Farm during its most brilliant career, and an official at every local race meeting. Penn officiated twenty-nine years at Rose Tree, and for twenty-eight Thanksgiving Days at the Radnor Hunt festivities. He was also a member of the Executive Committee of the Bryn Mawr Horse Show Association as long as one can remember, and his death leaves a vacancy that none can adequately fill.

What a great satisfaction and pleasure it would be to him to know that as they were carrying his body from his farmhouse, to remove it to Bryn Mawr, a fine red fox ran across the lawn, followed in a moment or two by a pack of hounds in full cry. No setting could have been more appropriate.

Many men are popular in certain more or less restricted spheres of life, but the high esteem in which Penn Smith was held by people in all and various positions and circumstances, was vividly demonstrated at the Church of the Good Shepherd on Tuesday morning, when there was a large gathering of ladies and gentlemen, stud grooms, strappers, farm managers bookmakers and gamblers, policemen, doormen, household servants, stable boys and bankers, Masters of Hounds, racing men, farmers and foxhunters without number, to pay their last respects to a good, true friend.

Monday, 8th March, 1926

A FIVE AND A HALF MILE POINT

IN "SCATTERED SCARLET," that delightful book of hunting verse, by Mr. Will H. Ogilvie, there is a poem entitled "Alone with the Hounds," and although there were three of us with them, Mrs. McNeely and Will Leverton, the huntsman, we each of us, I'm sure,



R. PENN SMITH, ESQ.
A Good Friend of the Radnor Hunt for Many Years

experienced that delightful feeling of having quite legitimately put one over the entire Radnor field.

Hounds met at Centre Square at one o'clock and, after drawing the never failing coverts of Brooke's and Innes' Wood blank, worked on across country towards Happy Creek, where a wide ranging hound spoke to a line in the Railroad Farm marsh. The main body of the pack raced to him, and without further ado, were off down country and down wind at such a terrific pace that practically the entire field was left behind and out of it in less than no time. Racing across the State Road into Mrs. Brown's wood, they swung a bit right-handed instead of crossing the little back road, as most of their pursuers thought; then without slackening their speed fairly flew on over the Worrell farm, across the Wyola Road into Yarnall's Hollow, and sinking the little vale, ran on through Broad Acres to cross the Goshen Road at Mr. Earle's gateway, and give us a fleeting glimpse of their sterns as they disappeared over the hilltop in the Hospital Farm. Even the motor infested surface of Bryn Mawr Avenue didn't slacken their tremendous drive, and it was not until they reached the wooded heights of the Radnor Barrens that Mrs. McNeely, Will, and I really came on even terms with the pack. Hounds were brought to their noses here for an instant, then singing a chorus that was heard by my family at Brookthorpe, three miles away, set sail again towards Broomall, crossed the Barren Road, then keeping to the woodlands, ran on to Saw Mill Hill, crossed the new concrete road (which foxes very seldom do these days), and keeping Dan Conner's farmhouse on their right, led us and our sobbing horses on to the Darby Creek. About this time I was cocksure our pilot was one of our pet Brook-

thorpe foxes who had been courting up-country, and I was planning to myself the quickest and shortest cut across the creek, when much to our surprise, hounds swung right-handed at the river and we three viewed our fox in Mr. Walter Wood's long meadow, racing along the river bank with the pack hard on his brush. Charles James Fox saw us at the same moment, looked up, but without acknowledging our greetings, ran beneath us under the bridge, to vanish over the brow of the hill, and apparently setting his mask for the Lawrence Mills, took us on down stream to the Bergdoll wood. By this time I was certain hounds would mark him under in the old earth there, but all my calculations were wrong, for instead of that, the pack went roaring on towards the West Chester Turnpike, so, therefore, I made up my mind his point was to be Powder Rocks, that great refuge for hard-pressed foxes years ago. But this rascal had other plans, for instead of crossing the highway, hounds turned sharply right-handed, and keeping the Turnpike on their left, took us back up-country in the teeth of the strong March wind. The breeze seemed to do our horses good, but the going apparently became heavier, a bit of psychology, I guess, at any rate the end was near, but we didn't know it then, for on reaching the Church at Broomall, we found the pack endeavoring to get through the iron pailing fence surrounding the little country graveyard in which our old Radnor ex-Huntsman, Will Davis, lies buried. In his endeavors to get over the fence, that good hound "Lawyer" became impaled on one of the iron spikes, and by the time Will had rescued him, the wind, whistling among the tombstones, or something else mysterious had happened to our foxes' line, and all trace of scent had vanished.

We counted noses (hounds), found the pack three couple and a half short, and our injured hound practically unable to walk, so coupling him to a good stout companion, set off for kennels, feeling quite pleased with ourselves. A couple of tail hounds soon joined us, but our wounded friend insisted on lying down, which complicated matters. Finally by making him fast to the end of his whip, the huntsman led him back to kennels.

ALONE WITH THE HOUNDS

A wall on a bank at the top of a plough—
Down a lane—and there's no one in front of us now!
Through a wood—then the upland with sky for its bounds!
We are out in the open, alone with the hounds!
 Alone with the hounds!
 The heart how it bounds!
To that acme of rapture—alone with the hounds!

One moment they falter, then drive in swift flight!
There's a cap on the skyline to prove they are right!
A crash of rare music—Oh, sweetest of sounds,
To the man on the stayer, alone with the hounds!
 Alone with the hounds!
 Their chorus' resounds,
In a song to our triumph, alone with the hounds!

Old grass and sound going, sweet country to ride;
Stone walls with sod tops, that we take in our stride;
We would not have missed it for thousands of pounds—
This hour of fulfillment, alone with the hounds!
 Alone with the hounds!
 The scattered Field pounds,
Far behind us: Fate leaves us alone with the hounds!

Oh, good horse and gallant, my rapture you share,
As you top the tall fences with inches to spare,
To your pluck and condition the credit redounds,
Of this gallop of gallops, alone with the hounds!
 Alone with the hounds!
 Joys uttermost bounds,
We have reached as companions alone with the hounds!

Saturday, 13th March, 1926

THE WHITE HORSE FOX

SOME years ago the Radnor M. F. H. hunted hounds himself and gave most excellent sport. Since the War, however, and during Horace Hare's present regime, Will Leverton has been carrying the horn most successfully; but a few days ago Will was stricken down with the "flu," which necessitated the Master again trying his hand at the game; and those of us in the field who remembered him of old could easily see he had lost none of his cunning, although he was naturally at times at some disadvantage, owing to not being on quite such intimate relations with his hounds. Fortune favors the brave, and nothing ventured, nothing gained. The very first draw in the White Horse thicket produced that stout-running fox that has already given us several good gallops this season, and the pack slipping out of covert down wind very nearly ran away from the big Saturday field before they realized what it was all about.

The glass was low this morning, and the March sun had not softened even the surface of the frozen ground when we had to gallop our horses wide open, up hill and down dale at their best clip to keep on terms with our flying pack. It was something like agony, that first burst down the long hillside and over the road into the lower fields, then up the long slope and over the frozen plow. Frozen plow is bad enough in itself, but when negotiated at top speed down hill on a bucking horse—well, it's, I don't know what; but, personally, I'm generally hoping hounds will soon be at fault, so one may have a moment to sort of get better stuck to the saddle, as it were. Hounds may be thoughtful of

our comfort at times, but today they gave their poor human pursuers not one iota of consideration, and were never brought to their noses until reaching the high ground opposite Mr. Yarnall's château.

Casualties had already begun this early in the game, Miss Stout, of Devon, having taken a cold bath in a brook much against her will. Hounds, however, quite regardless of the bathing lady, proceeded on down country at such a pace that left the countryside well populated in all directions with struggling ladies and gentlemen, vainly endeavoring to nick in somehow and get in touch with the pack before it was over.

Crossing Crum Creek just above the little Yarnall lake, they ran on towards Cherry Knoll, but keeping it well to their left, entered the wood, ran on through Echo Valley to the upper end of Brooke's Wood, then circling left-handed, came back on the Boxmead side and simply roared away to Innes' Wood, where, bearing left-handed again, they set sail up country against the wind to give us a beautiful gallop to the wood beyond the Crum Creek Farm stables. They were at fault here, only for a moment though, and turning south across the meadows, swam the creek and ran on to the high fields on the opposite side, where scent seemed a bit catchy for a few moments; then drifting along to the sunny side of the slope, they picked it up again, took us over the Goshen Road into Dr. Stengle's, where, keeping his house on their left, hounds disappeared into Shrimer's Clearing, which is far from clear of brush today.

Mrs. Sidney Holloway came to grief about this time, and after regaining consciousness she was able to be taken home in Mrs. Horace Allen's car that was fortunately on a near-by road. Hounds went on to the

West Chester Pike at Castle Rock; but, as usually happens to a hard-pressed fox, something turned him at the highway, so swinging down country once more the pack crossed the river into the old Alliquippa Farm, on over the Boot Road into Mr. Seeler's meadows and into the Brooke's Wood again, but from the opposite direction than on the first round.

Arthur Meigs had taken a purler by now, but was up and going again, although very bloody about the face. Walter Stokes was given a lead over a fence by a very charming lady and turned upside down in the process. The charming lady never looked back, and didn't know Walter had fallen until told next day! Miss Good was run away with; loose horses and dirty coats were much in evidence; one gentleman was seen going up the road sitting back of a very seductive creature on a side saddle, his horse having gone off on its own. So it went, and hounds seemed only to go the faster. Innes' Wood loomed on the horizon again; Cherry Knoll passed on our right; Crum Creek farm hove in sight; and at last hounds really were at fault. Everyone and everyone's horse was more or less cooked. A forward cast put hounds straight, but after swimming the river and pushing on through the wood, they eventually had to give it up just beyond the little white wicket gate. The time had been an hour and forty-five minutes; everyone had quite enough, so hounds were taken home.

Does anyone know the stranger who asked, "Who is the old duck in the red coat who enjoys himself so much giving orders?"

Who was the embryo foxhunter who walked from Brooke's to White Horse and on to Kelso?

Some of those in the best of it were: Mrs. Hare, Mrs.

Mills, Mr. Beale, Charlie and Mrs. Harrison, Miss Ellen Harrison, Tommy Neilson, Dick McNeely, Dave Sharp, Miss Loulie Thomson, "Billy" Ashton, Miss Posey Allen and Billy, Mrs. George Blabon, George Brooke III, Nelson Buckley, William McK. Bray, Henry Collins, Mrs. Cromwell, Miss Alice Good, Mr. Guckes, Jr., George Packard, Jr., Joe Reeve and "Lolly" Reeve, "Pick" Harrison, Bill and Mrs. Hirst and Sidney, Ben Holland, Ned Ilsley, Erskine Smith, John Stokes, John J. Sullivan, J. Hunter Lucas, Billy McFadden, Cameron Macleod, Miss Thorn, Mrs. Willing, Mr. Meenehan, Mrs. Meeker, Tommy Wanamaker, J. McCahan, Miss Tiers, and Harry Yarrow.

27th March, 1926

THE LAST DAY

THERE is a certain famous Master of Hounds in Massachusetts who is very popular, and quite deservedly so, too, especially with the fair sex. They bestow imported Irish hunters upon him as tokens of their esteem; ivory ship models in appreciation of his delightful disposition; grandfather clocks in gratitude for his smiles; morocco leather easy chairs in grateful thanks for excellent sport shown in certain seasons; and last, but by no means least, a handsomely bound, illuminated volume, on each page of which appears a photograph of one of his fair followers.

Cold Roast Boston may have a chilly reputation in the South, but after a visit to some of these hospitable Puritan homes, where their stocks of pre-Volstead wines seem inexhaustible, and after a glance through Henry Vaughan's book of beautiful Boston ladies, I've quite come to the conclusion that when I aspire to the

Mastership of a pack of hounds, I'm going to hie myself to New England. Not that I have any idea of being one one-hundredth as popular as the Norfolk M.F.H.; not at all; but, just because.

Maybe it's the Quaker influences that make the foxhunting ladies in this vicinity more conservative in bestowing their favors on their Master of Hounds; or, perhaps it's just their inborn modesty; at any rate, one seldom hears of them lavishing gifts on their male companions of the chase; but the stronger sex came to the fore today and presented the Master of Radnor with a piece of plate in appreciation of the most excellent sport shown by him during the season just closing. This happy thought originated in the brain of Tommy Neilson, and once the word was passed around, contributions from both male and female foxhunters simply poured into his coffers.

It was a lawn meet at Ardrossan, this last day of the season, and a more beautiful setting could hardly be desired. Tommy made his very appropriate presentation speech; then Horace Hare oratorically quite distinguished himself in expressing his appreciation, and finally launched forth on politics and Senator Pepper.

In due course hounds moved off, found a fox, and ran clean away from all of us, barring Mrs. Sharp, Bill Hirst and his little son. It was a sad blow to most of the field to completely loose hounds the last day of the season; but such is a foxhunter's fate.

SEASON OF
1926-1927



17-18-19th June, 1926

RACING AT BROOKLINE
THE LORDVALE LUNCHEON

MANY years ago my good wife and I made a trip to Brookline each June to pay our annual visit to a distinguished aunt, Miss Amy Lowell, at "Sevenells," and always being firm believers of the art of killing two birds with one stone whenever possible, the time of our visit, strange as it may seem, usually coincided with the dates of the race meeting at the Brookline Country Club. That was long ago, and time, motor cars, increasing responsibilities, the Great War, the Grim Reaper, etc., all were contributing causes, not only towards the cessation of our annual visits, but of the abandonment of this, the most beautiful race meeting in America.

The pendulum always swings back, and this year, thanks to the efforts of the enthusiastic foxhunting and sporting gentlemen of New England, and Boston in particular, the glories of Brookline were revived in no uncertain manner, and all Boston turned out in their best bib and tucker each day of the meeting.

On Friday, when there was no racing, that internationally known sportsman, Harry Worcester Smith, entertained the stewards of the Country Club, the gentlemen riders, owners and visiting sportsmen, at luncheon at his most hospitable country home, "Lordvale," North Grafton. Seldom does one see a more representative gathering of horsemen, artists, authors, Masters of Hounds, steeplechase cracks, and sportsmen in general, than were gathered there to honor one who has done things, and Harry Smith really has done things. On arrival at "Lordvale" one was directed

to the library, where were fifty or sixty celebrities in the world of sport diligently engaged in perusing the rare first editions of their host, while others were gazing in admiration on the beauties of the paintings of American Blood Horses by Edward Troye (1808-1874) and other artists, of which Harry Smith has a unique collection, besides numerous interesting trophies of the chase gathered during his exploits in many lands.

On Thursday, the first day of the meeting, the racing was quite up to Brookline traditions. The Chamblet Memorial, in memory of the late Mr. Robert Chamblet Hooper, whose delightful home at Manchester I was privileged to visit in the old days, was won by the Somerset Stables "Uhol," while the twenty-sixth running of the old Challenge Cup at two miles went to Mr. Prentice Talmage's "Beau Brummel III."

Saturday's racing, really the gala occasion of the meeting, was honored by the presence of the Crown Princess of Sweden and her party. It had been arranged that Her Royal Highness was to motor to the Country Club gates, change there into an open victoria, and be driven to the grandstand behind a spanking pair of bays. The victoria, in all its grandeur, was waiting just inside the gates for its Royal occupants, but some cog in the otherwise well organized management, slipped, for the motor with the Royal party sped by the waiting carriage, to be followed by the pair of bays vainly endeavoring to overtake it before reaching the grandstand.

It was the custom in the old days for the various Clubs at Harvard to drive to the races with a coach and four; very jolly parties these were, too; so not to be outdone by this nauseous age of motors, the young

bloods now at college successfully resurrected enough ancient coaches to supply their needs, but well matched teams of horses apparently nearly stumped them. One team was evidently minus a piebald wheel horse, but securing a suitable grey, someone with artistic tendencies proceeded to paint the necessary brown spots to make him match his mate. This beautiful piebald team undoubtedly started out in grand style from Cambridge, but the long drive to Brookline caused our camouflaged friend to sweat, and as the artistic one had neglected to use fast colors, they pulled up at the Country Club with apparently one piebald horse and one zebra in the wheel.

The young generation at Harvard, however, did not monopolize all the glory of the road, for Henry G. Vaughan, M. F. H., provided a Norfolk Hunt coach that met us at Mrs. Weld's delightful home after luncheon, and drove us in great dignity to the meeting.

The racing on Saturday was all that could be desired, and it was particularly gratifying to see a Philadelphia horse, "Rathcowan," belonging to Mrs. Marshall, carry off the principal honors of the day by winning the Country Club Grand Annual Steeplechase.

October, 1926

MR. JUSTICE'S HARRIERS OF NANTUCKET

IT USUALLY takes a good deal of persuasion to get me away from home, but when my old friend, William W. (Bill) Justice, Jr., wrote asking me to have a few days' with his new Harrier pack at Nantucket, I immediately accepted, and set to work looking up trains, boats, etc., only to find that the Winter schedule was in effect and that the new time cards had not been received in

Philadelphia. But, efficiency and thoughtfulness being my friend's middle name, the next day's post brought all the needed information.

Then another old friend, Gilbert McIlvaine, of Downingtown, called up to say he was also going, so the night train to Boston, on Tuesday, October 5, found us most comfortably and snugly tucked away in a drawing room, with instructions to the perspiring porter to call us at six thirty so that we might have breakfast on the train before reaching Boston, where we had only a very few minutes to spare to catch the train for Woods' Hole, and on arriving there at about eleven thirty, the heavens apparently opened, for the rains descended and the floods came, and the winds blew as hardly ever before; but after a while the Nantucket boat, "The Islander" hove in sight, landed with difficulty, and we, after subsidizing a native to carry our impedimenta, made a dash through the storm to the ship. The vessel proved quite seaworthy, and the voyage out was uneventful until Nantucket Harbor was reached, when the deluge began all over again; but the sight of our genial, smiling, sporting host, braving the elements on the pier, revived our somewhat wet and drooping spirits, and my travelling companion walked down the gangplank singing at the top of his lungs—"Nothing can compare to the hunting of the hare, with Mr. Justice's Harriers of Nantucket." The awestruck and peace-loving fisher folk of Nantucket fell back in utter astonishment and left a passageway for us, thinking to themselves, as we afterwards learned, that we had consumed more liquid refreshment than was advisable. Such, however, had not been the case, and after a drive through the charming, quaint, old village, we arrived at Vesper Lane Farm to be met at



THE BOOKING OF THE BREAKERS IN ONE EAR, AND THE CRY OF THE HOUNDS IN THE OTHER
Drawn by Gilbert McIlvaine

the door by our most gracious hostess, and then further welcomed with an excellent tea, after which we dispensed with our wet clothes, and settled down to await the clearing of the skies, which the local weather bureau assured us would occur before morning. For once the weather man was right, Thursday morning broke clear and cool; "the thermometer fifty-two," said a voice through the door at 5.00 A.M. as we were called; and after a hearty breakfast we set forth to the kennels, where our horses were awaiting us. Mine on the first day was a thoroughbred chestnut four-year-old, which gave one a lovely ride. The proverbial rocking chair had nothing on him, and when hounds ran, all one had to do was to sit there and enjoy oneself.

Seven and a half couples of beautiful seventeen-inch hounds greeted their Master as the kennel doors were thrown open, and after jogging most obediently about a mile down a nice sandy road, were waved into covert by their Master huntsman, and set to work in most ardent fashion.

Foxhounds seem to work very hard on some days, but never have I seen such bustling fellows as these harriers, every last one of them went to work with all his might. Their efforts were soon rewarded, for presently a tremendous old hare was viewed away from the edge of Nobadeer Pond, with hounds right at his heels; but he outran them and gave us a beautiful gallop of about two miles across the moor to Crosby's Beach House, where scent failed at the water's edge and hounds could make nothing more of it.

Working inland again, a second hare was found in Madequecham Valley, and straightening away towards the sea took hounds right on to the beach again where they were brought to their noses, but pushing

on right-handed to Crosby's fence, ran at a splendid pace to the dry Nobadeer Pond, then doubling back to the sand dunes, were at fault again, but soon had it once more, ran inland about half a mile, turned towards the sea again, to be finally beaten on the wet salt sand of the wide shelving beach.

The country these harriers hunt is a moorland plain, several miles in extent, quite flat, and covered with moss, very low bracken, dwarf mealyberry bushes, and spotted with huge patches of arbutus or May-flower plants. One may gallop indefinitely in any direction with perfect ease. There are no fences, holes or other obstacles, just turn your horse loose and let him roll, as they say in Maryland. It's really delightful, and when hounds run parallel, as they often do to the sea, one hears the booming of the breakers in one ear and the cry of hounds in the other.

For the second day my host supplied me with a very nice chestnut mare to ride, not quite up to the four-year-old of the day before, and perhaps lacking a bit in "quality and high finish" as his dear old good sportsman father used to say, but a good ride nevertheless, and quite equal to the fast pace one has to set over this beautiful moorland country.

Friday being a bye day, hounds met at seven, with only eight in the field, and eight couples of hounds out. The first draw, a place called Smooth Hummocks, looked to my uninitiated eye an ideal one for hare, but hounds drew it blank; then drawing on to the head of Mioxes' Pond, a splendid old hare left his form right under my horse's feet, and ran inland, left-handed, over a perfect bit of galloping moor to the upper end of Mioxes' meadow, where he suddenly doubled back right through the pack and took us to Starbuck's pas-



THE MASTER AND HIS GUESTS
Drawn by Gilbert Mellvaine

tures. Scent was a bit catchy here and the harriers had to really work for some time, but pushed on through a bit of farm land where our hare was viewed again, running towards a forest of dwarf pines, but turning right-handed just short of the wood, hounds came back towards the pastures, carried on slowly through the farm to Bartlett's corner, to run completely out of scent on a dry sandy road.

The sun was up quite high by now, and it was getting warm, and, personally, I thought our sport for the day about over, and that we might get home in time for a dip in the sea before lunch; but this hard-working little pack had still more sport to show us, and did it in great style, when hare number two was viewed away above Reedy Pond. They opened up with a beautiful cry and simply flew about two miles over the moor straight to the sea, doubled back without a moment's check over the bare sand where one would say there was not a vestige of scent, ran on past the head of Mioxé's Pond and then parallel to the sea for quite a while, with the waves breaking almost over them, to turn sharply left-handed through the sand dunes where our hare was viewed just in front of hounds. He dodged about in the high beach grass, ran out on to the moor and squatted, came back to the sand dunes, straightened away again, but was evidently getting tired, and turned back towards the sea, to be rolled over and eaten up in the deep sand just above the high tide mark.

CUBBING

ANOTHER cubbing season is over; another opening meet is a thing of the past; new scarlet and brass buttons have glistened as never before, and the ladies, God

bless them! appear to predominate as never before. There seem to be hordes of them; even on early cubbing mornings they have outnumbered the men. Some of them have new names and new figures since last season; some have new habits (riding habits, I mean), and the other kind, too, if Dame Rumor is to be relied upon!! Others have produced future foxhunters since one last saw them afield, and still others look just their own sweet, charming selves.

For several years I've had my first morning of the season with the Cheshire, my good friend Plunket Stewart usually beginning his cubbing operations somewhat earlier than we do at Radnor. So on Saturday morning, August 28, after a short but restful night at Brooklawn, we were awakened at four thirty, and an hour later were peacefully jogging along the dew-soaked turf on our way to the Laurels, behind eighteen and a half couples of hounds as beautiful as any ever whelped. Scent was good, cubs plentiful, the country blind, and by seven o'clock the sun quite warm.

Radnor began a fortnight later, and taken as a whole, one might, with all sincerity, say the cubbing has been most successful. Litters have been found in all their proper places; the country has been blind, very blind, perhaps a bit more so than usual, owing, no doubt, to the wet Summer. Scent has been fair, too, but towards the end of October there were numerous heavy white frosts that as a rule do not carry a good scent, but perhaps if some of our fair followers would whisper the secret of scent to the Radnor vixens and confidentially give them the addresses of their perfumery purveyors, hounds might run quite away from their field and for once in their lives have a day of perfect peace.

Be that as it may, and whether the Radnor ladies exchanged confidences with the Radnor vixens or not, The Radnor Hounds still continued to show good sport right up to the opening of the official season, which this year took place on October 30, at Kelso, when the Master and Mrs. Hare entertained the countryside at breakfast at nine o'clock, hounds meeting on the lawn at ten thirty, with about a hundred and twenty-five in the field. The day was warm, much too warm, in fact, for heavy scarlet coats, and for the first two hours it looked as if all the foxes in the neighborhood thought likewise, as hounds drew several coverts blank that have been sure finds all during the early season.

However, at twelve thirty, after quite half the field had given it up for the day and gone home, Dick McNeely viewed a fox away from the White Horse Farms' marshy field, at the same instant hounds spoke. Then bearing right-handed as if heading for Cathcart's Rocks, the pack crossed the old lane, ran half way up the hill, swung around, recrossed the lane and settling nicely to the line, took us at a good hand gallop to the Boyer Davis wood, through it left-handed, and on to the Evans' wood, where they dwelt a few minutes to come back across the meadow, then turning right-handed, gave us a beautiful gallop over those lovely grass fields to the little covert at the White Horse poultry yards. Personally, I quite expected our fox to go to ground here, but instead hounds pushed on over the steep hillside, sank the vale, crossed the road into Crum Creek Farm, and ran on down country to about opposite Mr. Yarnall's house, then turning sharply back up country again, through some rather heavy going that made our sweating horses sob, and

some of their riders, also, we struggled on to the poultry yard wood once more to find hounds marking their gallant fox to earth.

It was forty minutes, and because of the heat, quite enough for anyone, so hounds were taken on to White Horse to the waiting van.

Among the field, and at the breakfast at Kelso, were: Mrs. Cassatt, Senator and Mrs. Pepper, Mr. and Mrs. Charlton Yarnall, Mr. and Mrs. A. Edward Newton, Mrs. Cuyler, Mrs. Nathan Hayward, Miss Battles, Gardner Cassatt, Mrs. Mills, Mr. Beale, Mr. and Mrs. Kirk, Lemuel C. Altemus, Mrs. Phelps, of New York, Mrs. Owen Toland, Mrs. Willing, Mrs. Clarence A. Warden, George Saportas, Mrs. Edgar Scott, Dave and Mrs. Sharp, Erskine and "Edge" Smith, W. Hinckle Smith, The Messrs. Stokes, John J. Sullivan, Thornton Baker, Harry Barclay, Mrs. Crosby Brown, Alfred and Mrs. Biddle, Francis and Miss Brooke, R. Nelson Buckley, William Bray, J. Hunter Lucas, Mrs. G. Brinton Lucas, Reese Calvert, Mrs. Barclay McFadden, Miss Clothier, Cameron Macleod, Dick and Mrs. McNeely, Jim Colburn, Henry L. Collins, John and Mrs. Converse, The Misses McNeal, Mr. Meenehan, Mrs. Cromwell, J. H. Cummings, Jr., Miss Gertrude Conaway, Arthur Meigs, Robert L. Montgomery, "Eddie" Dale, Mrs. Charlie Davis, Arthur and Mrs. Dickson, Tommy Neilson, Miss Wesson, Miss Diana Guest, John Bromley, Samuel Eckert, E. C. Donaghy, William Evans, Jr., Miss Alice Good, C. A. Griscom III, P. A. Guckes, Jr., Charlie and Mrs. Harrison, Miss Ellen Harrison, George and Mrs. Hasbrouck, Bill and Mrs. Hirst, Mrs. Higgins, Sidney J. Holloway, W. C. Hunneman, Jr., and Durell Hall, of Boston.

Saturday, 6th November, 1926

"THE CRUM CREEK FARM DAY"

WE ALL, of course, have our preferences, and, personally, I think I prefer a lawn meet to any other. I like the pageantry of it, the huntsman and whippers-in immaculately turned out, parading the pack back and forth over the velvety softness of a closely clipped turf; hounds, too, undoubtedly realizing they are on show, for with sterns erect they trot proudly but obediently along with scarcely a sniff at the many unusual and delicious smells there must certainly be around a big country house. Then the horses, being led about by grooms, always interest one. Some of these grooms are smart fellows, and one regrets to say, some quite the opposite. Some of the horses are sleek looking and in good condition, with glossy coats and nicely banged tails; others not so glossy and tails all raggedy. Now, mind you, watch the owners appear. The well-turned-out groom is usually the bright lad with the well-done horse, that his master never has to go looking about for. Just as soon as master appears, the groom is in evidence. There never seems any hurry in this establishment. Master mounts; irons have already been adjusted to their proper length, and there's nothing to do but perhaps push the keeper to the throat latch buckle up a bit further, a snappy salute from the groom and a gentleman in scarlet is ready for the chase.

But of the other kind, the chap with the horse of the ragged tail—well, maybe the least said about him the better; but we should all be firm believers in morale, not only in the army, but in the stable as well. To me, there must be *esprit de corps*.

It was really delightful this morning on the lawn at

Mr. and Mrs. Yarnall's Crum Creek Farm. A perfect Autumn day, clear as the proverbial bell, a snap in the air, and a perfect setting for a meet of hounds. We met there at nine and returned at one-thirty for luncheon, after a good day's sport with foxes that took us far afield, but eventually and most obligingly brought us back to within a half mile of Crum Creek Farm.

It must have been a satisfaction to Mr. Yarnall when hounds found a fox almost immediately in front of his great house. They spoke at once on entering covert, carried on up the big meadow, swam the river above the ford and raced away up the opposite wooded hill-side, followed by a scrambling, splashing cavalcade of horsemen, each one endeavoring to get a good start. Hounds, however, checked about a mile beyond and kindly allowed everyone to catch up; then Jim Colburn's horse, to make things more interesting while waiting for hounds to puzzle out the line, took matters in his own hands, so to speak, and ran away, but Jim courageously stayed by him and disappeared down hill amongst a maze of corn stacks. John Gilpin had nothing on him; he simply flew, and as horse and rider were fading from view in the dim distance, Charles James Fox was seen just in front of them with his ears laid back and his fine brush straight out behind, doing his utmost to keep in front of this uncontrollable runaway pair. All of this, of course, was more or less disconcerting to hounds, but eventually their noses went down again and the hunt proceeded.

The big field had to go out on the road to get around the swamp; hounds pushed on, crossed over the White Horse Road into Mrs. Charlie Davis', ran on over beautiful galloping fields to the "Seventy-six Farm"

(McMullin's), where Harry Barclay came to grief at a barway; bore a bit left-handed into Lockwood's Hollow and went on with great cry to the lower end, where they dwelt a moment quite near the Cummings' house; then turning sharply back, took us through the wood again and over more nice grass to Cathcart's Rocks, where this fox gave hounds the slip.

Lem Altemus viewed the second fox of the day away from the White Horse Spinney, but scent was a bit catchy. Hounds persevered, however, and settled nicely to the line after crossing the lane, only to be disappointed by having their pilot go to earth in short order on the hillside opposite Mrs. Cuyler's cow stables.

John Converse's Providence Farm covert provided hounds with fox number three, and racing away with a beautiful cry, gave their ardent pursuers plenty to do to stay on terms with them until near Fairy Hill, then bearing left-handed below the Willistown Meeting House, and keeping Pratt's Wood on their left, ran on to Fronfield's Corner, gave us a gallop through Delchester, bore left-handed again over the road, ran through the Ashton piggery, where our friend on the runaway horse came to grief once more in a gateway, to be quickly followed by W. Hinckle Smith. Fortunately, no serious damage was done. Hounds went on, scent seeming to improve every minute, when all of a sudden, on returning to the Converse covert, they threw up their heads and could go no further.

Most of the large field had enough by now and started by various routes the return journey to Crum Creek Farm, while hounds proceeded to draw on down country to carry out the schedule of the day. My two sons, and Mrs. Biddle, and one or two others were leisurely walking their horses homeward, when at Mr.

Yarnall's covered bridge we heard the cry of hounds in the distance, and presently a fine big dog fox crossed the creek on some rocks, kept on over the Boot road into the Seeler Wood, to cross the Goshen road just in front of us. The cry of hounds came nearer and nearer, our horses gave up all thoughts of home and gruel, the pack came on over the creek, crashed through the wood and came screaming over the road into Mr. Seeler's meadows, just as the faithful Gallagher appeared with my car. Young blood will tell, so my sons were off after the vanishing pack, but unfortunately for them, but probably luckily for their horses, this fourth fox only led them as far as Innes' Wood.

The Master ordered hounds back to Mr. Yarnall's, where there was much good cheer for his many guests, including our huntsman, Will Leverton, whom our most gracious host personally waited on.

Saturday, 20th November, 1926

MALVERN BARRENS TO QUAKER WOOD

FOXHUNTERS short of wind, and those in poor condition, seem to suffer untold agonies when hounds are jogged a couple of miles along the roads from a meet. But it does these soft fellows' livers good, I'm sure, to shake them up a bit, and besides, they get a chance to get well settled down in their saddles and find out if their leathers are the proper length before the more serious business of the day commences. It isn't much of a jog from the Leopard to the corner beyond Waynesboro, not a great deal over a couple of miles, but how they did bounce about and puff!!

Ladies stout and ladies slim,
Wearing bowlers wide of brim,
Habited, or breeched and booted,



THE RADNOR HOUNDS

Left to Right

William Deeney, First Whipper-in

Will Leverton, Huntsman

Charles C. Harrison, 3rd, Second Whipper-in

Bowing sweetly when saluted;
Ladies large and short of breath,
Timid ladies scared to death,
Ladies out for joy of jumping,
Ladies on their saddles bumping.

They had a good long rest eventually, for hounds drew several coverts blank, and the cold wind began to sink into one's bones by the time we reached the lower end of the Malvern Barrens; and while hounds drew the upper side of the big covert, a few of us kept under the shelter of the wood where the sun seemed to have a little warmth. It was taking a big chance of being left behind, should a fox go out the top end; but, fortunately, luck was with us, for after a long wait on cold, restless horses, we heard a halloa from a long way off, and feeling pretty sure no sane fox would run very far up wind on such a day, sat perfectly still and waited. Presently Charles James came down the hillside from the Hicks' wood, crossed the meadow and gave us a long view of him until he disappeared back into the lower end of the big wood. It took some time to get hounds out of the swamp and clapped on to the line, but once they had it, there was action enough for all, and after making a complete circuit of the Barrens, our straight-necked pilot (for such he turned out to be) set sail across the Hicks' Farm, over the road and down the Taylor Lane (where a motor was stuck in the mud right across the narrow road, and there was new wheat on each side of it), through the long meadow to the Peace Wood, where hounds dwelt an instant, to race on over the Sugartown Road to Bryn Clovis and give one a delightful down-hill gallop to the upper end of Fairy Hill. Hounds never faltered a moment in that immense woodland, but kept on at top pace, and as we were galloping over the brow of the hill above the

Goshen Road, the pack was gliding along the valley below us so well together that the proverbial blanket would have covered them.

Pratt's was the next station, but no stop was made, instead they bore a bit right-handed, turned into Delchester, where the going at first was very heavy in the plow, pushed on through the middle covert, turned sharply left-handed at the top and took us as fast as our nags could go to Quaker Wood. Hounds went in the north side of this little covert, roaring great guns, and as we eased our horses up a bit to see which way they would go from here, a splendid, brilliantly colored fox came out the lower side, followed in less time than it takes to write it, by another, and following the second, a third fox, with the pack racing after them in great form. It was a beautiful sight; three foxes and the hounds all in the same field, and the survivors of a hundred and one horsemen and women all endeavoring to be in front. As Will Leverton came galloping along beside the pack, Horace Hare called out to him: "There are three foxes in front of hounds, so take your choice." Someone in the road quickly opened the gate; the seething mass of sweating humanity and horses crowded through, rode up the lane of the piggery farm, jumped the barway into the pasture to meet one of the foxes head on. If "too many cooks spoil the broth," too many foxes may spoil a hunt. At any rate, hounds were brought to their noses just over the road, felt around a moment, came on after the fox we had met, carried it along slowly to near the Delchester dam, then turning sharply back through the meadow, took us at a nice hunting^u pace through Thomas' to Pratt's, and on slowly⁷ to Fairy Hill, where scent failed altogether.

It had been ninety minutes since we first viewed in the Malvern Barrens; a four-mile point and half way back again; and most people had had enough. Hounds, however, drew Fairy Hill, found a brace of foxes, but couldn't force them out of covert.

Saturday, 27th November, 1926

"A DAY WITH THE CHESHIRE"

NEVER before have I had the pleasure of taking both my wife and daughter away on a foxhunting jaunt. It's a somewhat complicated undertaking, I'll admit, and although our car was especially built to accommodate a large family, it more than slightly resembled a gypsy caravan when we started from "Brookthorpe" for "Brooklawn" on Friday afternoon. Side saddles are a bit awkward and do take up a lot of room, and there are never enough hat boxes to hold all the hard hats, so some must be carefully nursed all the way, and besides all the impedimenta, there was a heavy driving rain for the faithful William to contend with. However, we reached our destination safely and without damaging any of the precious headgear, to be met at the hospitable "Brooklawn" door by our host and his two charming daughters, and Miss Mary Law Starr, Miss Van Pelt and William and Mrs. Carter.

Dinner was quite a family affair, and after a good cigar and a smell at the weather, which was anything but propitious for a fair hunting day on the morrow, we turned in at ten for a long Winter's nap. One can sometimes console one's self when going to bed on a blustery night with the thought that possibly it may blow itself out by morning, but one's anticipative de-

sires were in vain on this occasion, as the morning broke fair of sky, but with such a gale raging that one could hardly sit one's horse. It seemed an impossible day for hounds to hunt a fox. They did it beautifully, though, giving us a very fast forty minutes after a bold pilot who ran two miles and a half straight in the teeth of the wind before he turned back to be finally marked to ground in good style just across the road from where hounds found him in the "Brooklawn" demesne.

The ladies predominated, two to one, about the same ratio they do at Radnor on some days! and Fred Case, on "Huntsman," the champion hunter at the recent Bryn Mawr Show, was detailed to look after them. Fred and his harem, as we called them! It was a treat, indeed; all sizes of ladies and horses; little girls on piebald ponies; big girls and married ladies on confidential hacks and hunters; everyone bundled up to their ears in sweaters and mufflers, and all surrounding poor Fred.

After a few turns around the big field adjoining the kennels to get them nicely settled in their saddles, Walter Jordan, on the imported "Melton," appeared with a mixed pack of fourteen couples of American hounds, genuine foxhunters, all of them. Most Masters of Hounds are quite content with hounds of one variety, but not so the Master of Cheshire; he not only maintains a pack of English hounds second to none in the country, as proven by the excellent sport they show in these beautiful Chester County pastures; but in order to gratify all tastes, also keeps a pack of native-bred American hounds.

On many occasions I have been privileged to endeavor to follow the wake of his English pack, but this

bleak Saturday was my first experience with our host's American friends, and I take my hat off to them, and likewise bow, as "Brose" Clark would say.

They found their fox under most adverse conditions imaginable, stuck unflinchingly to his line while he circled about covert for ten minutes before making up his mind to straighten away, and then gave us as delightful a gallop through this lovely countryside as the most fastidious foxhunter could desire.

The hereditary lure of the chase was too inborn for one member of the "Harem" to withstand, and being splendidly mounted on "The Grey Nun," the Master's charming daughter, Miss Doris, escaped from her keeper when the pack disappeared over the brow of a hill, and quite distinguished herself through the rest of the run. The "Harem" consisted of Mrs. Carter on Mr. Kerr's "Prudence"; Mrs. Reeve on Mr. Carter's "Old Time"; Miss Elsie Stewart on "Jill," with a leading rein; Miss Kitty Reeve on Jack; Miss Starr on "Grantham"; Miss Doris Stewart, who eventually escaped to join the M. F. H., who was riding his imported "Northampton"; William Carter on "Patricia," and your humble servant superbly mounted on the Master's imported "Ashwell."

Mr. Jupiter Pluvius may do his utmost to spoil a good hunting day now and then, but when that mysterious something is in the atmosphere that makes for a holding scent, his efforts are of no avail. Here was a day the most optimistic thruster could hardly have called fit to hunt in, and yet the Cheshire gave us a brilliant forty minutes. The Radnor, I'm told, had a clinking two hours and a quarter, and the Brandywine one of the best of their season.

*Tuesday, 14th December, 1926***"NORTH WIND'S" HOLLOA**

ONE would certainly have said, "It's a poor scenting day," and a good many of us did say so between eleven o'clock and two. Innes' Wood, the first draw from the meet at Hickory Hill Farm, was blank, likewise the old reliable Brook's Wood, but hounds spoke in the Echo Valley swamp, carried on very slowly across the driveway, sang a bit while working up the hillside into Innes', and on to the top end, where someone viewed a fox going in the opposite direction, but hounds could go no further.

Then Cherry Knoll provided a faint-hearted fellow that was evidently also somewhat lacking in perfume, as hounds with great difficulty puzzled it out along the Yarnall fence line and over the lane to mark this uncourageous chap to ground in the next field.

And so it went until nearly two o'clock, when hounds had just about finished with Shrimers' Clearing and the Master had sent instructions to the huntsman regarding the next draw, that they opened up with such a wonderful cry that all thoughts of home and tea were quickly forgotten. A hat on the sky-line was lifted, cigars and cigarettes were quickly dispensed with, all scandalous gossip was forgotten, maybe, for this was a big, bold, straight-necked fox, and the fight was on. The lady pack tumbled out of covert, every last one of them screaming for all they were worth, settled nicely to the line in the meadow and sailed away to the Stengle back lane, then bearing a bit left-handed, went on down the hillside and over the Goshen Road to take us at a splendid galloping pace to the top end of the Crum Creek Farm wood, where hounds crossed

the creek and gave us all we could do to stay on terms with them through these beautiful meadows; then running in the plantation parallel with Mr. Yarnall's driveway, these flying ladies took us left-handed again over the White Horse Road to the Seventy-Six Farm, and on to the middle of Lockwood's Hollow, where apparently taking advantage of a lady's prerogative, they turned sharply back towards Hunneman's, crashed through the woodland, came down the steep hillside on to the cinder road to disappear in Cathcart's Rocks, "with the fox only fifty yards in front of them," as a man sitting on the fence called out as we galloped by.

There were volumes of sweet hound music in the Rocks for quite a while, and presently as we were sitting on our horses awaiting developments, this melodious pack of bitches came on with a catchy scent over the brook and the road to the upper end of the covert, where, to all appearances, they gave it up and most of the field went home, seemingly quite satisfied with the good thirty minutes the ladies had provided. Those of us who tarried a while were later well repaid for our patience, as a wide left-handed cast made hounds feather a bit, then a holloa down by the creek, and we saw our friend and pilot, stealing along through the underbrush, the pack was galloped to the view and we were going hard again in less time than it takes to write it. Lockwood's Hollow brought them to their noses for an instant, then swinging right-handed back over the Seventy-Six Farm, they recrossed the White Horse Road into Mr. Yarnall's, ran on down through the wood to the lake, but keeping it to their left turned south, crossed the Goshen Road to Dr. Stengle's and ran on to the top end of Shrimer's Clearing. Feeling

certain in my own mind our fox would go to ground here in this, his home covert, I waited outside on the hill with Horace Hare; hounds, however, were still running strong in the wood. My horse of the day, "North Wind," has a great habit of squealing when feeling good or when something unusual occurs, and as I was sitting there listening to hounds, but not looking in their direction at the moment, "North Wind" squealed a couple of times and shook his head, very evidently trying to attract my attention. I spoke to him, looked around and there was the hunted fox slipping along the hedge row right at our feet. Many little knowing things that "North Wind" has done during the four seasons I've ridden him, have often led me to feel that perhaps he has more intelligence than the average horse, and after his attempted holloa to-day, I am thoroughly convinced of it. Keeping quite still, we watched our fox until he disappeared, and by that time the pack had come out of covert accompanied by Will Leverton. Scent was quite holding here; a raised hat told him all was well, and we were off once more over our original line. A small flock of sheep brought their noses down a moment or two; Reynard was viewed again; they worked it out over the sheep-stained ground; crossed the Goshen Road once more just below the Stengle gateway, and went up the opposite slope to an instant's check on the edge of the Crum Creek Farm wood. The winter's sun was setting; the few struggling survivors (eight of us, I think there were, all told) had had quite enough, so the Master ordered hounds stopped and the day was done. Two hours and two minutes, to be exact, and well worth the eight-mile hack home in the dark.

Saturday, 8th January, 1927

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

GEORGE WASHINGTON, that dashing, courageous leader of our forces many years ago, heroically crossed the Delaware in the ice at the head of his struggling band of followers; but the Father of his Country has nothing on Horace Hare when it comes to crossing frozen rivers. General Washington undoubtedly had some nervous moments when carrying out his historic exploit against the Red Coats at Trenton, and without doubt, our M. F. H. likewise felt the same way when leading his forces over Crum Creek today. History, however, does not relate any instance of Washington being submerged beneath the Delaware's frozen surface, so maybe Horace Hare's cold bath actually goes the General one better.

When I was a small child, my dear mother took me to see Uncle Tom's Cabin, and this morning as I sat on my horse waiting my turn at the Crum Creek ford, the whole cast of that thrilling melodrama came back to me, only the scene was somewhat reversed, and there were lots of "Little Evas" endeavoring to cross on the ice, and Eliza wore a scarlet coat, white breeches and a black velvet cap, and the vicious, deep-voiced bloodhounds were already on the other side.

Then a certain charming lady screamed; I awoke from my momentary dream to realize that our Master was in grave peril. "Springfield" his faithful conveyance of many seasons, had gone down head first beneath the raging torrents, and Horace had likewise disappeared beneath the icy waters. It seemed as if they would never come up, then a hoof apparently floated to the surface, kicked against an ice floe, and

sank again, then nothing but a lot of bubbles; but finally, much to our relief, a large brown object that someone said looked like an otter, was seen scrambling up the opposite ice-covered shore, followed by the faithful "Springfield." Many helping hands were offered him, but not a single drink, so there was nothing to do but make a dash for "Kelso," only five miles away. Maybe he had seen the light in the steeple of the Old North Church, or perhaps he had just become a member of the Mustard Club; at any rate, he made our other Revolutionary, cold-roast Boston friend, Paul Revere, look like a selling plater.

All this happened about fifteen minutes after we had found a fox in the White Horse Spinney and hounds had taken us very nicely as far as Crum Creek Farm. The George Washington-Uncle Tom's Cabin episode naturally caused some delay, so by the time the rest of us were safely across the river, hounds had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed them up. The field scattered in all directions, and after a time I, personally, came to the conclusion the pack and hunt staff had all been drowned, and that Horace Hare was the only survivor. Finally, after galloping to the Leopard and on to the Hawthorn Wood, which instinct told me must be the right direction, I met a man on the road exercising a couple of horses, and, strange as it may seem to meet someone on a road who shows signs of intelligence, he actually told me hounds were just over the hill, and much to my surprise, there they were. Dick McNeely and Will Leverton had pounded the field and were the only ones with them. Fortunately, hounds had dwelt a moment in the Penrose farm, near Signal Hill, so about

half a dozen of us were with them once more. Scent from here on, owing to the extreme cold, was very spotty in places and seldom really good, but the lady pack persevered, ran on to Cabbage-Town, crossed the Waterloo Road into Happy Creek, and keeping Mrs. Brown's wood on their left, ran on down country to Yarnall's Hollow, where they hunted beautifully through this trying woodland to Mr. Earle's gateway. Here scent greatly improved for a few fields, and going on at a good clip across the Hospital Farm into the Radnor Barrens, they were brought to their noses again. Harry Barclay and Mrs. Owen Toland caught us there, but the remainder of our field of seventy never saw hounds again all day. Scent was becoming very catchy in covert again, but by hard work these Radnor bitches carried on slowly to Saw Mill Hill, where they were eventually beaten, but in no way disgraced, by a most gallant fox.

Saturday, 29th January, 1927

"A FULL DAY"

"FOR Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." Satan found some little mischief for me, I'll admit, during the past twenty-four hours, but I'll deny I was idle. Here's the schedule: 8.00 A.M. train to New York, Riding Club Hound Show (which was most successful, owing to Dr. Howard Collins' untiring efforts); Luncheon at the Riding Club. Hound Show again in the afternoon. Tea at Mrs. Roosevelt's. The Masters of Foxhounds' Association Dinner at eight in the evening. The Beaux Arts Ball at 11.30. The 2.00 A.M. train from New York to Philadelphia. Break-

fast at "Brookthorpe," feeling somewhat better than might be expected. Telephone call at 9.30 from the Master's charming better-half, asking me to take the field, as the M. F. H. was still in New York. The meet at White Horse at eleven, and then, just to make the day complete, quite the fastest forty-five minutes of the season, and practically without a check.

As we were about to move off from the meet, Arthur Dickson rode up with the glad tidings that he had seen a brace of foxes in the Cuyler field adjoining the Evans' farm, so abandoning our previous plan of attack, hounds were jogged down the road to the Cuyler fields. A wave of the huntsman's hand and the pack did the rest. Down the boundary fence they flew, sank the hillside to the little wood with a great cry; someone viewed our fox out the lower side and the struggle was on in earnest. There was a goodish scent in the swampy meadow that made the field of over a hundred settle down in their saddles and ride their hardest. Hounds raced on to the Boyer Davis fields, bore left-handed over the brook, and heading for the Malvern Barrens, turned right-handed hard by it to take us through Disston's and on to Lisle's Swamp, where Reynard was again viewed just in front of the flying pack. Setting his mask for Cathcart's Rocks, but evidently being too hard pressed to look for a refuge there, he gave us a delightful gallop over the entire length of the White Horse Farm to the poultry yards, but finding the main earths there stopped, ran on down the steep hillside and over the road, as if making for Crum Creek Farm. In the middle of this big meadow hounds bore sharply right-handed, came on over the Goshen Road and keeping the little school-

house on their right, sailed away across the Providence Road into the Providence Farm. The racing pace slackened somewhat here, but pushing on over the back road they took us to Delchester, and swinging back in the wood just short of the piggery, went on down country to mark this gallant fox to ground in a hedgerow on the Thomas farm.

Very few horses could have gone much further at the speed hounds had carried us, so after the bellows had all been mended and countless cigarettes had been consumed, we proceeded to Quaker Wood, but that stronghold of foxes was deserted today, or else the inhabitants thereof had compassion on us; at any rate, we had a breathing spell until reaching Fairy Hill, where a fox was on foot at once. He, however, was not of the straight-necked variety, for after making a couple of circles around this immense covert, and running through the horses, finally went to ground.

The field now began to disappear rapidly, and after drawing Jackson's and Miss Hook's without further success, orders were given for home.

Among the survivors, and those who had the best of the day were: Mrs. Hare, Gardner Cassatt, John Converse, Henry C. Barclay, R. Nelson Buckley, Charles C. Harrison, Jr., Arthur G. Dickson, Edward Ilsley, Thomas Dolan III, Mrs. Leiper, Mrs. Edgar Scott, J. Hunter Lucas, Francis R. Strawbridge, Dr. Owen Toland, Cameron Macleod, Mrs. Warden and Miss Warden, Benjamin Holland, David B. and Mrs. Sharp, Thomas Stokes, Richard P. McNeely and Mrs. McNeely, Erskine M. Smith, Mrs. Holloway, Walter Stokes, Arthur Meigs, C. A. H. Jackson, W. Meenehan, and Miss Montgomery.

Wednesday, 16th February, 1927

"AN EXCELLENT BYE DAY"

TODAY most certainly was not what one might call a good scenting day, yet there was that unexplainable something in the atmosphere, or perhaps mother earth, that made hounds stick to the line of their fox, as if they were glued to it, for three hours and five minutes. They never once ran at top speed, but several times took us along at what may be described as a nice galloping pace; just fast enough to make one hustle a bit to keep on terms, but not so fast that one could not enjoy the scenery and appreciate the beautiful working qualities and perseverance of this Radnor bitch pack.

The vagaries of our February weather necessitated cancelling yesterday's meet; therefore, we had only six in the field this morning, which may or may not somewhat account for the extraordinary amount of pleasure we derived from this hunt; but rarely, indeed, have I enjoyed a day more. The first burst, when hounds found their fox in the wood across the road from Burnham's, through Thornton Baker's and on to Bjornhem, could not have been better; good sound grass all the way and the fences not too upstanding. The Bjornhem swamp brought hounds' noses down for the first time, but on they went a trifle slower into Happy Creek, to dwell a moment at the sheep pens. Then bearing left-handed, ran over this splendid piece of turf very nearly to Cabbage Town, and swinging left again took us to within a stone's throw of the Paoli Road, where they again bore left-handed to Calvert's Wood and on to the upper end of Happy Creek once more. For a while here it seemed as if hounds would be unable to straighten their fox away again, as making

another big circle from Mr. Harrison's to the Paoli Road, the lady pack came back to Happy Creek for the third time, returned to Calvert's Wood, then swung around to the Rail Road farm, came out to the road and finally went away with great cry up country. Scent was at its best in the Baker's meadows, and the bitches actually screamed to it, hesitated an instant at the top end, then ran on to their foxes' home covert, through it to Burnham's great wood, and on through the Hawthorne coverts, over the Leopard Road to the Darby Creek back of the Master of Hawthorne's new stables, dwelt a minute in the rough meadow to pick up the line, just as someone viewed this old customer pointing his mask for Waynesboro.

The going was very heavy out to the highway, but splendid, once in the confines of Waynesboro. Scent seemed a bit catchy in the woodland, but these persevering ladies never stopped; they turned south to the McPhillip's meadows, crossed into Nawbeek, where the pace improved, and raced away to Cathcart's Rocks.

Personally, I thought this would probably be the end of it, but this sporting fox was evidently out to give the Radnor lady pack a day, so on they went across the road into the upper side of this perplexing covert, came out at the top, to run quite slowly towards the Cuyler farm buildings, then bearing right-handed hard by them, took us over Crum Creek and up the opposite hillside, where it looked as if the poultry yard earth was our pilot's goal. Such, however, was not the case, as hounds turned up-country once more and were running to a moderate scent when the gentle drizzle of rain suddenly changed into such a deluge that it brought our hunt to an end in short order.

The small field comprised Messrs. Sharp, Collins, McNeely, Hall, and Mrs. McNeely.

17th March, 1927

“A ST. PATRICK’S DAY HUNT”

OVERHEARD at the Meet—Very seductive creature to equally charming companion: “It was so dreadfully hot this morning that I left off my combinations, and have nothing on under my habit but step-ins.”

Step-ins sound pretty alluring to me, a mere male, but just suppose the fair Diana had come a purler at one of the big fences she has such a passion for, and that some kindly disposed admirer had endeavored to render first aid? It might have been quite as thrilling as that memorable day several years ago, when a very lovely lady was laid out cold and stiff over a fence back of Shellbark Hollow. “Mr. McMurtrie” and I happened to be the favored ones on that occasion. We have gotten over it, but have never been quite the same! So just a word of advice to dashing young foxhunters when ladies fall and the weather is warm—Don’t be in too much of a hurry; hounds may check in the next field, anyway, and you may miss a rare treat.

However, the fair one did not fall today, but when one comes to think of it, she was never seen again, so maybe she did, or perhaps the step-ins chaffed a bit and were not quite as cool and comfortable as she anticipated; at any rate, one didn’t have much opportunity to enjoy the surrounding beauties after hounds moved off from the Leopard at eleven o’clock, as the Baker Wood quickly provided the needful, and hounds went away with great drive straight down country,

taking their perspiring pursuers at a racing clip to Bjorhem, where it looked very much as if our pilot was heading for the Happy Creek earth. Such, however, was not his point, as hounds drove on hard to the St. David's road where they dwelt a moment, but picking it up on the other side, took us to Calvert's Wood, came on out of covert left-handed and crossed the Wyola Road into the upper side of Yarnall's Hollow, to be brought to their noses in the dry grass on the hillside.

Scent improved in the wood, hounds actually screaming their way over the hill to run out of scent again in the Hollow below. Here we had quite a long check in the hot sun, and it more nearly resembled a Turkish bath than a fox hunt. Everyone was dripping from every pore; horses were blowing and covered with lather; and a few straggling hounds abandoned the chase and lay down in the brook. Then Ned Ilsley viewed our fox over the road, but hounds couldn't do much with it and finally gave it up.

Owing to the heat it was decided to draw Mrs. Brown's, and then, if necessary, Ardrossan, and work towards kennels. A stout fox, however, was immediately on foot in Mrs. Brown's wood, but your perspiring scribe had had quite enough, so with several others sat on the hilltop and watched them disappear in the dim distance. Later reports said they ran top-hole to Happy Creek, crossed the Rail Road farm to Baker's, and on to Hawthorne, then swinging back through Burnham's, ran out of scent on Baker's knoll.

Several distinguished strangers were out, including Miss Louisa Rawle, on a new grey; Welsh Strawbridge, ex-M. F. H. Whitemarsh, on a point-to-point prospect; George Brooke, III; George L. Harrison, Jr., on a pony

at the meet; likewise, George Saportas; Mrs. Lucas; Mrs. Davis; Dave and Mrs. Sharp; Miss Stout; Gardner Cassatt, on the faithful "Greymaster"; the M. F. H., on "Springfield"; Harry Barclay on "Jerry Rohan"; Buck, Miss Thompson, and Miss Ellen Harrison.

A Young Thruster asked Mr. B. the other day what he was going to do for exercise when the hunting season was over. Mr. B. asked the Young Thruster if he was a Sportsman. The Young Thruster replied that he hoped he was considered a Sportsman. Then, said Mr. B.—"You should know that the Drinking Season begins at 12.01 A.M. April first."

Saturday, 19th March, 1927

ANOTHER PLEASANT DAY

SEVERAL times during the day various people came up alongside and said, "Hasn't it been a pleasant day?" It certainly was; not a brilliant day by any means, although hounds ran nicely on three foxes with a goodish scent each time. The day was moderately fair overhead until around three-thirty, when quite a downpour brought our last gallop to an abrupt close. The going was all that could be desired and the atmosphere rather like early October. It was a pleasant day, a very pleasant day.

Hounds first spoke in the upper end of the big Fairy Hill coverts, then someone holloed the fox in the wood, where it sounded as if the pack was right on his brush, there was such tremendous cry; hounds racing through the middle covert to break on the Bryn Clovis side and carry us along at a good clip over the Sugartown Road and on to Miss Hook's Wood where the pace

slackened and hounds were soon at fault at the corner of the narrow back road beyond the hill. While waiting on the plough for Will Leverton to make his cast, several horses were seized with the desire to lie down. Buck's grey conveyance accomplished his purpose and finished the day a light chestnut in color. Jim Carstair's horse endeavored to do likewise, but only succeeded in putting his master down. Hounds spoke and we were off once more up the road to the edge of the wood where bearing a bit left-handed across the old Saportas schooling ground, they gave the field plenty of amusement and jumping, which culminated in Arthur Meigs being hung up on quite a formidable fence and see-sawing back and forth until the top rail collapsed under his horse's weight. Hounds went on to mark their fox to ground just beyond on the hillside of the Eckert farm. Thirty minutes.

Malvern Barrens provided our second hunt, scent being a bit spotty through covert and over the Hick's Knoll, but after crossing the road into the Merritt Taylor farm, the pace was all anyone could wish. Pushing through the Clyde John wood, hounds swung left-handed over the Lucas driveway to turn sharply right into Bryn Clovis and on through to mark their fox under in the main Fairy Hill earth.

Hounds were then jogged down the road to White Horse, but the poultry yard was blank and no outlier was found in the Cuyler fields. However, the tenant of Cathcart's Rocks was at home and on foot at once, and with a great hue and cry, hounds screamed down to the road, up through the wood on the other side where it looked for a moment as if they were going to Nawbeek; then we viewed our fox recrossing Crum Creek on the rocks, so climbing the hill again we settled

down at a nice gallop over these beautiful big fields to the White Horse Spinney.

It was a bit stormy by now and the rain increased the further we went, until at last all vestige of scent was washed away and we called it a day. There was thunder and lightning, and the rains descended and the floods came, and on the long hack home we were soaked to the skin.

SEASON OF
1927-1928



CUBBING

THAT long-dreamed-of, much-thought-about, and looked-forward-to day, the beginning of the cubbing season, arrived this year at six-thirty on the morning of Wednesday, August 31, and the strong litter of cubs in the Fox Hill Farm corn field had the honor of initiating the Radnor young entry of 1927 into the intricacies of foxcatching.

Blood will tell, not only in humans and horses, but hounds as well, and the way the young hounds spoke to their first smell of fox was well worth the two hours of sleep missed in making an early start from one's comfortable bed and home. One may not altogether approve of daylight saving time, but to the ardent cub hunter, it's most certainly a blessing in disguise as it allows him an hour's additional sleep each morning. Five-thirty used to seem very early, indeed, to be at covertside, but six-thirty is quite easy, and also this season we were fortunate in having many most lovely cool mornings, mornings when a light sweater was none too warm and the ride to covert at dawn sometimes actually on the chilly side. Also, on these early mornings this season there has apparently been a great lack of wet cobwebs to be met with in the dark; not that one likes riding into cobwebs stretched across the roads and rides, but somehow I missed them this Autumn, and it's the first year I can remember not meeting great quantities of them. The oldest inhabitant may be able to tell you what it signified, this scarcity of cobwebs, but, personally, I haven't asked him yet, so whether it means a cold winter, a good scenting season, a larger percentage of boy babies, or

just more educated and thoughtful spiders, I'm sure I don't know; but taking the cubbing as a whole, one might say it has been most successful. Foxes for one thing are more plentiful than ever before, and apparently the same fortunate condition exists in the various neighboring countries.

Cubbing fields have been unusually large too, which one might take to be a good omen of the countryside's enthusiasm, but more often than not, large cubbing fields want a gallop, many of whom seem unable to understand why it isn't done.

The International Polo games at Meadowbrook brought quite a sprinkling of Britishers to America, some of whom had a few mornings after our cubs, including the Baroness Ravensdale, Lady Hillingdon, Lord Blandford, Major "Tommy" Bauch, ex-M. F. H. Belvoir, and Lady Powerscourt, of Powerscourt, Ireland.

It's somewhat difficult to pick the cream of the cubbing mornings, there were so many good ones, but the Goughacres' corn field, on September 14, provided hounds with plenty of excitement, and a really brilliant two hours after several cubs between Brookthorpe and Broomall gave us all one wanted on September 16, while the Crum Creek Farm coverts provided great fun for a large field on Saturday, October 22.

Saturday, 19th November, 1927

THE FIRST BIG RUN OF THE SEASON

THERE always seems to me to be a great thrill in the first really big meet of the season. The official opening day, usually the last Saturday in October or the first in November, of course, naturally brings quite a



MRS. J. STANLEY REEVE

Presenting "The Boggstowe Cup" to Charlie Smith, Huntsman to the Cheshire Foxhounds
Also "Quorn Workman," Winner of the Cup for the Best Stallion Hound in the English or
American-bred English Classes at the Bryn Mawr Hound-Show, 1927

gathering of the elect, all decked out in their new habits, new faces, new figures, new names, etc., not to mention new scarlet, and also some that smells pretty strong of camphor and whose buttons haven't seen a button board for many moons; but, nevertheless, it remains until towards the end of November before a really representative Radnor field turns up on a Saturday morning, as during the early part of the month football games and race meetings are bound to take their share of the foxhunting fraternity, never mind how many hunters one has in the stable in need of a few good gallops to settle them.

It, therefore, must have been a satisfaction to the Master today, and undoubtedly to some others concerned, to be able to give the first really big field of the season as good a hunt as they are likely to get for a long, long time. Sugartown in other days was an ideal place to meet, but during the past Summer a tar road has been laid through the village, so that with gasoline filling stations, all the parked motors, led horses, hounds and the through traffic, the tranquillity of yore has somewhat departed; but such seems to be the sad fate of most of our favorite old picturesque meeting places.

But to get on with the story of the day, the Willisbrook Farm wood, much to our surprise, was drawn blank. However, shortly afterwards two outlying foxes were viewed away from the Dixon Meadows next to the old Logan farmyard, and Will Leverton clapping his obedient pack onto the line of the one that pointed his mask up country, we were away to a flying start and facing some rather formidable fences quite before one's hat was well pushed down or one's blood was up. Riderless horses immediately began to appear and their

unfortunate owners' appeals of "Catch my horse" were entirely drowned by the volumes of music wafted back to us by the fast disappearing pack as it sank below the brow of the hill, swam the Ridley Creek, and seemed to be going on towards Rocky Hill. To cross the creek or not to cross it—that was the question. He who hesitates is lost; but not this time. "Pick" Harrison rode up alongside and said he thought (thought, mind you) he had viewed a fox out left-handed over the Eckert wheat-field, and as the turf in the Eckert long meadow was so lovely to gallop over, a few of us took the chance and presently the leading hounds bore around left-handed into Bolling's Wood, came out on our side, swung out toward the Strasburg Road, but did not cross it, and came back over the river into the Saportas wood and on to the Sugartown Barrens; then swinging left-handed into Trigg's, crossed the Goshenville Road into Alliquippa, giving us some splendid galloping over beautiful grass to Mrs. Coxe's wood. Hounds made a complete circuit of this covert, came out the lower end, raced on towards the Rush Hospital, but keeping it on their left, ran on to the State Road, where very evidently our fox was turned, as several of the struggling field met him coming back. Hounds ran right-handed nearly to the Sugartown Road, came on through the north end of the Malvern Barrens into Willisbrook Wood, and on out the upper side, crossed Alliquippa again and once more gave us the delight of galloping wide open over the Eckert fields in their fast flying wake. It was "out of the top drawer," and no mistake about it, and not the distance but the pace that told.

Charles James was being pushed, and he knew it; the Radnor pack was screaming at his heels, but luck



WILLIAM BELL WATKINS, ESQ., M. F. H.
Rose Tree Foxhunting Club

was with him. Hounds fairly flew through the Saporas' wood again, to be brought to their noses in the swamp and brush field across the road. The pace slackened a field or two and we had a few seconds breathing spell opposite the Bryn Clovis gateway, when I happened to notice a couple and a half of black and tan hounds with their heads up running towards us across the fields from the direction of Fairy Hill.

Then a hat held high on the skyline told us all was well; the roar increased in volume, and after taking us due north again, this flying pack came through Jackson's swamp to Miss Hook's Wood and out to the Strasburg Road in quick order. (Poor, dear, old Miss Hook, by the way, died last Summer.) As our hounds came out of covert, several black and tans were with them, then Stuart's negro huntsman appeared on the scene, galloped up to Horace Hare, apologized for his hounds harking to ours, but said he had drawn the country blank and couldn't hold them when they heard the Radnor in full cry. Horace told him to come along with us, so the two packs joined forces, but so intent on the business of the day were the Radnor Hounds that they didn't even hesitate to say "how-de-do." The black and tans chimed in and added to our concert, crossed the road, sank the vale to Dutton's Mill, crossed the river, bore left-handed, but keeping the paper mill on their left, it looked for all the world as if we would go over the West Chester Turnpike into the Rose Tree country. That apparently was our pilot's desire, but regardless of his best intentions, he was undoubtedly turned at this great concrete highway, so swinging down country parallel with the Turnpike, the combined packs ran through Tom Clark's stable yard and out over the road into the Delchester meadows,

where they swam the Ridley Creek once more and raced away through the narrow woodland to come into the open again and give us a final but glorious gallop to the steep hillside opposite Quaker wood, where they marked this gallant fox to ground. Every Radnor hound was at the earth and two of the black and tans, but the remainder of the Stuart pack arrived in due course to complete the scene. Altogether this stout fox made no longer a point than four miles, as hounds ran, it was well over fifteen from find to finish, and done in the fair time of an hour and fifty-five minutes, and all through the very cream of our upper country.

Horses had had a plenty, and probably most of the field likewise, so hounds were taken to the waiting van at White Horse, motors telephoned for, coat collars turned up, and a long procession started slowly down the road towards home.

Some of those in the best of it were:

The Master, on "Seven-to-One"; Harry Barclay, on "Jerry Rolan"; Dick and Mrs. McNeely; Mr. "Gussie" Gilder, of New York, going great guns on one of John Sullivan's horses; Mrs. Hirst riding Bill Hirst's big chestnut colt; George Harrison of big game fame, out for a while on a stout pony; Mrs. Converse; Isaac Clothier's Chauffeur, having his annual day with hounds and enjoying it tremendously; Mrs. Sharp, Bob Brooke; Lem Altemus; Tommy Wana-maker, who arrived at the meet in a very noisy and very tiny red foreign car; Ned Ilsley, on "Wild Rose"; Miss Rawle on her grey; Mrs. Saportas; John Converse, and Demi John on a wee pony; Charlie Harrison; Mr. Meenehan; Miss Diana Guest; Edward C. Dale; Mrs. Alfred A. Biddle; Thomas Clark; Miss Eleanor

Morris; the little Lucas boy on a chestnut pony; Miss Harrison; P. A. Guckes, Jr.; William Evans; Mrs. Cromwell; Francis Brooke and his daughter; Miss Mary Victoria Wesson; Mrs. Charlie Davis; J. Hunter Lucas; Tommy Neilson; Henry L. Collins, The Messrs. Stokes, Thomas Dolan III; Mrs. Sidney Holloway; Miss Tilghman; Miss Warden; John J. Sullivan, and Miss Frances Wister.

22nd, 23rd and 26th November, 1927

"A FAIR WEEK"

THE so-called Down Country meets very evidently are not popular fixtures with the Radnor field at large; the fact is they have become less and less so for the past few years; but if one enjoys hound work and is content to spend a pleasant day in the open listening to their melodious cry, and if one does not necessarily expect to have a smashing gallop or does not fret if there is no long point to boast about the following day, one most certainly can have a delightful time.

Tuesday's fixture at Brookthorpe brought out a mere handful of the more enthusiastic followers of the chase, and to reward the faithful, the lower Brookthorpe covert produced a fox at once that led hounds in three big circles for thirty-five minutes before giving them the slip. Then crossing the Darby Road into Fox Hill Farm, hounds found an outlying fox in the long meadow that gave them a very nice ten minutes before taking refuge in the drain on Mr. Ellis' driveway. Gough-acres' wood, the next draw, provided fox number three, who really produced the best gallop of the day, taking his pursuers over Mr. Clark's big fields to Ardrossan and on up country to Mrs. Brown's.

Wednesday's meet at one thirty brought a field of about sixty to Kelso. The first fox of the day proved to be a circling beggar that spent his time running between Lockwood's Hollow and Cathcart's Rocks, so after covering that territory several times, hounds were taken further afield. A stout running fellow, who gave us a delightful forty minutes, was viewed away from the White Horse rough meadow with hounds snapping at his brush, but setting sail up the long hill, he soon outdistanced them, then swinging left-handed over Crum Creek crossed the White Horse Farm to Cathcart's Rocks, came out the upper side in full view of the struggling field to give them all a beautiful gallop back to the Evans' Wood; then swinging right-handed through the Davis' meadows to the Malvern Road, took us at top speed with sufficient jumping to satisfy the most fastidious, through the Taylor farm, over the old railway embankment, to be finally marked to ground at the foot of a dead chestnut tree in the Hick's meadow.

White Horse at eleven brought the usual Saturday throng, and although hounds did not provide them with quite such a brilliant day as the week previous, they nevertheless gave them quite sufficient to produce an appetite for dinner and no doubt a desire for bed, had it not been for the numerous festivities on tap that evening. Some ardent young fellow-me-lads and lassies I know of, didn't reach their downies until eight o'clock the next morning; but it takes the young 'uns to do that; some others I could mention, having had a long day, backed out of the big and late party after dining with some congenial friends and smoking a good cigar before the fire.

Several favorite coverts disappointed hounds, until Crum Creek Farm came to the rescue about noon with

a fox, that although he didn't stay above the ground very long, gave hounds a fast burst of fifteen minutes before being marked under in a hollow tree near the Leisenring stables. Scent in this short gallop was all that could be desired, but half an hour later, with apparently the same fox in front of hounds that gave them such a fast run on Wednesday, they could just manage to pick it out and run only fast enough to keep out of the way of the mounted brigade behind them. But fifteen minutes later in the afternoon another fox from the Evans' meadow left so breast-high a scent that hounds could race at their top speed. Being viewed away, this fox circled the Evans' and Davis' fields and then straightened out via Gallagher's and Garrett's to Fairy Hill, and swinging right-handed at the top end of the covert, saved his brush by going to ground on the open hillside.

Saturday, 10th December, 1927

A PERSEVERING PACK

ONE seldom appreciates the really good things of this world until one is up against the stern realities of something far worse, and then it is usually too late, so the popular thing to do seems to be to grouse about it, viz., the first hunting day when frost is in the ground and everything frozen up tight as a drum.

Personally, I know of nothing more unpleasant than galloping over rough, frozen ground, yet some people say they don't mind it; but be that as it may, the Radnor pack today was most considerate of our feelings and gave us a hunt that was ideally suited to our erratic climatic conditions. Fortunately, there was no wind in the forenoon, but the glass stood at sixteen

just before leaving Brookthorpe for the meet at Foxcatcher Farms at ten o'clock, and apparently it was too cold to wait around for the customary ten minutes grace, as hounds, much to everyone's relief, moved off quite promptly.

Brooke's Wood proved blank, and the long, cold wait outside covert made horses fidgety, then we moved over to Innes' Wood and shivered some more until hounds spoke and a fine big fox bounded out of covert and ran over the hill towards Brooke's. Hounds followed along with much difficulty, the extreme cold seeming to destroy all vestige of scent. It was slow work and hardly enough to keep one's blood from congealing; then after making a turn through Brooke's and back nearly to Innes' once more, it was given up. The Echo Valley meadow produced another customer in short order; perhaps, though, it was our original, hunted fox; at any rate, he was likewise quite odorless and hounds could do practically nothing. It began to look rather discouraging; horses were squealing and kicking with the cold, and everyone quite miserable, until the Master gave orders to try the Crum Creek Farm coverts. They, however, were of no avail, and so it went until twelve twenty-five, when an outlying fox was halloed away from the Evans' meadow and we really began to thaw out and come to life again, and for the next hour and fifty-five minutes this Radnor pack gave those of the field who are fortunate enough to be able to appreciate it, as beautiful an exhibition of hound work as one could wish to see. This fox was evidently well aware that scent was poor, as he was viewed just in front of hounds many times. There were numerous checks and plenty of work for the Master to do to keep his thrusting field from interfering with

the pack, and as great an admirer of Will Leverton's hunting ability as I am, I never saw him hunt his hounds in better style. Maybe it was because he practically left them alone the whole time. I don't profess to know. Once during this run, when a prominent sportsman called out to Will that the fox was just in the next field and to hurry them along a bit, I was reminded of that verse from the Ingoldsby Legends that goes something like this:

When a crafty old hound claps his nose to the ground,
Then throws it up boldly and bays out, "I've found!"
And the pack catch the note, I'd as soon think to check it
As dream of bamboozling St. Thomas à Becket.

From the Evans' meadow our route lay across Gallagher's and Garrett's to Fairy Hill, then right-handed over the Sugartown Road to Miss Hook's wood, a bit of circle in covert and out right-handed through Jackson's to the Sugartown Barrens, back to Bryn Clovis and on to Fairy Hill, where they made several big loops before being eventually stopped.

A cup of tea at the White Horse store, followed by some Chicken à la King in front of a roaring fire at Mr. and Mrs. Bodine's hospitable "Greenbank Farm" concluded an extremely satisfactory day.

JEWSHARP

THE versatile pen of my good friend, Alfred Stoddart, has very materially helped pass many long Winter evenings when my own feeble brain has absolutely refused to function, and the following bit of hunting verse recently sent by him, carries one back to other days, and recalls many fond memories of Jewsharp, my first conveyance behind a pack of hounds.

Twenty-five years ago, when the White Marsh Valley Hounds were first established, some of us didn't have first flight hunters, and some I could mention, very often, when times were bad, had no hunters at all, and on these occasions Morris Williams at Chestnut Hill would supply the much needed horseflesh from his livery stable opposite the Reading Station, for the munificent sum of Five Dollars. Hounds met on Saturdays at two o'clock, and the baggage car on the twelve something train from Broad Street Station usually served as a dressing room for half a dozen of us who were fortunate in having our Saturday afternoons off, and without doubt the pick of the Williams' string of hirelings was a one-eyed brown horse, none other than our old friend "Jewsharp."

OLD JEWSHARP

BY ALFRED STODDART

In the old days with the Whitmarsh Hounds, before our gray
hairs came,
There was one horse we often rode, and Jewsharp was his name.
Old Jewsharp was a rusty brown, he only had one eye,
But no ditch ever put him down, no fence was built too high.

When other mounts were hard to find, for just five dollars down,
We were free to ride our heads off on the game old rusty brown.
If he sometimes bungled at a fence 'twas that he failed to time it,
And if a place was too immense for him to jump, he'd climb it.

He was no show ring beauty and he had no conformation,
And I think that on non-hunting days he met trains at the station;
But though the pace was hard and fast, with high-priced hunters
fagging,
Old Jewsharp stayed until the last and never thought of lagging.

Ah well! We've ridden mounts since then of great and high degree,
And some of us own stables full of blood and pedigree,
But wouldn't we be glad to ride Old Jewsharp for a day,
As we rode the Whitmarsh countryside before our hairs were gray?

13th, 14th, 15th and 17th December, 1927

A REALLY GOOD WEEK

THESE self-imposed, journalistic efforts of mine become somewhat of a bore at times, and if they bore me, I shudder to think what they will become to the poor, unsuspecting victims who perhaps may feel compelled eventually to read them. I can't imagine; but, fortunately, I won't have to read them, so that's one comfort; and that reminds me of a day in the Judges' stand at the Rose Tree Race Meeting several years ago, when the late "Eddie" Cassatt, immaculately dressed as ever, came up the stairs to the top of the stand and laid two leather-bound copies of *The Rules of Racing* on the counter. As he was adjusting his field glasses, dear old Penn Smith looked him over very carefully and said, "Eddie, I'll bet you never read those books"; and Eddie's quick retort was, "No, I never did; I wrote them!"

Tuesday, December 13, hounds met at the Leopard and found a fox in Sache's Hollow within a couple of minutes after entering covert, then pushing him out the lower side, took us to the bottom end of Lockwood's in quick order, and turning sharply back again, gave us a fast gallop to Cathcart's Rocks, where hounds crossed Crum Creek, and screaming up the opposite wooded hillside, raced away over the White Horse Farms to the Evans' meadows and on to mark their quarry to ground in the Boyer Davis rough field next to Gallagher's.

The second gallop of the day came after that good old dog fox who makes his home in Mr. Yarnall's wood. He was evidently at the top of his form as he gave us as nice a forty-five minutes as one could wish. Going

away from the top end of covert, with hounds snapping at his brush, this wily fellow crossed the big meadows to the wood back of Mr. Yarnall's stables, swung left-handed over the White Horse Road into Hunneman's, and then bearing down country, took us across Holly Ashby's to Lockwood's, where hounds made the same circuit as they did with the first fox of the day, and turning up country, but keeping the Ashby house on their left, fairly flew on to Cathcart's Rocks, where, instead of crossing the creek as his predecessor did, hounds turned back in the rocks, and recrossing the Hunneman fields, went to earth on the north hillside in Crum Creek Farm.

Everyone apparently had had quite enough by now, and as the hound van had been left at the Leopard, the Master decided to draw Innes' Wood on the way home, and no sooner were hounds in covert than the inhabitant thereof made his usual appearance in the long meadow and streaked across to Brooke's, with the pack hot on his trail. Knowing this fox to be a short-running beggar, several of us waited on the hill outside Brooke's and watched him make two circuits of the immediate neighborhood, hounds finally marking him under and thus finishing another satisfactory day.

Wednesday's meet was at the Kennels at one thirty, with rather a small field of about twenty out. An outlying fox found on the Radnor Valley Farm gave us a very delightful thirty-five minutes around Gough-acres, Ardrossan, and that immediate neighborhood, to eventually give hounds the slip.

A Sugartown meet usually brings forth a pretty good field; therefore, about sixty people turned out to meet hounds on Friday the fifteenth. They had not long to wait, and were soon rewarded by hounds finding a

fox in the upper end of Malvern Barrens near the Paoli Road. Working up to him on a cold line for a few minutes, hounds soon burst away with a terrific roar, going straight up country back of the Rush Hospital and practically to Goshen School, then turning sharply around just east of the old Meeting House, they came down country parallel with the State Road, with their quarry just in front of them, to the upper end of the Barrens; then making a sharp right-handed turn, hounds fairly flew through Mrs. Coxe's wood, out across the Alliquippa Farm to Logan's, where our good friend, Mr. Meenehan, had the misfortune to turn upside down in some heavy going, but fortunately, barring a bloody face and lots of mud, was not much the worse for wear. Hounds dwelt a moment on the hill-top along the Eckert driveway, then sinking the little vale, swam the river and sailed away up the opposite hillside to Goshenville, where it looked for all the world as if our pilot had taken refuge in a hollow tree. Will Levertton, however, was very insistent that the fox had gone on, and after making several wide casts, he was proven to be right as usual. Hounds could just own the line near the Wood farm buildings, then drifted over to Bollings' Wood, when Erskine Smith, who happened to be along the Strasburg Road in a motor, viewed the hunted fox crossing into Thomas' peach orchard. Hounds were clapped on to the line and we were off again in earnest through some extremely heavy going to Taylor's Swamp, where a fresh fox went away towards the West Chester Pike, pursued by over half of the pack. After a delay of a couple of minutes, the errant youngsters were brought back and we had another fast burst to Dutton's Mill, then up the hill and across right-handed into Delchester,

through its middle covert and on over those beautiful galloping fields to Quaker Wood, where another fresh fox was viewed away apparently just in front of hounds. The pack, however, were true to their original line this time, and with a tremendous cry, emerged from the wood with a tired fox just in front of them. Scent, however, was not holding on the high fields beyond the Delchester barns, and hounds dwelling there a few minutes, gave Reynard time to recover himself, for pushing on through the middle wood again, they swung left-handed up country to the Goshen Road on a fast failing line and eventually ran entirely out of scent in the Smedley rough meadows.

Horses were tired after this hour and forty minutes of heavy going; but it was a cheerful lot of foxhunters who wended their various weary ways homeward down the historic Strasburg Road towards White Horse, quite a party of them stopping en route at "The Warren," to inquire how Mrs. Saportas was progressing after her fall on Monday.

Some of those in the best of it were: Miss Gertrude Conaway, on a grey thoroughbred of Mr. Kerr's; Dick and Mrs. McNeely; Welsh Strawbridge; Hunter Lucas; Harry Barclay; Mrs. Erskine Smith, on "Eve"; Miss Alice Good; Mrs. Macleod and Mrs. Soel, of Boston; Miss Ellen Harrison; John Converse; Bill Evans, Jr.; Reese Calvert; Ned Ilsley, on "Wild Rose"; Eddie Dale; Mrs. David Sharp; Mr. Bromley and Miss Ellinor Morris.

Saturday, December 17, seemed to bring nearly every foxhunting enthusiast in the countryside to White Horse. We had visitors from Rose Tree, strangers from overseas, and lots of lads home from College for their Christmas holidays; one especially,

from Fair Harvard, had jobbed a horse from a local dealer that turned out to be quite blind in both eyes. After galloping through three fences and running into several trees, the collegian, much to everyone's relief, changed his hireling for quite a good looking chestnut, that apparently gave more satisfaction.

A short-running fox from the Converse covert was quickly rolled over on the Providence Road just below Edgemont; hounds furnishing no further excitement until reaching the Delchester middle wood, from which they went away up country to Dutton's Mill, and on out to Miss Hook's, to turn sharply back and retrace their tracks through Delchester to Quaker Wood, where this circling customer once more lead hounds to the other end of the Ashton farm, where, much to everyone's regret, he then returned to Quaker Wood for the second time. From the amount of cry, hounds were evidently giving him a rare dusting in the wood, or else scent was breast high. At any rate, we viewed this fox out the lower side, but scent was spotty in the open; then pushing him slowly to Pratt's, and keeping the Willistown Meeting House on their left, hounds crossed the road into the forbidden fields of Gallagher's and were brought to their noses again several times before reaching White Horse; but keeping the little village on their right, ran on down country to the lower end of Crum Creek Farm, where this twisting varmint turned back once more to finally give hounds the slip back of the old Broadbelt farmstead.

There had been plenty of grief during the numerous short bursts when scent seemed to hold. Empty saddles and dirty coats were quite in evidence, my own for one, Eddie Dale's, Camer on Macleod's, Little's,

and several others. Mrs. Charlie Munn, who hadn't hunted with Radnor for eight years, was with us on a horse of Mr. Kerr's; and Gerry Leiper and his daughter also made their first appearance of the season. Others were: John and Mrs. Converse; Mr. McMurtrie, of racing fame; Harry Barclay; Buck; Lemuel Coffin Altemus; Mr. Beale; Dick Stokes; Walter Stokes; Tommy Wanamaker; Miss Frances Wister; Miss Mary Victoria Wesson; Miss McKinney; D. B. Sharp; Hunter Lucas; George Saportas; John Bromley and daughter; Mrs. Hirst, Sidney and Mrs. Holloway; Alfred and Mrs. Biddle; Ben Holland; and Ned Ilsley.

Tuesday, 10th January, 1928

"JONAS CATTELL"

ONE apparently sometimes loses interest in one's daily grind, and it has just occurred to me that I haven't written anything in this dull journal for some time. It's not that there has been nothing to write about, because there has been lots of it. Hounds have been showing most excellent sport every day, but the scribe has been stale and has no excuse.

There have been splendid exhibitions of hound work on bitterly cold days when it was perfect agony to gallop a horse over the frozen turf and rough ground; then there were a couple of days in the fog when a compass, plenty of cry and one's bump of locality were all that saved one from becoming hopelessly lost; and there have just recently been several days when a good flat-bottomed scow with a paddle wheel at the stern, like the old Mississippi River fellows used, would certainly have been more appropriate than a thin-skinned, thoroughbred hunter on which to cross a country.



JONAS CATTELL.

JONAS CATTELL, WHIPPER-IN TO THE GLOUCESTER FOXHUNTING CLUB
1766-1818

January, thus far, has been a fickle month, indeed; but fickle or not fickle, it has produced good foxhunting, and that's what counts, isn't it?

A couple of years ago my good friend Clifton Lisle, of literary fame, lent me his original copy of "Memoirs of the Gloucester Fox Hunting Club," in which there is a picture of one Jonas Cattell, the first whipper-in of that famous pack. The picture rather intrigued me at the time, so I had it photographed and put the reproduction away, along with many others of its kind, and forgot all about it until today.

Hounds met this morning at Kelso at eleven, under a warm, smiling, springlike sun, so springlike, in fact, that a scarlet coat felt a bit thick, and it was a day when one wondered on the way to covert-side whether it wasn't maybe a trifle too nice a day for scent to hold. The Waynesboro wood, though, upheld its reputation of old, producing a fox at once, and hounds killed it at once, so that was that. The big rough grass fields of Pine Brook Farm supplied hounds with another pilot almost immediately, but this pet of Arthur Dickson's was a circling beggar who, although he stayed above ground for an hour and a half and was viewed innumerable times, never ventured further afield than Wayne's, making four complete circles between his home covert and the historic demense of our Revolutionary hero. Several countrymen gathered on the corner of the Paoli Road to watch the proceedings, and among them was one dressed in a costume that from a distance was the exact duplicate of the Old Gloucester's first whip, including smock, hat, musket, etc. Perhaps he was the ghost of the original; at any rate, when hounds came quite near him, the urge was too strong and off he went after hounds on shank's

mare for all he was worth. Just then Clifton Lisle galloped alongside me and I said, "Do you see anything hereabouts that looks familiar?" He immediately replied, "Jonas Cattell." The shades of our ancestors, the reincarnation of Messrs. Pancoast and Morris, accompanied by their faithful servant, were they really hunting with us today? Personally, I am sure they were, as Clifton and I each had great great-grandfathers in the Old Gloucester, and although I'm not much of a believer in Spiritualism, I feel somehow they were having a hunt with us this morning, and probably, just to make the day complete, had stopped over-night with their old contemporary "Mad Anthony" at Waynesboro.

How far this visible shade of Jonas Cattell proceeded after hounds is difficult to say, as the last we saw of him he was struggling through a heavy growth of underbrush, and about this time Charles James Fox was viewed out the other side and we galloped on, hounds eventually marking their fox to ground on the edge of Pine Brook.

Another outlying fox from the Evans' meadow gave us a final gallop of twenty minutes before taking refuge in the main earth on Fairy Hill.

10th, 11th, 12th and 14th January, 1928

FOUR GOOD DAYS

WHEN the good days came along all in a row, as they have the past week, the poor tired scribe sometimes rebels; and besides, four big days a week are not conducive to sitting up nights endeavoring to keep a journal up to date. A snug, green, corduroy-covered armchair before the fire, a good long cigar, and the

Brookthorpe pack of greyhounds and spaniels (four couple to be exact) as a footstool, quickly bring around that old friend of one's nursery days, the sandman. However, the self-imposed task must be done, regardless of its amateurishness and dullness; so here goes, and all sympathies to the poor reader.

On Tuesday, the tenth, we had the Jonas Cattell day, with the reincarnation of the Old Gloucester's bravest at Waynesboro.

Wednesday, the eleventh, from a meet at "Hickory Hill" the Radnor dog pack gave a rather small field quite all they wanted after a fox found near the Ardrossan dairies, who led his vicious pursuers at a racing pace through the old Tryon Lewis' wood to Mrs. Brown's, on to Happy Creek and the Rail Road Farm, to return via Yarnall's Hollow.

From White Horse the next day, Thursday, the twelfth, the bitch pack covered themselves with glory and their field with mud within five minutes of leaving the meet. Will Leverton waved them into the meadow opposite Fairy Hill, and for the next twelve minutes that was all he had to do, except sit down and ride his hardest, to keep them in sight. One might call it a smart burst, or a dart, or a steeplechase; whatever it was, hounds simply flew on the proverbial breast-high scent through Pratt's, and on due south to mark their quarry to ground in the big field back of Penn Tavern. It was a pipe opener, indeed, and horses sides were still thumping long after the obsequies at the earth were over, and the lady pack was off for fresh fields to conquer. Brows were still being mopped and noses being powdered as we jogged through the Piggery Farm yard to the road and met another fox out for his morning constitutional near Quaker Wood. Reynard immedi-

ately gave up all ideas of a quiet stroll as soon as he caught sight of his old enemies, and it was not until two hours and five minutes later in the day that he decided he had had enough and sought mother earth for safety. Although, fortunately, nothing like as fast as the first run, this hunt was as good an exhibition of hound work and foxhunting as anyone could ever hope to see. Sometimes they fairly flew and sometimes they were brought to their noses and worked like the lovely ladies they really are. The big Delchester field of plough, up-hill, too, has made many a brave horse sob this season, but today it was deep and holding; very deep, but hounds don't seem to mind it, they go on just as fast, and then the poor foxcatcher atop his beast of burden gets a couple of fields behind ere he reaches solid turf again, and so it went for over two hours. Charles James had many narrow squeaks; hounds were snapping at his brush in Smedley's orchard the first time round, and later on coursed him through the wood all the way from the old dam breast to the Paper Mill. It was up hill and down the whole time, and when one's horse was quite pumped, one could sit on a hilltop and wait until they came around again. Finally, after most of the field had gone home, either Mr. Fox was getting somewhat weary, or hounds were a bit too close for comfort, and several of the "die hards" had been heard to say they had had a plenty, Mr. Fox did accommodate them by popping under on the hillside at Quaker Wood and the day was done. Not done, by any means. I nearly forgot its most important feature. We jogged back to White Horse, sent our tired horses on home, and then Harry Barclay, Buck, and I accompanied the Master back to "Kelso" to drink a bottle of port in honor of his brand-

new son and heir that was presented to him the evening before by his most charming, foxhunting wife. As we were inspecting the new arrival, Buck, who apparently has never before seen so young a child, said—"Just think, he's only twenty-two and a half hours old." If he takes after his Pa and Ma, there need be no qualms regarding the future of hunting in the Radnor country.

Saturday's fixture brought most of the cream of the country-side to Sugartown. It was quite as mild as a morning in May, and the going about as deep as one ever finds it at Radnor, and great sport was in store for us, had we been able to see into the future. There was a whimper from hounds among the scrubby pines on the serpentine ridge across the Sugartown Road from the Malvern Barrens, and most of the knowing ones kept their weather eye towards the Rush Hospital, expecting a view in that direction; but Reynard had other plans for us, as the expected holloa came from the opposite direction, and that meant trouble and mud, we well knew. Those lovely big grass fields just west of Barrens are now forbidden lands, so it meant galloping clear around the north side and through the swamp to get on terms with hounds again. Some of us should have known better, but we tried a short cut through the wood, came to a wire fence and had to put our coats on it and lead over, thus losing several most precious minutes, and, personally, I never caught hounds again until they dwelt a moment in the Boyer Davis farm. The field was spread out for a couple of miles, but hounds streamed through Gallagher's to Garrett's and on to Fairy Hill, where a blanket would have covered them as they came down the steep hillside over the Strasburg Road into Pratt's, straight through the woodland and out the other side to give

the jumping brigade the time of their lives. Gardner Cassatt and his faithful "Greymaster" came to grief, but, fortunately, the mud was plentiful and soft. Hounds, however, raced on to the Penn Tavern Wood, checked a moment, then swung right-handed over the lane and screamed away through the piggery; but keeping Quaker Wood well on their left, took us at top speed the whole length of Delchester, to swing left-handed up country to Miss Hook's, where we viewed a very muddy fox coming out of the wood. Hounds were running with such drive, they overshot the line in covert and a couple of valuable minutes were lost in getting them on again. However, all's well that ends well, and we were off in short order over nice galloping fields to the Sugartown Road, over it and on to the lower side of Fairy Hill, where our pilot eventually began to weary of the chase, for he turned sharply back in covert, but not without his pursuers this time, and actually screaming up the wooded hill, they gave him such a rare dusting over the open that he went to ground at the first opportunity, viz., the earth in the Kent field back of "The Warren." The clockers for once all agreed; an hour and a half exactly, and every bit of it "out of the top drawer"; barring the delay in the Barrens, it could not have been better. There were bellows to mend, shirts to dry, faces to wipe and cigarettes to be smoked, then a good many went home quite content, but hounds had other things in store for the faithful few who tarried. Someone holloaed an outlying fox away from across the road, and the chase was on again. Miss Hook's wood came first, then a sharp swing back again to Fairy Hill, on through Gallagher's, to account for him in the Bill Evans' meadow. Thus ended the day, a

most satisfactory one, too, from one extreme side of our country to the other, and half way back again.

Some of those in it were:

Mrs. Charlie Munn, on Mr. Kerr's "Allen"; Drexel Paul, on his new purchase from John Converse; Mr. Kerr, on a slashing thoroughbred; the Master, on "Seven-to-One"; Erskine Smith, on "Hercules"; Dick and Mrs. McNeely; Mr. Beale; Mrs. Edgar Scott; Arthur Spencer; Bob Montgomery; Ben Holland; Mrs. Converse; Miss Gertrude Conaway, on Mr. McMurtrie's grey; Mrs. Davis; Mr. and Mrs. Deering Davis; Harry Barclay; Douglas Warfield; Buck; L. C. Altemus; J. Brooks B. Parker; Mrs. Sharp; Miss Wister; Bill and Mrs. Hirst; Sidney Holloway; Eddie and Billy Allen; Francis M. Brooke; Thomas Evans; Mr. Hunne-man; Ned Ilsley, on "Wild Rose"; Mr. Meenehan; and Walter Stokes.

Saturday, 11th February, 1928

RADNOR, BALDWIN'S AND THE BOOT

IT WAS good to be out with hounds again after a fortnight's inactivity, owing to the vagaries of a Pennsylvania climate, ten inches of drifted snow, and the most atrocious going, which has made the customary short hack for an hour or so first thing after breakfast, more or less of a chore.

Even the old childhood delight (only granted as an especial favor, and then under paternal guidance) of "tickling the barometer's stomach" became such a frequent occurrence that one of my faithful and dignified standbys absolutely refused to forecast weather of any sort. Having relied on the predictions of this

old friend for many years, one was naturally rather downcast when it became so discouraged as to die of disgust. Nevertheless, I have a faint suspicion that some of the small fry, who were possibly also a bit fed up on being confined to the house, may have tickled our old friend a trifle too vigorously.

Eventually, however, the weather changed, the snows gradually melted, and, as a sure sign of Spring, lovers appeared again parked in motors in the remaining drifts of snow. One's sympathies always seem to be with lovers, or should be; but one must admit of being somewhat annoyed the other morning on being informed that a young fella-me-lad had shot his lady love in a car parked at our gateway, and had then (to make a clean job of it) politely put a bullet through his own vapid brain. Anyway, they say, "All's fair in love and war," but, personally, I feel this poor girl had a pretty thin time of it.

This morning when we met at Sugartown the going was far from good; every fence still had drifts on one side or the other; but scent was fair and hounds ran continuously for two hours and forty minutes, putting two foxes to ground and killing a third.

Several coverts were drawn blank, and on reaching Alliquippa Farm, Baldwin's hounds appeared upon the scene; so being invited by our M. F. H. to join forces for the day, the combined packs moved on to Sam Eckert's, drew it blank, but Bolling Wood came to our rescue with a customer that took us at a racing clip over the Strasburg Road, when we spent the next few minutes dodging limbs of peach trees and holes while galloping wide open through that seemingly endless orchard, but when once clear of it, we had better

sailing, and with hounds screaming to a breast-high scent on our right, took us over the little back road to Dutton's Mill, where our fox made a figure eight in the wood and held things up a minute until hounds straightened themselves out once more and ran very fast to Delchester, through its middle wood and on to mark their fox to ground along the old wall opposite Quaker Wood. Twenty-five minutes thus far.

While Will Leverton was performing the customary formalities at the earth, someone holloaed another fox away from Quaker Wood across the little vale. The before-mentioned formalities were brought to an abrupt end, and the combined packs were off once more to a burning scent over the road and through the Piggery Farm to the lower Ashton wood, where apparently another fox joined the hunted one for a few hundred yards; then they separated, likewise the hounds, and we, the poor struggling pursuers, could take our choice. One's mind had to be made up quickly; personally, I followed the lot that the Master and huntsman were with, and that seemed to be going down country. They took us through the Penn Tavern wood to the Snowden farm, swung left-handed across some nice galloping fields to eventually mark their fox under in the Providence farm. We had about ten couples, some of our own and a lot of Baldwin's, so the question arose as to where the other division had gone. We jogged out the road to the hill back of the Willistown Meeting House to get a look round the country, and from there heard hounds in Fairy Hill and viewed a fox crossing the meadow by the Kent house. Will clapped his pack on at once, when they made a big circle towards Gallagher's, coming back through

Garrett's to Fairy Hill; and then we heard, and a moment later saw another pack in full cry coming from the direction of the Sugartown Road. These hounds proved to be Barry's, of "The Boot," and there was one deep-voiced old dog hound amongst them that was a treat, indeed, to hear. We had quite a good-sized pack again by now, but still were at a loss to account for our own other half. Still there was no time to tarry, as pushing over Fairy Hill they crossed the road into Pratt's, checked a moment on the far side, then went on to Charlie Harrison's wood, through the Providence Farm and over the Edgemont Road, and keeping the little White Horse Schoolhouse hard on their left, zigzagged back and forth until reaching Shrimers'. Between the Schoolhouse and Shrimers' a sporting farmer and his horse took a cold bath in Dr. Powell's duck pond and had to swim ashore. Hounds could not seem to push this crooked pilot out of Shrimers', so after making several circuits of this rather perplexing covert, the Master decided to call it a day and go back to the waiting hound van at White Horse. Having parts of three different packs, it was difficult to say exactly how many hounds there were in covert, but apparently three couples were left behind, and these six hounds finally pushed their fox out of the wood, took him across to the Goshen Road and killed him just as our huntsman with the hound van was coming down country towards home.

The other division of Baldwin's, and the Radnor hounds that separated from us in the Piggery farm wood, took their fox through Pratt's to Delchester again and on up country to the Dutton Mill wood, where they ran out of scent and gave it up.

Thursday, 16th February, 1928

“BOBBY”—THE BOB-TAIL FOX

HAVING about decided earlier in the morning that the going was too soft and other affairs in town too pressing to go hunting today, I was called to the telephone by the Master, who said he was quite sure scent would be good and that he felt it in his bones hounds would do something out of the ordinary. Then and there he persuaded me, and accordingly the horses were ordered sent on to the meet; but at “Kelso,” at eleven o’clock, it was raining quite hard, so the photographs we had planned to take had to be abandoned.

Hounds moved off, coat collars were turned up, and those fortunate enough to possess rain coats put them on, and almost at once someone holloaed a fox away from the meadow across the road from “Kelso” and we were in for it. Then a whipper-in splashed by in the bottomless mud and said, “It’s Bobby, sir.” Bobby, I’d better explain, is a bob-tail fox who has made his home for several months around Ardrossan and Goughacres, and has been noted all season for his propensity of quickly going to ground whenever hunted; but Bobby must have been up-country courting one of Dave Sharp’s vixens today, and as soon as he heard the voices of his old enemies he set sail for home as fast as his legs would carry him. The Master’s prediction of a good scent was true; hounds fairly flew, nothing else describes it.

Fortunate in a good start, a few of us succeeded in keeping hounds in sight through Hawthorne, the Blackburn Farm, Burnhams (now “Timmie” Thompson’s), Signal Hill and on towards Devon, but turning sharply right-handed just short of Mr. Barnes’ West

Acres, ran through the Penrose Farm and on to Baker's Wood; then Ned Ilsley brought word that my good wife had come to grief and had been taken to the Hawthorne Stables for repairs. There was nothing for me to do then but endeavor to get to Hawthorne by the shortest and fastest route. However, when nearly there, I met Mr. McMullin who had the glad tidings that my wife was up on her horse "Michael" once more, and accompanied by the faithful Gallagher, was on her way down country. Could I ever catch hounds again? Having lost nearly ten minutes, I was very doubtful of doing so at the pace they were running; but whispering to "North Wind" through a pair of silver-plated speaking tubes with rowels in their business ends, we did our best. Baker's Wood, Bjorhem, Rail Road Farm, Calvert's Wood, Happy Creek, and there they were, well in front of us, just disappearing through Mrs. Brown's. At Yarnall's Hollow we were with them, then on down country to Broadacres, a sharp right-handed swing hard by Mr. Earle's house, where it looked for all the world as if the Springtime urge was carrying Bobby back up country, but after making a circuit through Yarnall's again, hounds bore right-handed to the old Tryon Lewis Mill, over the road to Hickory Hall and on to the broad fields of Ardrossan and Bobby was at home once more, and being home, he ran true to form and promptly went to earth.

Barring the extremely heavy going, it had been a splendid gallop, just an hour to the minute, a four and a half mile point, but about nine miles as hounds ran, with a fair-sized field pretty well spread out, in fact hardly a dozen casting up at the end.

What is known as Archie Barklie's Wood, but in

reality an Ardrossan covert, produced another fox almost at once, hounds going away up country with a tremendous burst of music. Then dwelling a bit along the wooded sides of Church Road, ran on to the Mill Dam Club, swung around to Mr. Wright's and on through the Inver House plantations to Ardrossan once more, and then straight as an arrow to Gough-acres, and the Kennel Wood. When practically at home, the pack turned right-handed over the road, swam the Darby Creek to Fairhill, where scent became very spotty, but persevering through the wood bordering Mr. Cobb's driveway, they found better conditions on reaching the tennis courts, and ran well over Mr. Earle's to the Goshen Road, but were beaten there and could carry on no farther.

Saturday, 3rd March, 1928

TWO HOURS AND A HALF

THIS may be only a threat, or perhaps a promise, but some day I expect to write a page in this journal without mentioning the weather. However little we may know about scent, and the older one becomes and the more one observes, the less often one's theories seem to work out; but one thing no foxhunter can deny is—that atmospheric conditions do sometimes apparently influence a hound's ability to hunt a fox. One thing, though, seems to affect scent very little, and that is the velocity of the wind. It does slow down the pace somewhat, which is very often an advantage when the ground is like iron, as it is so apt to be in January or February. Today it blew great guns, yet hounds ran for two hours and a half and gave us a very, very pleasant gallop.

The Providence Farm produced an outlier at twelve-thirty, whose apparent circling propensities were not at first conducive to bright prospects for a brilliant gallop; but eventually finding it impossible to shake off his persevering pursuers, this home-loving fox finally straightened away down country and quite redeemed his reputation.

Hounds being some distance away, it was several minutes before they were galloped to Clarence Talley's holloa, but settling to the line at once, they raced away towards Pratt's with a beautiful cry, and when clear of the covert, bore left-handed over Quaker Road into the Piggery farm and back again to the Penn Tavern wood; then taking us over the same line to the Piggery, hounds straightened away up country to Quaker Wood, dwelt a moment in covert, and coming out on the upper side, ran at a nice hand gallop across the broad fields of Delchester to swing right-handed into Pratt's and back again to the Providence Farm. On reaching his home covert, this ringing fox evidently made up his mind to conquer new fields, so pointing his mask down country, led hounds over the Providence Road to the Stokes' farm, and on to Shrimers', where the pace improved somewhat.

The large Saturday field kept to the left of the wood, but fortunately three of us stayed in covert, using the old overgrown ride in its centre, and on reaching the bottom found the barway barricaded with a mass of wire of all descriptions. Just then our fox crossed the ride in front of us; hounds came our way; the field, being unable to get through the wire, had to go around by the lake and were there held up by an irate woman who would not let them through, so were out of it. From here on to Brooke's we had it all to



THE RADNOR PACK—March, 1928
William Jackson, First Whipper-in; Will Leverton, Huntsman; Horace B. Hart, Esq., M. F. H.

ourselves. Crossing Crum Creek to the old Alliquippa Farms' pine plantation, hounds gave us a delightful gallop across these great grass fields to the Boot Road, over it and on down the hillside to Brooke's to dwell a moment on crossing the Goshen Road, then carrying on with great cry through this large woodland, swung right-handed towards Boxmead, to be brought to their noses in the DuPont Paddocks; then swinging around towards Mr. Battles', hounds ran on towards Innes' Wood, but keeping it on their right, went to Cherry Knoll, doubled back to Mr. Yarnall's lake, and bearing left-handed again through Mr. Seeler's meadows, took us back to Brooke's and on over the DuPont pastures to cross the Goshen Road hard by the duck pond and mark their fox to ground on the edge of the wood back of Ellis College.

Personally, I am somewhat of the opinion we changed foxes right after the check at the Boxmead wood. It looked so to me, but I may be wrong.

Among those out were: The Master and Mrs. Hare; Franklin Baker; Thornton Baker; Harry Barclay; Edward Ilsley; Mr. Kerr; Gerry Leiper; Hunter Lucas; Nicholas Ludington; Mr. Beale; Samuel Eckert; Miss Thomson; Mr. Meenehan; Gardner Cassatt; Douglas Warfield; P. E. Guckes, Jr.; Thomas B. Wanamaker; Sidney and Mrs. Holloway; Mr. and Mrs. Bodine; Miss Tilghman; Arthur Meigs; "Pick" Harrison; R. Nelson Buckley; William Bray; Thomas Dolan III; Mrs. Cromwell; Mrs. Davis; William C. Wright; Eddie Dale; Mr. and Mrs. Hunneman; Francis M. Brooke; Mrs. Crosby Brown; William Evans, Jr.; Erskine and Mrs. Smith; Mrs. Meeker; Edgar and Mrs. Scott; Cameron Macleod; Mrs. Shipley; Thomas R. Neilson, Jr.; E. Lowber Stokes; Allan N. Young; Barclay and

Mrs. McFadden; David and Mrs. Sharp; Jacob Ridgway; Dick and Mrs. McNeely; Thomas Stokes; Miss Brock; John Sullivan; Willson Patterson; Mrs. Denckla; and Francis R. Strawbridge.

Wednesday, 21st March, 1928

A GOOD HUNT

THE longer one lives, the stronger one's convictions become that a good ninety per cent of the modern fox-hunting field would be quite as well satisfied with an efficiently run drag as they profess to be with a well organized pack of bona fide foxhounds. What they want is a gallop, a few nice fences to jump, and in reality a game of "follow the leader" across country for half an hour, and they would be quite content. Before hounds moved off on Thursday at White Horse a couple of us were discussing the previous day's sport with the huntsman, and on hearing the glowing account of the really excellent hunt and superlative hound work we had enjoyed, a certain post-war sportsman's expression of utter contempt was most edifying, indeed. He might just as well have said, "Three damn fools, if they want to hunt in that country and that way, let them do it."

That country, by the way, was the extreme lower side of the Radnor country, and although no one that I know of professes to think it our best country, yet it does generally produce foxes and carries a fairish scent, and on the day's sport we were discussing, a mixed Radnor pack of nineteen and a half couples had run a bold dog fox from Foxhill Farm for two hours and a half all over that somewhat ridiculed lower country, before marking him to ground in his home

covert; and barring the time hounds crossed the Merion Golf Course, no detours were necessary. There's no wheat, wire or forbidden lands to avoid, and one has the added satisfaction of a change of scene. From Foxhill Farm to Lawrence Mills, via Chimney Corner, and across the twelve hundred acres of grass belonging to the Wood estate, is very pleasant galloping, likewise pleasant is the return journey to Mr. Ellis', then on to Saw Mill Hill, the Radnor Barrens, and a swing down country again to Bergdoll's, over the Darby Creek to Maryland Woods, and straight back to Fox Hill via the Golf Course and Brookthorpe.

24th March, 1928

THE LAST BIG SATURDAY

HAD the stylish stouts and those having boyish bobs, but not boyish figures, been tipped off by the weather-man this morning, and had they known the pace hounds would run today, our subscriptions would, without doubt, have been very materially increased. If some of the fair followers of Radnor donned their rubber unmentionables when arraying themselves for the hunt, as Dame Rumor says they do, their fondest hopes must certainly have been realized when, on their return to the privacy of their own boudoirs, and having cast aside the habiliments of *la chasse*, and emerging from the perfumed waters of their evening bath, their long mirrors revealed to their enraptured eyes, figures more slender and sylph-like than ever their dreams imagined.

By all this I mean it was hot, really very hot, and hounds ran like Hell's Bells for forty minutes.

Gallagher's Wood, the stump-field, or Bill Evans'

wood, whichever one wishes to call it, provided a pilot that without doubt had amphibian ancestors, or, perhaps, was amphibious himself, for rarely have hounds taken their followers through deeper sloughs of despond, bogs, brooks, and mud, or heavier going from find to finish. Flashing around covert a few seconds, hounds settled nicely to a line on the lower side of the wood, swung out towards Bill Evans', and raced away left handed through his long meadow to the Davis' wood, and on to the Malvern Barrens, quite before you could say knife.

The casualty list was headed by Miss Mary Victoria Wesson who came to grief in the Evans' meadow amid much mud and muck. Dick McNeely's daughter, Helen, was second on the list, and on reaching the north side of the Barrens, a nailed-up barway took a toll of three, including the Master's Lady and two others, all in a row. Horses were blowing and the going getting deeper every minute, but on hounds ran, not caring a tinker's damn for failing horseflesh or fallen females.

Over the Sugartown Road to the Rush Hospital, then a sharp right-handed turn across the State Road and it was an up-hill pull to the long wooded ridge. About half a mile down grade through the wood ride did one faithful conveyance I could mention, a world of good; but hounds raced on over the lane and out to and across the Sproul Road, then with a sigh of relief, we were clear of those vast coverts, but with hounds a good two fields in front. The edge of Shelbark Hollow brought them to their noses, then disappearing into the denseness of its undergrowth, a few notes, a moment later, from the Huntsman's horn told us Reynard had gone to ground.

THE END



